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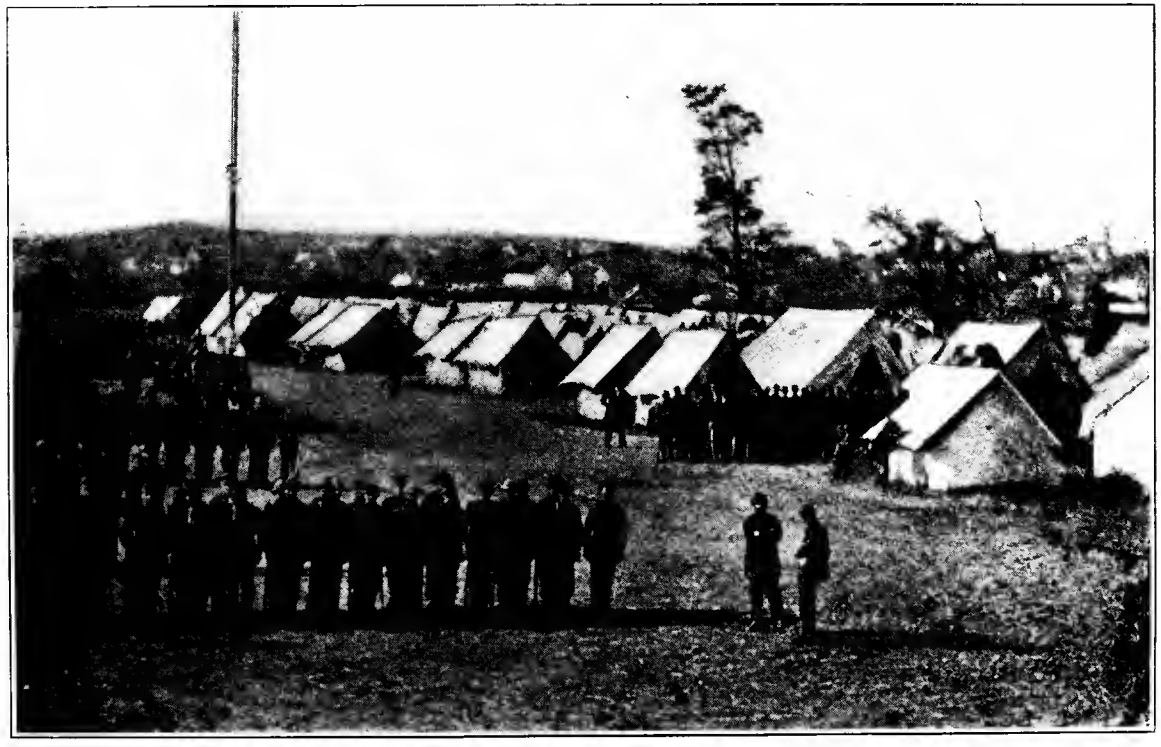

CAMP ALABAMA — OUR FIRST CAMP

From an old photograph

HISTORY

OF THE

Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry

WHICH WAS RECRUITED AND KNOWN AS

THE ANDERSON CAVALRY

in the Rebellion of 1861-1865

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

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First Lieutenant Company E

ASSISTED BY

THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE

OF THE

Society of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry

PHILADELPHIA
1906

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PREFACE	7
INTRODUCTION	9
THE INCEPTION AND ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT	13
REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ANDERSON CAVALRY	17
ANTIETAM	30
A SCOUT TO HAGERSTOWN	41
EXTRACT FROM COL. A. K. MCCLURE'S BOOK, "LINCOLN AND MEN OF WAR TIMES"	43
AFTER INFORMATION WITH COLONEL PALMER	47
REMINISCENCES OF ANTIETAM	49
ON PICKET AT ANTIETAM	56
COLONEL PALMER AND THE PATRIOTIC PARSON	59
OUR FIRST CAMPAIGN	62
SERGEANT BETTS AND OLD COMPANY E	71
A PRIVATE FORAGING PARTY AT BOWLING GREEN WHICH FAILED	73
THE CHRISTMAS FORAGING EXPEDITION IN 1862	75
DEATH OF MARTIN L. HILL	77
FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA (ANDERSON) CAVALRY AT STONE RIVER	80
THE HALT AT OVERALL'S CREEK	101
MAJOR ROSENGARTEN'S LAST ORDER TO MAJOR WARD	103
INCIDENT OF STONE RIVER BATTLE	104
WHAT I SAW AT STONE RIVER	108
THE CHARGE ON INFANTRY AT STONE RIVER	111
CAPTURE OF OUR WAGON TRAIN BY WHEELER'S CAVALRY	116
WITH ROSENGARTEN'S BATTALION AT STONE RIVER	118
STORY OF A TYPICAL CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT AND EXCHANGE	121
AMONG THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT STONE RIVER	129
MY CHARGE AT STONE RIVER	137

PAGE.

With Our Captured Wagon Train 140
Bringing Our Dead Back to Nashville 142
The Chase Brothers 145
From Stone River to Libby 147
Will Ward's Hunt for His Brother, the Major 154
At Nashville 178
A Close Call 182
Reorganization and Middle Tennessee Campaign 187
The Christian Spirit of the Regiment 195
"L" and "E" Carrying a Dispatch to General Mitchell, at Rover 202
Courier Duty 204
Memories Musical of Camp Fires 206
The Escort Companies at Army Headquarters 211
How I Became Acquainted with Gen. P. H. Sheridan... 217
On the Courier Line 220
Carrying Dispatches from General Rosecrans to General Stanley 222
The Chickamauga Campaign 225
Incidents During the Battle of Chickamauga..... 240
At Headquarters During the Battle of Chickamauga.. 244
Experience of a Courier at Chickamauga..... 249
With General Garfield at Chickamauga 254
The Break at Chickamauga and the Ride it Cost Me.. 259
Orderly Duty at Headquarters During Battle 262
A Wild Ride by a Courier at Chickamauga 268
Chickamauga's Stricken Field 271
How Two of Us Got Lost After Chickamauga 276
Bringing in the Chickamauga Wounded 278
Our Teamsters 280
Company L on Lookout Mountain 286
First Step Toward Opening the Cracker Line 297
Opening the Cracker Line 299
Capture of Our Wagon Train in Sequatchie Valley, Tennessee 303
Sequatchie 307
Major Ward's Charlie 312
War's Varied Duties 314

PAGE.

COMPANY I AT MISSIONARY RIDGE 324
PATRIOTIC UTTERANCES OF GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS 327
HENRI LE CARON—ONE OF OUR CHARACTERS 328
FIRST EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN—DECEMBER 3, 1863, TO FEBRUARY 11, 1864 331
SCOUTING IN EAST TENNESSEE 340
THE CHEROKEE INDIAN RAID 345
FIGHTING CHEROKEE INDIANS 348
THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF GENERAL VANCE 351
DANDRIDGE 24TH OF DECEMBER, 1863 354
WOUNDED AND LEFT TO DIE IN REBEL HANDS 357
A PECULIAR SITUATION 363
MY ESCAPE FROM ANDERSONVILLE 365
PRISON LIFE AT BELLE ISLAND AND ANDERSONVILLE 377
CONTINUATION OF ANDERSONVILLE NARRATIVE 388
THE MIDNIGHT CROSSING OF THE FRENCH BROAD 391
THE WRONG MEN SHOT 394
"HOLD THE FORT" 397
HOOD'S ATTACK ON RESACA, GA. 404
FORAGING WHEN HOOD CUT OUR CRACKER LINE 407
SECOND EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN 409
SCOUT TO FIND GENERAL BURBRIDGE 415
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BURPRIDGE TRIP 421
THE REAR GUARD AT MCKINNEY'S FORD 425
A TRIP TO SAND MOUNTAIN, GA. 430
THE VOTE OF THE REGIMENT IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION 432
SOJOURN IN DIXIE 434
THE LAST BLOW AT HOOD'S ARMY 440
CAPTURE OF COLONEL WARREN AND INCIDENTS OF THE PONTOON RAID 457
AN INCIDENT OF THE RAID 460
THE LYON SCOUT 463
SERGEANT LYON'S LAST RIDE 469
ON THE LYON SCOUT 474
ARTHUR PEACE LYON 475
"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD" 481
OUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST COLONEL MEAD'S GUERRILLAS 486
OUR LAST CAMPAIGN AND PURSUIT OF JEFF DAVIS 492

PAGE.

With Gillem's Tennesseans on the Yadkin 520
With the First Battalion to Lynchburg 529
The Regiment at Hillsville, Va., in April, 1865 533
A High-Priced Meal 536
"An Orderly Entrance Into Town" 538
Capture of Third South Carolina Cavalry 541
Burning Bridge Over South Buffalo Creek 545
My Part in the Capture of the Third South Carolina Cavalry 550
A Recruit Who Had Great Nerve 553
Company A at Sherrill's Ford, 1865 556
Carrying Dispatches on Our Last Raid 560
Carrying News of the Armistice Between Sherman and Johnston 564
The Capture of General Braxton Bragg 566
An Attempt to Capture Jeff Davis 569
Capture and Release of Major Garner at Jacksonville, Ala. 572
One of the Final Incidents of the War 574
A Scrap of Paper 575
A Race for Life 582
Getting Home from Athens, Ga. 586
The "Fifteenth" at General Joe Johnston's Surrender 589
Our Regiment—in War and Peace 596
Plan of the Formation of the Anderson Troop 601
The Anderson Troop 605
Correspondence Relating to the Formation of the Anderson Cavalry 622
Muster Roll of the "Anderson Troop" 624
Addenda 627
Chronological History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry 629
Telegrams from the Front 640
Official Reports 647
Letters of General Palmer 716
Muster Roll of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. 737
Taps 785

PREFACE

IT is possible that this book should have been prepared and published long ago, when the incidents described were fresh in the memories of all; but we were too busy then, and the recollections of our war experiences were so vivid that it did not seem they could ever fade. Even now, with forty years intervening, to many the events are as clear and fresh as if it were only yesterday the facts narrated in the following pages took place.

In the compilation of this work, the committee who had it in charge have received active help from so many of the Regiment that it is hardly proper to name any—the list would be too long. In like manner those who have contributed the various articles which tell the history from enlistment to muster out have been assisted by those who took part in the events described. It is, therefore, a regimental work. All of the most prominent articles are verified by official documents, while old diaries and letters have been ransacked to tell again the story they told long ago.

But, in a large sense, this book is not for those who made these annals, but rather as an inheritance we leave our children, that they may know, for all time, what Regiment their fathers served in and the part they took in the greatest war of modern history Should this object be accomplished, the work done will be a success.

CHARLES H. KIRK,
1st Lieut. Company E, 15th Penna. Cavalry,
Chairman of Historical Committee.

INTRODUCTION

GLEN EYRIE, COLORADO SPRINGS, June 1, 1905.

THESE annals of a Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment, which served for the last three years of the Civil War, are written by some of its surviving members, and edited by one of its line officers, Lieutenant Kirk, to whose selection of the contributors and subjects and weaving together of the "thread of the narrative" the chief credit for this modest history is due. There is included a brief account of the Anderson Troop of Pennsylvania, which served under General Buell during the first year of the war, and was the pioneer body whose success led to the organization of the Regiment.

Having had the honor to raise and command both Troop and Regiment, I have been asked to contribute some introductory words. It should be stated that in the last year of the war, when its activity was perhaps the greatest, the command of the Regiment—then embraced in my brigade and division—devolved upon a very able and successful officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles M. Betts.

For the whole three years, with a few temporary exceptions, the Regiment served as an independent command, under the direct orders either of the Department Commander or of the General commanding the cavalry of the army with which it was serving. This naturally gave its officers and men an unusual opportunity of knowing what was going on; and, owing to their intelligence, discipline and spirit, they were often entrusted with special and delicate missions requiring tact, dash and courage.

As the Regiment campaigned actively in every Southern State east of the Mississippi River (except Florida and Louisiana) and also in Pennsylvania and Maryland, it may be supposed that, first and last, it enjoyed rather an adventurous career.

Beginning with the Pennsylvania border, to which it was rushed, while being organized, from Carlisle Barracks to harass and delay the rebel invasion of 1862, and with the battle of Antietam which

shortly followed, the Regiment was soon after sent to Kentucky to join the army of the Cumberland, in all of whose subsequent campaigns, first under Rosecrans and later under Geo. H. Thomas, it participated to the close of the war. It has been observed how completely the coils were drawn around the fated Southern army, when at the time of the closing battle Sherman was in North Carolina and forces from the Army of the Cumberland of Thomas high up in Virginia. The latter, under General Stoneman, were represented in part by this Regiment, which had borne the most prominent part in disabling the railroad connecting East Tennessee with Richmond, and whose advanced battalion (under Major Wagner) had, on April 8th, driven in the enemy's pickets at Lynchburg, within about twenty miles of Lee's rear at Appomattox, when on April 9, 1865, the final surrender of his army and of the Southern Cause took place. The Regiment then followed southward through the Carolinas, destroying the railroads and cutting off the retreat of the scattered forces with the Cabinet and Generals from Richmond, many of whom it captured and paroled. Having destroyed the railroad bridge ahead of it, and but barely failing to intercept the train on which Jefferson Davis was retreating, the Regiment then followed in the pursuit of Davis and his large cavalry escort supposed to be seeking union with the Confederate forces of the trans-Mississippi for a prolongation of the struggle. Following closely on their heels, well down into Georgia, it drove Davis and his escort into the successful cordon which General Wilson had drawn across that State to intercept him.

These chronicles, written by men without pretence to any literary training, have the interest of coming from soldiers who were part of what they describe. Forty years after the close of the war, when from sixty to seventy years of age, these veterans have turned aside for a moment from the current of their present civil life to recall and, aided by reference to their war-time letters and diaries, to set down, that it may be preserved for the edification of their children and grandchildren and successors and for the entertainment of their surviving comrades, this unambitious record of their regimental experience. Written especially for the "inner circle" of family, friends and comrades, these familiar recollections of camp, march and engagement make no appeal for recognition by the general reader Nevertheless they may contribute some matc-

rial of interest to the historian who hereafter seeks to recreate with truth and vividness the life of these memorable years in one of the decisive epochs of the world's history.

This Regiment, raised in the dark days of the war following the defeat of Pope in Virginia, was composed of young men of good character and physique, intelligence and spirit, carefully selected from nearly every county in Pennsylvania, from severalfold as many applicants. They were chiefly very young men—boys in fact—of good breeding and education, usefully occupied on railroads, farms, in law offices, stores and counting houses, machine shops, etc., or but just out of school or college. They had not felt strongly called upon to take the field as private soldiers during the first year of the war, when volunteers were in excess of the demand and "acceptance" was a favor.

Enthusiasm was then unbounded and an early victory was the general expectation. But now one disaster after another had made it plain as noonday that the "putting down of the Rebellion" was no holiday affair and that the nation's throat was in the grip of a mortal enemy, with the issue in the gravest doubt.

It was at this time, and not long after the fruitless Corinth campaign, that I was detached by General Buell and sent to Pennsylvania from Huntsville, Ala., where I was serving as Captain with my troop, to raise, by consent of the Secretary of War, a battalion of cavalry, which very soon, by reason of the unexpected number of young men of the desired sort offering, developed into a regiment of 1200 men.

They were among those who came forward in response to President Lincoln's call for "300,000 more." The life of the nation was at stake and they felt that their own lives would cease to have interest or justification should their country be rent asunder. The recruits for this Regiment came almost without solicitation, and without a single promise of office, commissioned or non-commissioned, directly or indirectly. Every man enlisted, as the men of "the Troop" had done before them, as a private soldier, either heedless of office or trusting to future demonstration of fitness for command. It can, I think, be truthfully said that before the war closed but few of them were not competent to be officers, and many served as such with this and other regiments. Of the three years experience which followed their enlist-

ment and drilling at Carlisle Barracks, or at least of the salient features of that experience, the story is told by themselves in the pages which follow. That they served with usefulness and distinction is borne independent testimony to by their common repute in the Army of the Cumberland and by the reports of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas and other Commanders.

Since the close of the war, with few exceptions, they or their survivors have borne an honorable record in civil life. Among them are now found, or have been, judges, merchants, engineers, bankers, presidents and treasurers, lawyers, railroad officers, ministers, locomotive builders and citizens well known in many other useful and honorable pursuits. One of our First Sergeants, Wilmon W Blackmar, of Company K, was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the National Encampment held in 1904. Although most of the survivors continue to live in Pennsylvania, there are many scattered throughout the Union from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific. Sixteen were at one time assisting me in railway building in Colorado.

Perhaps to an exceptional degree the officers and men have kept up since the war their regimental associations—the surviving "comrades" meeting at a yearly banquet to exchange greetings, renew old memories and "fight their battles o'er again."

I feel sure that no war of aggression or for the spread of empire would have drawn these young men from their homes. It was a great and pure cause for which they fought, and if war is ever justifiable, their consciences are clear that this one was so. That I am proud to have commanded and to have since retained the respect and confidence of such a body of men goes without saying.

WM. J. PALMER.

HISTORY

OF THE

Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry

THE INCEPTION AND ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN F. CONAWAY, CO. B, PHILADELPHIA.

THE Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry was conceived shortly after the Battle of Shiloh (April, 1862) where General Buell, after the hardest fighting that had perhaps so far occurred in the War of the Rebellion, drove the enemy from the field and converted the crushing defeat of the previous day into a victory

Some two months later, at Huntsville, Alabama, realizing what even a comparatively small body of properly trained and led young cavalrymen of spirit and intelligence could do in serving as ears and eyes for the commanding General, as well as in demoralizing a retreating enemy by a bold charge at the right moment, General Buell sent for Capt. Wm. J. Palmer, then commanding his escort, the Anderson Troop, and asked if he could raise in Pennsylvania enough more of the same class of young men to increase his company to a battalion. Captain Palmer at once responded that he could, and urged to be allowed the opportunity.

General Buell, accordingly, in July, 1862, obtained permission from the War Department for Captain Palmer to enlist a battalion of 400 men for special service, and a detail was at once sent to Pennsylvania from the "Troop" for that purpose. Recruiting

offices were opened in Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other parts of the State early in August, 1862, and in a few days the 400 men, allowed by the War Department, were enlisted.

Captain Palmer saw at once that a full regiment of ten or twelve companies could easily be enrolled, and asked permission to increase the enlistment, which the War Department, at the request of General Buell, granted. The result was that a regiment of 1200 men was very quickly secured. A large majority joined within ten days after August 10, 1862. They represented over thirty counties in the State, the larger numbers coming from Philadelphia and Allegheny, and a splendid body of young men they were.

The quickness in securing the required number of this quality of men was phenomenal. There were more than forty regiments of Pennsylvania infantry and cavalry mustered into service in August, 1862. Most of these regiments had been recruiting and in process of formation for a long time; the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, however, was recruited and assembled at Carlisle, Pa., for organization and muster, in less than two weeks from the time the recruiting stations were opened.

These young men were actuated chiefly by sincere patriotic motives—they wanted to do something to suppress the rebellion and to preserve the life of the nation. That they were attracted by the promise of special service there can be no question although they may not have stopped to consider that special service meant specially arduous and dangerous service.

Probably one reason why the Regiment was formed so quickly was because it was not so easy a matter to join the Anderson Cavalry. Special care was taken to obtain a select body of young men. Applicants were required to have a good moral character and to furnish letters of recommendation from men of standing in the respective counties, and to pass a severe physical examination. In addition, the recruiting officers from the Anderson Troop were stationed throughout the State at their home towns, and naturally drew recruits from the circles in which they moved themselves. The result was the formation of a regiment of as intelligent, active and high-spirited young men as could be found anywhere in the country. Every man was enlisted as a private and without promise of office of any kind. Clothed in a neat-

fitting and handsome uniform, the members of the Regiment presented an attractive appearance and, excepting training and experience, possessed all the requisites of the ideal cavalry soldier.

As the men were enlisted they were sent off to Carlisle in small and larger bodies and went into camp on ground adjacent to the U. S. Cavalry barracks near that town. The camp was named "Camp Alabama," and to most of us there was something very significant in that name. Alabama at that time was to our youthful minds far down South, and little did we then think that nearly three years of great hardship and danger were before us and that many skirmishes and battles would have to be fought ere we could make our final halt at Huntsville preparatory to our happy march to Nashville to be mustered out of the service—the war being over.

On August 22, 1862, the regiment was paraded and mustered into the U. S. Service by Capt. D. H. Hastings for three years or during the war. The drill was started at once, the old regular sergeants of the barracks being the chief drill-masters and some progress was made in perfecting the details of the organization, when an interruption occurred. Lee had invaded Maryland and was threatening Pennsylvania and on September 9th and 11th two large detachments were hastily sent to the border and "Antietam" to do what they could to repel him. They performed the duty assigned to them better than, at the time, they thought they did—the great misfortune being that they were compelled, after the battle of Antietam, to return to their camp at Carlisle without their commander, and thus, unfortunately, before he had selected any officers for the Regiment, which then left for the Army of the Cumberland, comparatively unofficered.

After these many years it must be a source of much gratification to every survivor to look back to those early days and recall that, with all the disappointments and troubles of the time, the boys of the Regiment (the average age was probably not over twenty years) remained faithful and anxious for duty, and although some of them, when the real test came at Nashville, at first refused to move, bringing some confusion to our ranks, it was not disloyalty or cowardice—they wanted a leader, such as he who, having escaped from captivity, stood before us early in February, 1863, at our rude camp on the outskirts of Nashville, and said to those

drawn up in line there: "I was determined I would not appear before you until I could look every man of you in the face and say to you—this Regiment will be re-organized." And so we were organized at Carlisle and re-organized at Murfreesboro, and after nearly three years' service, we returned to our homes and took up the cares and duties of civil life, and forty years after, those of us who survive, are meeting year after year to "fight our battles o'er again" and still keep up our organization.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ANDERSON CAVALRY

C. B. NEWTON, COMPANY F, JULLUNDUR CITY, NORTH INDIA.

IN August, 1862, a group of students, including myself, in Washington College, Pa., were discussing the war and President Lincoln's recent call for 300,000 more volunteers, when one of the number, Sam. McFarren, mentioned that a crack Regiment was being raised to be General Buell's bodyguard, and proposed that we go into it.

Our patriotism was already at a white heat and the suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm.

As soon as arrangements could be made, we secured a spring wagon and drove over to Pittsburg, twenty-eight miles distant, where we enlisted in Company F.

There were eight of us, namely: Robert Brownlee, David Clark, Edward Cornes, M. L. Hill, A. P Howard, S. J. McFarren, J. H. Sharpe and myself.

We were soon after sent to Carlisle, where we joined the Regiment, and spent some weeks in being drilled by the Sergeants of the regular army stationed there.

At the time of Lee's invasion of Maryland, in September, the Regiment was hurried down to the front, gathering up our equipment of horses on the way.

At Chambersburg I was detailed on orderly duty at headquarters, and served in this capacity for three days, which proved advantageous to me in two ways. First, I had my pick out of some hundreds of horses and secured a fine animal, which did me a good turn when we had our baptism of fire at Antietam. The second advantage was the opportunity afforded me of seeing a fine sight, namely, the gathering of the Pennsylvania clans at the special call of Governor Curtin. Besides the many stalwart regiments furnished by the State for the regular volunteer army, the attempted invasion of the North by the rebel army stimulated the

Governor to an extra effort, and 50,000 emergency men responded to his call. Camps were established for the enrollment and organization of these men, and one of these, Camp McClure, was situated near Chambersburg. While I was acting as orderly, it became my duty to carry dispatches to Camp McClure several times, and there I saw what thrilled me with patriotic fervor. The town of Washington, Pa., where I had been attending college, had sent its best citizens, and here I saw many whom I had known personally—lawyers, doctors and ministers, as well as business men. There was Dr. Scott, the President of Washington College, a man of magnificent proportions—six feet six, I should judge. He was a Corporal, and for uniform wore a stout leather belt over his black clerical coat.

I must confess there was enough human nature in me to give me an exalted sense of military distinction when I rode into the midst of these men on my fine war horse, with jingling saber and the handsome navy blue and orange braid special uniform of the Anderson Cavalry.

One of my stirring memories of that journey down the Cumberland Valley is of a scene worth remembering. When General Miles surrendered to the rebels at Harper's Ferry, a gallant band of Union cavalry refused to yield, and cut their way out. Journeying northward, they came across a long wagon train loaded with supplies for Longstreet's corps of Lee's army. The train—consisting, so far as I recollect, of some seventy wagons—they captured together with its escort, and brought them along. I saw the dusty procession marching into Greencastle, and had the honor of being placed, loaded revolver in hand, on the hind step of an omnibus, to stand guard over the rebel prisoners of that escort, whom I conducted to the town jail. I felt almost as proud as if I had captured that wagon train myself.

Our Regiment was forwarded to the front, in a number of separate detachments, and there engaged in different duties, such as scouting, guarding batteries and the like. It was seen in so many parts of the field, and so ubiquitous were its operations that the impression was created that the Anderson Cavalry was a body 10,000 strong, as I heard it stated by some of the country people at that time. On Friday, which must have been the 17th or 18th of September, it fell to my lot to go on a scouting expedition in a

squad of twenty, under a Lieutenant, who, I think, belonged to a Philadelphia company. We left Hagerstown early in the morning, and, after pursuing many devious paths, without adventure (although we heard the booming of heavy guns and met long trains of ambulances bringing in the wounded), we struck the Hagerstown-Willamsport turnpike, about midway between the two towns, somewhat late in the afternoon.

Proceeding toward Williamsport, we encountered a small force of Confederate cavalry, and exchanged shots with them until they retired. Five of us were then placed in a field to watch some woods for the enemy, while the remaining sixteen advanced further down the road. In half an hour or so we heard firing and the clatter of hoofs down the road, and the sixteen came back at full gallop, with no less than 200 or 250 rebel cavalry in hot pursuit. They called on us to "fall in," and we promptly acted on the suggestion. Here my swift horse did me a good turn and fairly flew up a long, gentle slope to a tollgate, where we found one of our infantry picket posts. Here we halted and faced about in ranks across the road, while the infantry, a company of the Gray Reserves of Philadelphia, lying in the field behind the fence, opened fire on the rebel cavalry On this they also halted and exchanged volleys with us until it became quite dark.

After some time the Captain of the infantry company ordered our Lieutenant to send a couple of his men down the road in order to ascertain what had become of the enemy. The Lieutenant demurred, saying the infantry could better perform this service, as they could quietly creep along the side of the road unobserved and that it was the place of infantrymen to do advanced vidette duty. To this the Captain replied that it was safer for cavalry, as they were "high up out of range." He further insisted that he, being a Captain, and therefore outranking our Lieutenant, had a right to command. I listened with much interest to the discussion of this important question, and although inclined to think our champion had the best of the argument, nevertheless, when either from conviction or necessity he yielded the point, and ordered two of us to advance and investigate, I felt flattered at his selecting me as one of the two. We rode down a considerable distance in the thick darkness and were able to return and report that the enemy had withdrawn.

About midnight the Captain withdrew the whole picket from the tollgate and took up a position at a crossroads a quarter of a mile to the rear There was no reason for this that I know of, except that we had heard two or three shots fired far away on our left flank. But the retirement was hasty and partook somewhat of the nature of a panic, as will appear further on.

Shortly after I was sent back toward Hagerstown with a message from the Captain to the Colonel of his regiment, requesting him to send another company to relieve the one on duty there. I was surprised on going back on this errand to find an army of 15,000 men drawn up in three lines of battle at right angles to the road, under the command of General Reynolds. As our scouting party had come by roundabout country roads, we had no knowledge of this large force on the turnpike. It was a grand and inspiring sight, as the men sat or reclined around their bivouac fires in these three great lines. It was reported that Lee was expected to make an attack on Hagerstown and this force was drawn up to repel the attack.

Having searched in vain for my Captain's Colonel, I returned to the picket post and reported accordingly; then lying down at the side of the road with my horse, we both succeeded in getting a little rest.

At daybreak a quiet-looking gentleman in black came riding out, and stopping, asked "Who is the Commander of this post?" The Captain replied somewhat pompously that he was the Commander of the post. The stranger, in language very emphatic but not altogether polite, asked him why the —— he had fallen back from the tollgate. The Captain did not seem to like the stranger's manner of speaking, and asked him who he was. "I am General Reynolds," said the gentleman in black; and being thus enlightened, the Captain stammered out an apology and explained that we were in danger of being outflanked by the enemy and had retired as a precautionary measure. General Reynolds thereupon peremptorily ordered him to go back to the tollgate, and back we went, the cavalry, as a further precautionary measure, in advance.

Arriving at the tollgate, we found the field strewn with haversacks, canteens and overcoats, showing the hasty nature of the retreat; thereupon we looked into some of the haversacks and found them well stocked with bologna sausages and other good

things fresh from home. We were glad the enemy had not outflanked the sausages, and annexed them ourselves, being almost starved, with hard work and no food for twenty-four hours past. Our little force of twenty-one was soon after allowed to retire to Hagerstown, but as we marched toward the town I was much excited by meeting General Reynolds' little army advancing with their artillery, in the direction of Williamsport. They planted a battery at our tollgate on high ground, commanding a view almost to Williamsport, where Lee's whole army was then concentrating in its retreat by the ford at that point across the Potomac. The fact that the enemy was in full retreat was not known to us at the time, and we supposed the expected attack on Hagerstown was about to begin.

Soon we met a large column of our own Anderson Cavalry, probably several hundred in number, though I never knew how many there were, and my enthusiasm knew no bounds. The Regiment was all broken up into fragments during the whole of that Antietam campaign, and I had no idea where my own Company was, so I broke abruptly from the little squad of twenty-one, and, wheeling around, fell in with the column mentioned. Proceeding to the tollgate once more, we were drawn up in double rank on the slope below and in front of our battery, which fired over our heads at the enemy now visible in the distance, and shelled a piece of woods somewhat to the left of the front, the same we had been exploring the day before. The first fire of our battery seemed to go wild, and endangered some of our own men who had taken a position in advance of our post. I heard that some rebel sympathizers at Hagerstown had tampered with our guns, but, however this may have been, the error was soon rectified, and we could hear our shells crashing through the treetops and bursting all right.

Meanwhile the rebels had brought up a battery and their shells were soon hurtling past and over us, together with their humming minie balls. Our infantry lines were extended far to the right and left, firing from behind the stone walls, which were the usual fences of the farms in that region. There were also some post-and-rail fences along the road in our immediate front, and some of our Regiment were detailed to knock them down in order to give the cavalry free play.

All this was very impressive to a new hand, like myself, but it came to a climax when we were ordered to advance down the turnpike and charge the Confederate battery. My position was in the front rank, on the right, and when we wheeled by fours to the right to form into a marching column I was, of course, at the head of the column.

Well do I remember, as if it had been but yesterday instead of forty-two years ago, the crowding emotions which tingled within me as we marched down the road on that dangerous duty. It was a strange, complex feeling, compounded of physical *fear* plus mental and moral exaltation.

General Lee did not make his attack after all; it was only a feint to cover the retreat of his shattered army into Virginia.

The firing gradually died away, and this was about the last of the great battle of Antietam.

We all soon returned to Carlisle, and were subsequently sent by rail, via Pittsburg and Indianapolis, to Louisville, Ky., and were there again supplied with horses and thence marched to Nashville, Tenn., to join the Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans. I do not know what had become of the idea of our being made General Buell's bodyguard. It seems to have evaporated by this time.

I felt, after reaching Nashville, that we were a rather forlorn set of orphans, for our gallant Colonel had mysteriously disappeared at Antietam, having been taken prisoner. Nevertheless, our spirits up to this time at least were irrepressible. I remember that some of our boys made a part of the railroad journey seated on the cowcatcher of the locomotive, and seemed to enjoy it. I was not myself in this party of cow(catcher)boys, but still feel rather proud of having, with my messmate, John Henry Sharpe, made myself a kind of informal member of the Legislature of Indiana and having even occupied the Speaker's chair in the Senate Chamber. The incident may be worth relating as a further illustration of the superabundant energy and spirits of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

At Indianapolis, having learned that the Regiment was to stay at the Soldier's Home till morning and perhaps all the next day, too, I was determined to embrace the opportunity of calling on a gentleman whose sister, Mrs. Porter, I had

known when a boy in India. This gentleman was Dr. Theophilus Parvin, then a practicing physician in Indianapolis and afterward a professor in the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. I did not know him personally, and probably he had never heard of me. But such considerations were nothing, and I proposed to my old chum, Sharpe, that he should go with me. He was too ready for anything in the shape of an adventure, and the moment our train stopped we two skipped out before the usual guards could be stationed around to prevent straggling. Going to a hotel nearby we looked into a directory to find the doctor's address, and then begged a candle-end from some of the darkey servants, who also pointed out the street we wished to reach. Arriving there, we lit our candle and followed the numbers on the doors until we struck Dr. Parvin's house. Ringing the bell we were admitted by the doctor himself, and, after explaining the circumstances, he conducted us, with amazing good nature, seeing it was 1 o'clock A.M., into his parlor. We had a pleasant visit and received a cordial invitation to take dinner with the doctor the next day, when he said he would be pleased to introduce us to his wife. This we promised to do in case the Regiment remained in town throughout the day.

Proceeding then through the best streets, we viewed the city and its architecture, and somewhere near 3 A.M. came across the State House. A watchman was pacing up and down in front of the building, which stood back a little distance from the street, with an iron railing in front and a gate standing open. Waiting in a shadow until the watchman had passed the entrance and had his back to us, we quietly slipped in unobserved. A long corridor led us to the center of the building, and there, in a hall running crosswise, we discovered a stairway, which we ascended. Upstairs we found a door which was not locked, and this admitted us to the Senate Chamber. We lit the gas and then proceeded to hold a session of the Legislature. I took the Speaker's chair, while Sharpe made a speech on the conduct of the war. After this he took the chair and I made a speech. We passed a unanimous resolution to stand by the Government in prosecuting the war vigorously, and we decided also "to hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." After sufficiently enjoying ourselves in our new rôle as Senators, we adjourned *sine die* and slipped out to the street, behind the watchman, as we had entered.

Daylight soon appeared and we inquired our way to the Soldiers' Home, where we arrived in time to partake of the breakfast furnished by that institution.

The Regiment remained in Indianapolis that day and we got our dinner at the good doctor's, although we had to do some first-class running to get away from the officious sentinels at the Home. After a royal repast and most cordial entertainment by Dr. and Mrs. Parvin, we again inspected the town and visited a large asylum for the blind, in the outskirts. Here the superintendent received us courteously, and until he could dispose of some urgent business and find time to show us around, left us for an hour to the kindly care of his daughter, a young lady who gracefully fulfilled her trust by playing for us on the piano and singing like a seraph. The doctor, her father, then came and showed us everything of interest in the asylum, and, from a lofty tower surmounting the building, gave us a splendid panoramic view of the city.

Three times during that day we were pursued by squads of twenty to thirty men from our Regiment, patrolling the streets to arrest stragglers, but we escaped their malice each time, for our motto was "no surrender."

On the march from Louisville to Nashville, in December, it was reported that the notorious guerrilla chief, John Morgan, with his band of marauders, was encamped at a town thirty miles distant from us, and several companies, including my own, made a night march, in freezing weather, to surprise him. We reached our destination at 6 A.M. and dashed into the town at a gallop, but only to learn that Morgan had left for parts unknown the evening before.

Returning by another route, we marched all day, were overtaken by darkness and lost ourselves in the woods. However, we straggled back to camp about midnight, after fording a river, having ridden some sixty miles. I have a distinct recollection of many other incidents of the journey to Nashville—such as camping at the Lost River cave, and at another place being compelled to strike our tents just after they had been pitched in a clean, grassy orchard and march a couple of miles further through a furious rain storm and pitch again in a field of deep mud, where it was necessary to cut brush from a neighboring wood and pile it three

feet high in our tents to sleep on. No sooner had we arranged ourselves for the night than an order came for Companies E and F to saddle up and go out into the inky night and pouring rain on a scouting expedition. But even misery was pleasure in those ardent days, and I positively enjoyed lying on the roadside and sleeping all night in a driving rain, while at Nashville, on one occasion, when the pickets refused to let me pass out through the lines to our camp. Such instances of privation made me feel that I was a *soldier,* and it was ample satisfaction for everything that I belonged to the Anderson Cavalry. Ah! that *esprit du corps* was a powerful thing and a grand thing, too.

Another incident very clearly stamped on my memory was an attempt made by a few hundred of us, under the leadership of an officer (who I think was an infantry Captain), to go out from our old camp at Nashville to Murfreesboro. We got almost as far as Lavergne, eighteen miles out, when we ran against a rather memorable circumstance, which put a stop to our progress. There were probably 300 or 400 of us (although I speak somewhat at random when it comes to numbers). Lavergne is a straggling village running along the turnpike and situated in a broad, level valley. Our approach to it lay over a low ridge, so it was not visible until we reached the top of the ridge, when the whole valley and the village opened up before us like a panorama. Near the summit, on the Nashville side, there was a house, and as our column was passing this house, an old gray-headed negro, with snowy wool flying about his ears, came running out and urged us, with frantic gesticulation, to stop. "Stop, gentlemen, stop! for God's sake go back!" he cried. "Why, what is the matter?" someone asked. "General Wheeler is just ahead, with 2500 cavalry and a battery of guns," he replied, and he again begged us to go back. However, we proceeded a little further and came upon a couple of Confederate officers sitting at the roadside eating their lunch, with their horses tied to the fence. This apparition became a dissolving view as they jumped over the fence and disappeared in the woods, leaving their horses and their lunch for us to take as the spoils of war. A few steps more brought us to the crest of the ridge, and then we saw at a glance that the old negro had told the truth. Lavergne lay in full view, perhaps half a mile distant. Wheeler s brigade was there, burning up a long line of wagons,

which we learned belonged to Davis division of Rosecrans' army, and the Union troops that had formed its escort had been captured, disarmed and paroled, and at the moment of our arrival came running past our column, in the direction of Nashville. We asked them why they were in such a hurry, and they replied that General Wheeler had a battery which was about to open on us, and they wanted to get out of the way The scene was an impressive one, and most picturesque, with its blazing wagon train; but when our commanding officer (the only officer we had) ordered a retreat, without our firing a shot, it awakened bitter feelings. What had become of the *esprit du corps* and the irrepressible spirit of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry? We were no longer a regiment, but a disorganized mob, and the only man who could have made us once more a credit to ourselves and to our country was chafing like a caged lion in a Richmond prison.

I haven't the slightest doubt that, under the circumstances, the best thing—in fact, the only thing—we could do was to retreat. It would have been madness to attack such a force as Wheeler's brigade with our inferior numbers and in our disorganized condition.

Shortly after our return to Nashville we heard rumors of a great battle, the battle of Stone River.

There were twenty of us who were already sick enough of our inglorious life in camp—or I should say, rather, of our state of suspended animation—when reports of the battle being waged at that very moment moved us to action. We saddled our horses and marched into the city to the headquarters of the Commandant, and asked that we might be sent at once to rejoin those of our Comrades who had gone to the front at an earlier date. Our request was taken into consideration, and it was decided that being so few in number it was not worth while to send us to Murfreesboro at present, and we were attached to headquarters for orderly and military police duty. Quarters were assigned us in a gymnasium, and we were present on duty, off and on, at the office for some weeks following.

When off duty I used to go about Nashville to see the place, and once or twice visited our boys in a building or shed which they called the Smoke House.

Again I found a firm of wholesale merchants of the name of

McClung, who were related to a former very good friend and classmate of mine at Lawrenceville, N. J., before the war. Hugh L. McClung was his name, and his home was in Knoxville, Tenn. The Nashville merchants told me, in reply to my inquiries, that Hugh had become a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Confederate army, and had been killed while fighting under Zollicoffer in the battle of Mill Springs. They upbraided me bitterly for joining the horde of ruthless invaders of their country and did *not* invite me to call again or dine with them.

Still again I attended church one Sunday and there, before the service began, met a very handsome young lady from Paducah, Ky., with whom I had become acquainted in Steubenville, Ohio. She did not recognize me, however, and gave me—or perhaps it was my uniform—such a withering glance of scorn that I treated her as I had Wheeler and his brigade—turned my back on her and retreated.

I noticed in those days (and subsequent observation has confirmed the opinion) that the people of the North and the people of the South looked upon each other in totally different ways. Taking my own feelings as a fair criterion, I never felt the personal rancor or hostility they seemed to entertain for us. My leading thought, when I entered the army, was that our country *must* be saved from disruption, with destruction as its logical consequence; and I think this was the predominant feeling in the North. It rather puzzled and somewhat amused me to hear our Southern friends speak of our invading *their* country, for I thought it was our country as much as theirs.

Before closing this narrative, I must relate one or two experiences when on duty I was ordered one night to accompany the officer of the day, a Major in an Illinois regiment, on his round of inspecting the pickets outside of Nashville. We went clear around in a semicircle from the river above the city to the river below the city, and it was quite an arduous journey in the dark night. I started out gaily enough, riding alongside of my Major, until he informed me that an orderly ought to *follow* his superior officer. I promptly fell back and brought up the rear of the procession. Before we had got through the night's work, however, the Major got to feeling lonely, and gradually edging back alongside, he ended by forgetting I was his orderly and he my officer. That

night I learned something about military discipline as observed in our army which astonished me. It is impossible to recall all our experiences, but at one of the picket posts we found all our men comfortably squatting around a big fire, the weather being very cold, while their arms were stacked some way off on one side. The Major scolded them in a mild way and told them to keep a sharp lookout, as we were expecting an attack from the enemy. In a number of instances there was the same carelessness, while in one the whole post was sound asleep around their fire. Here the officer, after waking them up, asked a number of questions. "Who is the Post Commander in Nashville? How many men in the garrison? How many guns in position?" etc. They answered his questions to the best of their ability, without a particle of hesitation, and when he proceeded to upbraid them for too recklessly giving away information which might be of use to the enemy, they smiled complacently and said they knew he was all right, he was the officer of the day, etc.

The following will serve as an illustration of our duty as military police: A gentleman living some six or eight miles out of Nashville became an object of suspicion to the authorities. It was suspected that he was in the habit of taking over the arms and accouterments of Union soldiers who wished to desert, or at least shirk their duties, and giving them paroles which they brought in and presented at headquarters, pretending that they had been captured by some wandering force of the enemy. This gave them a vacation from active service and kept them in idleness until they could be regularly exchanged. In order to test the matter, the Commandant, who, I think, was General Mitchell, sent a spy to this gentleman's house to deliver himself up as a prisoner and get his parole. He went and surrendered himself with his arms and horse, got his parole and then came back and reported. He had also learned that a couple of Confederate officers were expected at this house on a certain night. A squad of eight of us were sent on the night named to capture the rebel officers in case they turned up, and also to arrest the proprietor of the mansion and to search the premises for arms and other United States property We took a covered wagon along for the prisoners and the property. It was a dark night and raining steadily On arrival we surrounded the house, while the leader with the spy and one or two

others went in. The man of the house was found, but the rebel officers had not come, and so they missed the party The rest of us, who had been stationed at the various doors and windows, were now called into the house to aid in the search operations. The lady of the house was very indignant at our intrusion and called us many bad names, such as Yankee thieves and robbers. When candles were lighted to search the house from cellar to garret, she said she would go with us, as she could not trust us out of her sight—we would be sure to steal something. We found in the house and barn a number of McClellan saddles and bridles, as well as United States horses and army tents and arms of all sorts. We loaded up our wagon with such of these articles as we could get into it and seated our host inside, with a couple of men to take care of him, and then took our places around and in the rear. The prisoner's wife had never for a moment ceased scolding, although her husband every now and then told her to be quiet, and as the wagon began to move she exclaimed, "I wish all the Yankees had one neck and I could see it cut off before my eyes." I sat on my horse not far from her, and moving nearer said, in a low voice, "My dear madam, you surely do not mean what you say. Now, honestly, would you really like to see my throat cut right before your eyes?" "I don't know that I would," she replied; "you *may* be a gentleman, but I'm sure the Yankees, as a rule, are not." "Thank you very much for being so considerate," I said. "Good-night, madam." We proceeded to Nashville, where our friend was placed in secure lodgings. I never heard of him again, but presume he was not allowed to carry on his old tactics any longer.

Soon after this incident I was struck down with typhoid fever, placed in a hospital and eventually rescued from almost certain death by Rev Messrs. McCauley and Scott, of Philadelphia, agents of the Christian Commission, who procured my discharge on a medical certificate. Mr. Scott conveyed me to my friends in the North. I recovered after a severe illness of two months' duration, and feel thankful that I am to-day alive to tell the tale. But it has always been a matter of regret to me that I missed the glorious active days of the Anderson Cavalry after Colonel Palmer rejoined and reorganized the Regiment.

ANTIETAM.

FRED. J. ANSPACH, COMPANY D, PHILADELPHIA.

TO a military critic the Anderson Cavalry, Fifteenth Pennsylvania, at Carlisle, Pa., was in no condition to enter on an active campaign when on September 9, 1862, orders were received for the Regiment to move south and do what they could to oppose the invasion of their State by Lee's army. We had not been three weeks in the United States volunteer service, and the majority of the 900 men in camp had not yet received uniforms. We had no commissioned officers; Captain Palmer, who commanded the Anderson Troop, then serving with the Army of the Cumberland, was the only man who held a commission, and even his was not in our Regiment, although he had raised it and was addressed as Colonel Palmer. It was a period of temporary arrangements. The non-commissioned officers and privates of the old Troop who visited us were temporarily assigned to the different companies as temporary officers. Even the non-commissioned officers in the companies were temporary, and were what is described in army parlance as "lance" officers. The selection of permanent officers and non-commissioned officers was to be made by Colonel Palmer after becoming better acquainted with the men—before leaving for the western theater of war. No man had been promised any office.

In the matter of arms we had already received our sabers, and the drill Sergeants from the regulars at the barracks had initiated us into the mysteries of cut and parry. The marching drill came naturally to us, as it does to all youngsters in war times, and the non-commissioned officers had been put through a special course of study in learning how to saddle and bridle a horse properly and then ride him with crossed stirrups. But our lack of efficiency in military trappings was more than made up by the earnestness and zeal with which each one carried on the campaign and his anxiety to do something worthy of a soldier. The first call was

for a detail of about 200 men who "knew how to ride a horse," and a busy afternoon was spent in providing uniforms and boots for those who had not yet received them. It was late at night, and when drawn up in front of the officers' quarters, that revolvers and ammunition were issued, with the orders to load them.

About midnight we took the cars in the town, and three hours after rolled into Greencastle, and, after getting a little sleep in the warehouse alongside of the railway track, were most bountifully fed by the citizens when, at daylight, our presence became known to them. Orders were issued to go out into the country and impress horses, saddles and bridles from the farmers and give receipts for them. By early afternoon the majority of the Greencastle detachment was mounted, and at once began a tour of duty in the field. About dark Colonel Palmer took the mounted men and started for Hagerstown. He placed them on picket on all the roads leading into that town, and with two others, John W Jackson and David Barnhart, went ahead scouting to find the whereabouts of the rebels.

They passed through Hagerstown and about two miles beyond, where they entered the farmhouse of Wm. T. Beeler. Barnhart was then sent back alone, carrying the uniforms of Colonel Palmer and Jackson, and soon after the latter started for Hagerstown, leaving the Colonel alone. Before morning the rebel force arrived, and their cavalry encamped on the farm where Palmer was stopping. Later in the day two regiments of their infantry, and a section of artillery with twenty-five wagons, passed the farm on their way to Hagerstown. Colonel Palmer mingled freely with the rebel soldiers, and took supper with their officers at Beeler's table and obtained much information. Along in the afternoon both Palmer and Beeler got the information from different sources that this force had received orders to move into Pennsylvania, the march to commence between midnight and 2 A.M. This information was of such importance that the Colonel realized the necessity of at once starting for our lines, but the guards around the place hindered his starting until darkness had set in and eliminated some of the dangers of the trip. To the kindness and loyalty of Mr. Beeler, his son and the rest of the family Colonel Palmer owes his escape, for in the night Mr. Beeler guided him through his corn field to the highway, and then gave him careful directions for the

following ten miles—how to avoid the rebel pickets and to reach the Pennsylvania State line. He also directed him to another Union man, about ten miles north of his farm, which place he reached after midnight, and this man hitched up at once and drove him to our lines, so that at 4 o'clock, on the morning of the 12th, Palmer was telegraphing to Colonel McClure, at Chambersburg, the situation in and around Hagerstown.

It is hard to give in detail what these 200 men did in the next four days. They were continually on duty, either picketing or scouting, and by the activity of their movements covered such a large territory as to give the rebels in Hagerstown the impression that the force in front of them amounted to thousands. The enemy's scouts sent out returned with the message that the "Yankees were as thick as grasshoppers on the State line," and threats were made that "they would hang any of the Anderson guerrillas they caught." It seems incredible what a small force, ignorant of the methods of war, accomplished; and later, when we had learned the full duties of a soldier, it would hardly have been possible to have carried on such a campaign. The approach of two hostile forces toward each other is governed by well-known rules of warfare, and the Commander of each can fairly judge of the intentions of the other by the character of the approach. First comes the advance or a skirmish line, followed at regulation distance by the reserve, and this by the line of battle. We did nothing of the kind. Very frequently all we had were our advanced pickets, and no reserve nearer than Chambersburg—twenty miles away. What added to the confusion in the rebels' minds as to our numbers was the curiosity of our boys to see what the rebels looked like and to have their advance pickets fire a long but not dangerous shot at us. During the day some of these small scouting parties were sure to be approaching the rebel lines, not from any orders received to do so, but led by curiosity and the absence of orders. As viewed from the rebel position in Hagerstown, each one of these parties was only the advance of a much greater force behind, and the estimate they made of "ten thousand Andersons" did not seem to them to be amiss. A bold advance on their part would have dispelled this illusion, and they did make a few dashes at our pickets and nearly captured one of our posts. With only sabers and revolvers, and mounted on such farmers' horses as could

BVT. BRIG. GENL. WM. J. PALMER

be pressed into service, with civilian saddles and bridles and no spurs we were in no condition for a serious fight; but carbines were issued to us in a few days, and inspired the desire to put them to use against the enemy should the Army of Virginia cross the border.

Anxious hearts were beating back of us in Pennsylvania. When the Confederate army entered Maryland, it being a semi-rebel State, its people were treated with the utmost consideration. No foraging was permitted and all supplies for the army were duly paid for, and on one or two occasions their horses went hungry rather than take by force any of the corn which was on all sides of them. "Wait till we get into Pennsylvania—we'll show the Dutchmen what an invasion is like," was the word that came from their lines, and our farmers were in hourly dread of the fate the rebels had threatened them with. Our noble War Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, was making strenuous exertions to get together a body of citizen soldiers, and Col. Alexander K. McClure, his Assistant Adjutant General, was doing the work of a dozen men to keep the rebel horde below the line of his native State, and most of the time it looked as though the chances were against him. For several days all the information which the Army of the Potomac got of its enemy was furnished by us to Colonel McClure, and he must have used that great ability of his to its utmost in hurrying on its tardy footsteps; but he won, and Lee's army, threatened in its rear, recalled Longstreet from his advanced post at Hagerstown, and the proposed invasion of Pennsylvania was postponed for a year.

Colonel McClure had furnished us a very able assistant, in the person of Wm. B. Wilson, as expert telegrapher, who took the information we secured and sent it off to Harrisburg. There was no delay in this, as Wilson was generally found up near our advance pickets with his instrument connected with the wire to Harrisburg. On the night of September 11th Wilson, with J. N. Lewis and Peter Wallace, of our Regiment, took a hand car at Greencastle and started toward Hagerstown and got near the State line. Here the wire was connected, and soon the instrument was ticking away, via Greencastle to Harrisburg, what the picket posts had learned. About daybreak Lewis went off to a farmhouse and engaged a toothsome breakfast for the party, but before they could

put it where it would do them the most good, a large party of Colonel Brinn's Confederate cavalry appeared, driving them off and eating the breakfast.

Back in our camp at Carlisle strenuous exertions were made to hasten the 700 men there to the front, but such was the lack of material with which to fit them out, that the majority was armed with muskets that had originally been old flintlocks, and quite a sprinkling of the men did duty at the front in citizen's dress.

About 9 P.M., on the night of September 13th, a large proportion of those in camp were marched into Carlisle to take the train for Chambersburg; but there was some hitch in the arrangements, for while the cars were there the locomotive was not, and it was not till 7 o'clock the next morning that they got off, and arrived in due time at Chambersburg. Another detachment was sent off about this time and came through to Greencastle. The State authorities were assembling at the former place all the militia and those who had volunteered for the emergency, and several thousand had assembled under the command of Gen. Jno. F. Reynolds, who, within a year, gave up his life at Gettysburg. Horses were obtained for our men by impressment and some by voluntary offering, and the start for the front was immediately made. On the night of the 15th they reached Greencastle, and the next day pushed on to Hagerstown and charged through that town and went on to Lappins' or Jones' crossroads.

It was a feather in our cap to be able to boast that we had "charged through Hagerstown." That place had typified to our minds the rebel army, and a charge was the heroic feature of a cavalryman's life, and it appears that each detachment, as it drew near to it, charged. About 3 P.M. of the 15th, Serg. R. W Hammel, with a detachment, raced through the town and met some of our men coming from the opposite direction. They had picked up about twenty-five prisoners, among them being a First Lieutenant of a Maryland regiment and some privates from a Louisiana regiment. Colonel Palmer came through the town with about 150 men from some long march, and the dust covered them so that they were scarcely recognized by their intimate friends.

That same night Colonel Palmer scouted the country toward the enemy's left, and cautiously reached a farmhouse just outside of the rebel line of battle. The farmer had been inside their lines

during the day, as it was on his own farm, and gave the Colonel information of the positions of the enemy's troops and batteries so far as he had seen them. All this time our men sat quietly on their horses, holding their sabers to prevent any noise, and watching the picket fires of the Confederates, not far off. Colonel Palmer made a map of the positions occupied by the rebel force, and at 4 A.M. in the morning delivered it at General McClellan's headquarters, together with the information that "Stonewall" Jackson and his corps had gone to Harper's Ferry and were then at or near that place. The receipt of this news was a relief to General McClellan. He had already heard of it, but the way in which it had come to him was so peculiarly direct that he was fearful that it was a ruse of the enemy to lead him into a movement which would have been disastrous to his army

It often happens that great events hinge on comparatively small incidents. If General Lee had intrusted his special order, No. 191, to a careful officer, the battles of South Mountain and Antietam would not have been fought; but the careless officer dropped it at Frederick, Md., and a member of the Twenty-seventh Indiana found it on September 13th, and its importance being seen at once, it was hurried to General McClellan, who found he was in possession of Lee's order giving the present position of all his troops and the movements they were to make for the next five or six days. His army was widely scattered; "Stonewall" Jackson was to capture Harper's Ferry, the principal object of the invasion, while Longstreet was at Hagerstown, Md. General Lee calculated on the caution and slowness of General McClellan, whose marches were usually about six miles a day; but with this information in hand General McClellan got up to South Mountain and fought on September 14th and won. He ought to have fought Lee on the Antietam the next day, or by the latest on September 16th, while "Stonewall" Jackson was still behind at Harper's Ferry; but his caution made him suspicious that the information had been put in his way purposely by the enemy, and he felt his ground so carefully and slowly that Jackson was enabled to finish his work at Harper's Ferry and get back in time to take part in the battle, which took place on the 17th.

Early in the morning of the 16th a small scouting party, under Major Ward, met a woman on the road, who gave the information

that a party of rebels was at her sister's house getting breakfast. The house was close at hand, and the Major, turning to Serg. Harry C. Butcher, told him to take two men and capture them. Butcher, taking David How and one other man, started on the gallop, rode up to the door of the room in which they were; and the Sergeant jumped off his horse and into the room, surprising the party, who, under the influence of a Colt's navy, surrendered at once, and soon after expressed the supremest chagrin that five men should surrender to three boys.

Lieut. Wm. Spencer, of the old Troop, commanded a squad of from twenty-five to fifty men, with Serg. A. H. Mershon as orderly; but the very hard duty in which we were engaged used up Spencer, who, while he had plenty of grit, had not the physical strength to keep it up, so had to retire and leave Sergeant Mershon in command. Just below Hagerstown this command with some others surprised and captured a considerable force of the enemy under a Captain Griffin, of a Georgia regiment, and Lieutenant Bilbro, of Alabama. These officers were very courteous and friendly, and had none of the characteristics of the fire-eating Southerner, and our men must have impressed them the same way, for when they bid each other good-bye, Griffin took off his spurs and Bilbro his belt and presented them to Mershon, with the wish that they would meet again under happier auspices.

A scouting party below Hagerstown, under Serg. Chas. M. Betts, who later in the war commanded the Regiment, riding over a hill, discovered a camp of the enemy. Two of their officers rode out to reconnoiter us, and Betts took off his cap and with it motioned to them to come on, which they did until satisfied that we were not friendly, when shots were exchanged, which aroused their camp, and, their numbers proving too large, Betts fell back.

Early in the morning of September 17th, the day of the great battle of Antietam, Colonel Palmer gathered up all the Regiment he could find at Jones' crossroads and in Hagerstown and marched toward the battlefield to report to the Commanding General for duty. Before we had gone a great distance the sound of heavy firing was heard, which became clearer, sharper and more incessant as we neared the field, and at last we could plainly hear the rattle of musketry and the shriek of shells. At a point not far from the east woods the column left the pike and moved over to the

woods, taking down the fence to enable us to cross the field to it. On the pike our march was in column of fours, but broke into twos on entering the field, and we continued our march toward the firing line, and the order had just been given to "file right," when the shot came which took Thomas Stockton through the heart, killing him instantly. Without stopping, our march we continued on a line parallel with the line of battle, and little details were made for men to be stationed along the firing line to prevent stragglers from passing to the rear. No one was allowed to go in that direction unless incapacitated from wounds. Others of our men were assisting in taking care of the wounded in the various barns and improvised hospitals. At this time the firing became quick, and seemingly close by us came a most deafening roll of musketry. The deep-breasted cheer of the Northern men given in unison told of a point gained after a hard struggle, while the "rebel yell" was a high, shrill yelp, given without concert and kept up continually, as if it were an incentive to further action. Cheers and yells were about equally mixed. Clouds of smoke prevented us seeing what took place in front, but the stream of wounded passing to the rear told of the fearful work going on. Fresh troops were continually coming up to take the place of those retiring to secure a new supply of ammunition. We were in close proximity to the famous Dunkard Church, around which was the most terrible fighting of the day. Sergeant Mershon and his squad were sent in with Brown's New York Battery, and remained with it until a heavy artillery fire was poured into it from a couple of batteries in front, and then the Sergeant moved his men to a depression on the left where several of our officers were, including Major Ward and Captain Vezin. The fire on Brown's Battery was so heavy and destructive that the guns were all dismounted and Captain Brown and a number of his men killed. By someone's order I dismounted and laid on the ground, holding my horse. Then a battery of artillery came rushing up and took a position directly to my right, between the east woods and the Hagerstown pike, and the Captain commanding it told me to retire. General Meade was near me, dismounted, but was giving orders and receiving reports. Near him was General Duryea, of the New York Brigade. His horse had been shot, and he, too, was on foot. At this time, in the absence of orders, I did not know what to do; and to General

Duryea's inquiry as to where my command was, I could only tell him I didn't know, when he said, "Remain with me—I may have use for you," but when his aids came up he told me to retire to the rear and try to find my command.

While in this position I had a splendid view of this part of the battlefield—saw the charges of the infantry and the batteries in action giving and receiving a hot fire. This was all in the direction of the Dunkard Church, behind which the rebels had a strong position and were apparently in large force. On the pike stragglers and wounded men were passing in large numbers, and all the confusion of a battlefield was in sight. In the rear and close to a barn was a field hospital filled with wounded. The surgeons were at work, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, and the barn doors were used as tables on which were placed those receiving attention. The sight to me was a sickening one, and I turned away from it with horror.

At about this time I met my old schoolmate, Wm. M. Maurice, and I don't know why we did it, but on each of our faces was a kind of sickening grin, and instead of talking war and its glories we talked of the playmates we left at Broad and Poplar Streets, in Philadelphia. We did say a little about the chances of the day, but in all the self-examination I ever made afterward I could not determine why, in the midst of that most fearful battle, we talked about something of which, just then, neither of us cared a rap. But we soon parted, and after replenishing my two canteens, both of which I had emptied in relieving the wounded, I continued along the Hagerstown pike and soon met a detachment of our men and was ordered to "fall in." This was some time in the afternoon, and the great battle of Antietam was about over, only occasional shots being fired by the combatants in the neighborhood of the Dunkard Church and away over to our left where General Burnside was engaged.

General McClellan had directed Colonel Palmer to make a scout up the Potomac River and destroy the pontoon there, which Lee's army might otherwise use to recross into Virginia. It was a long, hard ride, most of it over the towpath between the canal and river, and at one place it was necessary to go under the canal through a tunnel and in single file. About the only orders received after we started were to "close up," and these were given

in low tones, which, to us, indicated danger; but before dark the work was accomplished, and we marched back and closed in on the right of our army and bivouacked around a farmhouse, making a liberal use of the farmer's hay for our beds.

The morning after the battle some citizens were at our camp anxiously inquiring for relatives who were serving with the Pennsylvania Reserves, and Major Ward detailed Wm. E. Reppert to take them to the position the Reserves had fought over the day before, as he had been with them a part of the time. They were furnished horses and started. After crossing the Antietam, they took up a smart gallop and soon were on that portion of the field between two woods, where the dead of both armies lay thick; but in their eagerness to get there had passed beyond our skirmish line, and nearing that of the enemy were fired on by the skirmishers and made to seek safety in the cover of the woods, where our men were in line of battle. Just then a staff officer approached, who ordered them off, as acting as they were "it would bring on an engagement," which General McClellan did not want, and had stationed officers on the field to stop all hostile demonstrations; but the orders raised the ire of a Captain commanding a battery nearby, who made things warm with his profanity and was encouraged by those near him. He said: "That was just what they wanted to do, and he had a notion to open the engagement himself. Lee's army was licked, and now was the time to capture most of them." But it was not to be, although subsequent events have proved that if the spirit animating the Captain of that battery had prevailed at headquarters the war might have been over sooner

It was in the afternoon of September 19th that Colonel Palmer concluded to cross the Potomac to find out what General Lee's plans were from personal observation in his rear. He had been ordered by General McClellan to scout to the right of our line and strike the Potomac River at Dam No. 4, and to endeavor to ascertain what the next move of the enemy would be. Colonel Palmer was not ordered to cross the Potomac to the Virginia side, nor was it at first his intention to do so; neither did he volunteer to cross. His expedition was without the previous knowledge of headquarters, although he sent them word when he crossed. He had with him two civilians: one a cool, courageous blacksmith, and the other a patriotic parson. These he had intended to send across

the ford and within the enemy's lines, but at the last moment he decided to ride across with them, see and question for himself on the Virginia side and return. It seemed to the young Colonel that, with such a wide river as the Potomac at the back of the enemy, his retreat might become a fatal rout if the right moment could be known and promptly availed of for a vigorous attack; and although the hazardous nature of the undertaking appealed strongly to him, he would not have taken such an extra-military step had it not been for his belief that the situation for Lee's army was so critical that "perhaps," to use the Colonel's words, "the war might be ended then and there." The Colonel crossed the river toward evening, spent the night within the rebel lines and after midnight got the information he sought, to wit, that Lee's retreat was about to begin across the Potomac, when Stuart's entire cavalry force, preparing for a raid into Pennsylvania around McClellan's rear, came up and guarded the bank forward and back, preventing the Colonel's return. He, with the blacksmith, was taken prisoner by a battery The parson brought the information back to General McClellan, but too late.

On September 19th Maj. Frank Ward, commanding the Regiment, was ordered by Gen. Jno. F. Reynolds, to make a demonstration on the rebel force at Williamsport. His force was about 300 men, and the advance was in command of Captains Hurst and Norman M. Smith, who attacked the rebel cavalry and soon drove it to shelter behind one of their batteries, which opened furiously and made a great deal of noise, but hurt no one. Major Ward asked General Reynolds to support him with infantry, but the General, having no troops but the militia which the State of Pennsylvania had called into service, concluded not to do so, as the object of the demonstration had been attained.

Our work in this field was now done. The rebel army had successfully retreated across the Potomac. Our Colonel was a prisoner in the hands of General Pendleton (Lee's Chief of Artillery), whose men had captured him in citizen's clothes while obtaining information, which meant death as a spy; but he escaped later, and joined us at a time when he was badly needed. At Greencastle we returned the horses and accouterments we had impressed from the citizens, were then loaded on a train and in a few hours landed at our old camp at Carlisle.

A SCOUT TO HAGERSTOWN.

CORP. JAMES W OVER, COMPANY G, PITTSBURG, PA.

IN September, 1862, when Lee invaded Maryland, we proceeded by rail from Carlisle to Chambersburg and Greencastle, where horses, saddles and bridles belonging to the thrifty farmers of the Cumberland Valley were pressed into service and part of the Regiment mounted. Longstreet was then in Hagerstown, about ten miles distant, and our whole force was placed on picket along the State line. By keeping up a bold front, though inwardly quaking, we did what we could to prevent the Confederate cavalry from making incursions into our State. Another Comrade whose name I have forgotten, and myself, one morning at Greencastle were ordered to report to Colonel McClure's telegraph operator, Mr. Wilson, for scouting duty We found him with his telegraphic apparatus on a hand car on the railroad at the State line sending dispatches to Harrisburg, and were ordered by him to take a road leading to Hagerstown paralleling the main road or pike, and to get as near that place as we could safely and procure information for him. We passed our pickets, rode up a hill by a large plantation house on our right, and a short distance beyond it passed a crossroad leading from ours to the Hagerstown pike. We thought at the time that the enemy might come over from the Hagerstown pike by this road and prevent our return by the road we were on. Our orders left everything to our discretion, and, believing "discretion to be the better part of valor," after riding some distance without seeing the enemy or getting any information, and influenced also by the fact that we had a premonition that sooner or later a Confederate cavalry force would cross over from the Hagerstown pike to our road, we started back for our lines, keeping a sharp lookout for the expected enemy, and soon discovered a squad of cavalry on a hill between us and our picket line and a horseman galloping rapidly toward us. We concealed ourselves in the woods by the side of

the road, and, as he passed, seeing that he was a citizen, we joined him in his ride, and discovered that the house we had passed was the home of a Confederate Colonel, named Brinn; that he was there, and that the cavalry in sight belonged to his command. The citizen was an ardent rebel, carrying a message to the Colonel's relatives, and was so much excited that he mistook us for Confederates, talked very freely to us and seemed to enjoy our company. This enjoyment terminated suddenly when we halted him, and after some talk, punctuated by the muzzles of our revolvers close to his face, we succeeded in making him understand we were Yankees, that he was our prisoner and that he would have to guide us across the country to our pickets, which he did very unwillingly. On the trip through the woods and fields a number of refugees from Hagerstown were discovered in hiding. We thought our safety depended on making them prisoners, and we arrived safely inside of our lines with the rebel citizen riding between us and about fifty refugees, white and black—men, women and children—driven in front like a flock of sheep. The Confederate Colonel and his escort arrived at his house, which was in sight of our pickets, soon after we had passed it; they supposed we were captured, and so informed the telegraph operator, who was much relieved when we reported to him.

EXTRACT FROM COL. A. K. McCLURE'S BOOK, "LINCOLN AND MEN OF WAR TIMES."

"AN interesting story may be here told of the methods by which information was obtained to guide the actions of great armies. I was then Assistant Adjutant General of the United States, assigned to duty at Harrisburg to make a draft under the State laws of Pennsylvania. There was no military force on the border and not even an officer of the army who had exercised any command of troops. I was compelled, therefore, to exercise what little military authority could be enforced under the circumstances, and Governor Curtin ordered a half-organized Regiment of cavalry, that Capt. W J. Palmer was recruiting at Carlisle, to report to me at Chambersburg for duty as scouts. I thus became Commander of an army of nearly 100 men, or about one man to each mile of border I had to guard; but Captain Palmer proved to be a host within himself, as he entered the Confederate lines every night for nearly a week under various disguises, obtained all information possible as to the movements of Lee's command, and with the aid of William B. Wilson, an expert telegrapher, who was co-operating with him, attached his instrument to the first telegraph wire he struck and communicated to me all movements of the enemy, present and prospective, as far as he had been able to ascertain them. As rapidly as these telegrams reached me they were sent to Governor Curtin, who promptly forwarded them to the War Department, whence they were hastened to General McClellan's headquarters, who was then moving through Maryland against Lee; and all the important information that McClellan received from the front of Lee's army until their lines faced each other at Antietam came from Captain Palmer's nightly visits within the enemy's lines and his prompt reports to me in the morning. Howell Cobb's division finally reached as far north as Hagerstown, and Captain Palmer spent most of the night within Cobb's camp, and learned from leading

subordinate officers that the destination of Lee's army was Pennsylvania, and that Cobb's command would lead the movement probably the next day

"I need hardly say that I hastened the information to Curtin, who hurried it through to Washington, whence McClellan received it within a few hours. McClellan was then ignorant of the exact movements of General Reynolds, whom he had sent to Pennsylvania to organize a force of 'emergency men' and bring them to the aid of McClellan in western Maryland. He did not know, therefore, who was in command at Chambersburg or what force was there, but doubtless supposed that either Reynolds or some part of his command was already there on its way to join him. General McClellan, on receipt of the news that Lee was likely to advance into Pennsylvania, sent substantially this telegram to the Commander at Chambersburg, without naming him: 'I am advised that Lee's probable destination is Pennsylvania, and if he shall advance in that direction, concentrate all your forces and obstruct his march until I can overtake him and give battle. The occasion calls for prompt action.' As I was the Commander and had less than 100 men, all told, and not twenty of them within fifteen miles of me, the prospect of concentrating my forces and marching out to meet one of Lee's army corps was not specially enticing. I promptly advised Curtin of the situation and of the orders I had received from McClellan. Thaddeus Stevens happened to be in the Executive Chamber when the message was received, and McClellan's order to me to confront one of Lee's army corps with my force, which did not amount to a Corporal's guard within reach, caused considerable merriment. Stevens, who at that time never lost an opportunity to slur McClellan, said: 'Well, McClure will do something. If he can't do better, he'll instruct the tollgate keeper not to permit Lee's army to pass through; but as to McClellan, God only knows what he'll do.'

"Thus one bold, heroic and adventurous young Captain, aided by an equally heroic young telegrapher, furnished McClellan all the reliable information he received about Lee's movements from the time McClellan left Rockville in the Antietam campaign until the shock of battle came, ten days later. I met Captain Palmer at Antietam when the battle was in progress, and after complimenting him, as he so well deserved, for the great work he had

done, I earnestly cautioned him against attempting to repeat his experiments if Lee should be driven into Virginia. He was a young man of very few words, and made no response to any admonition beyond thanking me for my kind expressions of confidence. When Lee retreated across the Potomac, Captain Palmer preceded him the same night, entered his lines again and brought important reports which, as I believe, led to the battle of Shepherdstown that was successfully fought by General Fitz John Porter. He then passed beyond my jurisdiction, and became known to some of the leading officers of McClellan's army as the scout or spy who had given McClellan most reliable and important information. For several nights he entered Lee's lines and reported in the morning. Finally, he was missed at the usual time his report was expected. When the second day passed without any word from him, great anxiety was felt for his safety, and every effort was made that could be made, without exposing him to the discovery of his identity, to learn of his whereabouts, but without success. When he had been missing a week it was evident that he had been captured, and, upon being advised of it from the headquarters of McClellan's army, I hastened to Philadelphia to confer with President J Edgar Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, whose secretary Captain Palmer had been until he entered the service, and who was greatly interested in him personally.

"A conference with President Thompson and Vice-President Scott resulted in the purpose to endeavor to save Palmer from being identified by his captors, and it was finally decided that I should go to the offices of the *North American,* the *Press* and the *Inquirer,* the leading morning journals of the city, and write up for publication the next morning displayed dispatches announcing the arrival in Washington of Capt. W J. Palmer, who had been scouting in Virginia for some days and who had brought most important information of the movements and purposes of the enemy. Some details of his reported facts were given to make the story plausible, to which was added the statement that he had brought momentous information that could not be given to the public, but that would doubtless lead to early military movements against the enemy. The dispatches were all accepted by the publishers, as all felt a special interest in Captain Palmer's fate, and

that publication doubtless saved him from being gibbeted as a spy. He had been arrested by the enemy, tried and convicted as a spy, but he had managed to maintain doubt as to his identity. His execution was delayed from time to time to ascertain who he was.

"The dispatches published in the Philadelphia papers, all of which reached the enemy's lines within forty-eight hours, if not sooner, entirely misled the Confederates as to Captain Palmer, and the failure to identify him saved him, until he finally effected his own exchange by quietly taking the place of a dead prisoner in the ranks and responding to his name when the roll was called for the men who were to be sent to the North. He is better known to the world of to-day as President Palmer, of Colorado Springs, lately of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and one of the fortunate and potential railroad magnates of the land."

AFTER INFORMATION WITH COLONEL PALMER.

SERG. DAVID BARNHART, COMPANY B, PLEASANT UNITY, PA.

ONE of the first trips we made after reaching Greencastle, on September 10th, I took with Colonel Palmer. We went down the road toward Hagerstown, and about a mile from that place put our pickets on each side of the road until all were posted, except John W Jackson, a first cousin of Colonel Palmer and a member of the old Troop and afterward an officer in the Regiment, and myself. We three started toward Hagerstown in silence, and on this night we could have called him "William, the silent," from the fact that he spoke no word, nor gave a command, from the time we left Greencastle till we reached Hagerstown, which was after dark, and then said: "Keep quiet; make no noise."

When we were about half way down the street, suddenly, from a point in the front and left of the street, came out of the darkness that order that few cared to disobey—"Halt!" I made ready for business, when there was a laugh from the same quarter, which gave the assurance that it was all right and for us to advance, which we did, and found one man standing on the sidewalk. Colonel Palmer dismounted and went into the house with him for a short time. When he came out we continued on through Hagerstown, on the road toward Williamsport, a short distance, then turned to the right through a gate into a field about 200 yards to a large house, where we found a man standing as if he was waiting for someone. Colonel Palmer dismounted and shook hands with him, and without a word they went into the house. In a short time Lieutenant Jackson was called in, and after that I was called, and when I went upstairs I found Palmer and Jackson disrobed and their uniforms put in two bundles. Colonel Palmer told me to take the bundles back to Muttontown, where I would find a man at a certain place, and to give them to him,

but if asked to tell where he (Palmer) was to deny knowing anything about him.

I arrived at Muttontown about daybreak and, finding my man, delivered the bundles with the instructions to hold them until called for. He excitedly wanted to know where Colonel Palmer was and I replied that I had no knowledge of him. After getting my breakfast at the hotel, I was standing in front of it, looking up the road toward Hagerstown, and saw a man dressed in a butternut colored suit come riding toward me. When he got near I saw it was Jackson, who said to me: "I see you got through all right, and you must have had a narrow escape, as the 'rebs' must have entered the town just as you were leaving it." He told me that on his way back from where I had left them he got into Hagerstown and found it full of "rebs," and that he had a fine time making his way through them by playing citizen, and didn't waste much time, either Colonel Palmer remained, but joined us again in a day or two.

REMINISCENCES OF ANTIETAM.

CORP. DARWIN E. PHELPS, COMPANY G, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

ABOUT the 10th of September, 1862, while our Regiment was at Carlisle, Pa., being drilled by the regular army drill Sergeants, a dispatch came ordering us to help in the defence of the State from the threatened invasion of General Lee. We could not be considered a well-organized body of soldiers, for we had not been a month in the service and many of the men had not even received their uniforms, and sabers were the only weapons we possessed up to this time, but we went. A small detachment started at once to Greencastle, with Colonel Palmer, and were very active in gathering in horses and scouting in front of the rebels, who had advanced as far as Hagerstown, Md. The bulk of the Regiment followed in a few days and were quickly mounted.

The people of Pennsylvania were greatly alarmed, as well as the authorities at Washington, as it was not clear what Lee's intentions were. After everything was in readiness, Colonel Palmer took command and we started for Hagerstown, Md., it being reported that the rebels were in that place. The day was warm and the roads dusty As we approached the outskirts of the town our pace was quickened, and soon we were on a full charge in column of fours. The first intimation the citizens had of our approach was the sounds of our horses' hoofs, and many of the women were terribly frightened. The banging of doors and rattle of sash resounded all along the street. This and the screams of women and children made quite a din. The dust was so thick we could scarcely see. A pile of bricks had been dumped in front of a house being built, and the rider's horse in front of me stumbled and fell. My mare made a flying leap, clearing everything. I never heard whether the man was badly hurt or not. On we went, clear through, without halting. We found no rebels in the town, so continued our wild dash for about a mile further, then halted, to give

our horses time to breathe a little. We were a dusty-looking set. It was getting on toward night, and, after going a few miles further, we turned into a clover field by the side of the road, where we dismounted and were ordered to stay by our horses, ready to mount at any moment. Our horses enjoyed the clover and soon filled themselves, but their riders went hungry We had to stay awake all night and watch the horses. At daylight we continued our march until we came to Jones crossroads. There we were divided up into squads and placed on picket, while others were kept scouting around all through the day and night, watching the different roads.

Comrade J. H. Crum and I were together, and our appetites had become so sharpened by our recent experiences that we thought a good meal at the hotel would go better than hard-tack. There was a good country hotel at the crossroads, so, after we had awakened and brushed up, we went to it and ordered breakfast. When we were ushered into the dining-room we were most agreeably surprised, everything was so neat and clean; the table looked inviting and everything on it was of the best. We had warm biscuit, excellent bread, honey, good butter, ham and hot coffee. To a couple of hungry, half-starved fellows like us, everything was good and we did not fail to do it justice. After we had eaten to our satisfaction we went out, got our horses and joined the pickets. We had the four roads to guard. Throughout the day and night scouting parties were sent out to reconnoiter. We kept our horses in a field alongside the road, tied to the fences, and each man was expected to sleep in the rear of his horse.

The night before the battle there was a fine, sifting shower of rain. Crum and I concluded we didn't want to go scouting that night, feeling tired and sleepy; so, in order not to be disturbed, we crawled over the fence and made our bed in the other field at our horses' heads in place of their heels. Each of us had a good gum poncho. We spread one on the ground and the other over us. This, with our saddles for pillows, comprised our bed. Our carbines were placed under our heads, so as to keep them dry We were soon fast asleep, in defiance of rain, rebels and everything else. Somewhere along about the middle of the night I was awakened from my sweet dreams by the manly voice of an officer calling to know if we boys didn't want to go out with Lieutenant

Tintsman on a reconnoitering expedition. No answer. Finally, after calling and calling in vain, I felt a firm hand grasp me by my boot, and after giving me a good shake said, "Wake up here!" I couldn't play off any longer, so I said "Hugh?" "Wake up, you fellows! Don't you want to go out with Lieutenant Tintsman on a scout?" I said, "No." "Well, then, you will have to go." "Oh, all right; of course, then we will go;" so we got up and found the night clear and beautiful, the stars shining in all their brilliancy We soon saddled and bridled our horses and took our places in line, then away we went down the road, looking sharp for the enemy. We had gone perhaps four or five miles when, in an instant, the quiet of the night was broken by the roar of at least half a dozen guns. All we could see was the flash. The column was thrown into some slight confusion at first, but quickly got straightened up. It was found that the Lieutenant's horse had been instantly killed. The Lieutenant mounted behind one of the men and we started on our return. I soon found that Crum was not in the crowd. Someone said he was coming back there. I rode back a short distance, and could hear him cursing his luck for being obliged to ride such "a contemptible little pot-bellied lazy beast." The idea of giving him such a thing as this for a cavalry horse, etc. I called, "John, is that you?" "Yes, that's me." "Well, hurry up." "I have all the steam on now I can raise with this thing," said he. Well, we soon caught up with the column and marched back to camp, where we got a pretty good sleep before daylight, after all the fuss. The next day we found that Crum had had a pretty close call, a bullet having chipped a patch out of the right shoulder of his jacket. I was riding right behind him, and being so much taller than he I can't see how it missed me. The pickets that fired on us belonged to a Wisconsin regiment; their orders were to fire without halting. We found this out afterward.

We were awakened in the morning by the booming of cannon. It was the ushering in of one of the bloodiest days America ever saw. All now was excitement. The sound of the cannonading in the distance was grand. Everybody was busy getting ready to move, horses had to be fed, watered, cleaned, saddled and bridled; besides we had our own grub to look after—hard-tack and coffee—but soon all were ready, and, at the command, the column was

formed and we took up our line of march to the battlefield. The road was almost hidden by the heavy mist that had settled down during the night, but the rays of the rising sun were fast dispelling it, and every indication pointed to a hot day. On our way we passed the Lieutenant s horse, lying by the roadside, where it had fallen after being shot, and although the time that had elapsed was so short, yet the carcass was all puffed up. We hadn't traveled many miles until we arrived at the place where the battle was raging. We were halted, right on the road at the edge of a dense woods, and it seemed but a short distance through the woods to where the fighting was going on. Presently two or three country wagons emerged from the woods. They were covered with sheets, bloody in places. This struck me as strange. I couldn't imagine what they were hauling dead bodies off the field for. The wagons were driven by country people—farmers. They said nothing to any of us and nothing was said to them.

After a while a young fellow came out holding the index finger of his right hand. The first joint was shot away and he was trying to keep it from bleeding. The perspiration was pouring off his face. I asked him how it was going. He said: "I think we have got them this time." Shortly after this I was ordered to carry a dispatch to an officer in charge of a bridge across the Baltimore and Ohio Canal. The orders were to burn the bridge at once, and I was told to look sharp and be lively as I might meet the whole rebel army I had to go to Williamsport and from there up along the canal to the bridge. After leaving Williamsport it was not long until I found there was another fellow ahead of me, who seemed to be in as big a hurry as I was, but my mare was gaining on him, and we were not very far apart when we arrived at the bridge. He hadn't more than delivered his message until I was there with mine. I found the men were all of our Regiment. The Lieutenant in charge belonged to our Regiment, but I was not acquainted with him. They had the bridge piled full of hay and fence rails—everything in readiness to set the match. There were a lot of old farmers there, pleading for us not to burn the bridge, as they didn't see how they could get along without it. Before our arrival there had been quite a lively skirmish with a lot of rebs posted behind a frame house on the other side of the Potomac. The enemy commenced firing on our men, thinking to drive them

away and save the bridge, but when our fellows turned loose on them it was too hot and they left. Not knowing how soon Lee might be along, our Lieutenant ordered the match applied, and, after waiting to see that the bridge was certain to burn, we took up our march back to the battle.

I found our fellows on the road where I had left them. Shortly after I had got my place in column, Comrade N. G. Pinney joined me. He told me he had just had the most thrilling experience of his life. After I had gone the Colonel took what men he gathered up towards our line of battle. Pinney said he felt like seeing it and so joined the squad. Away they went, until they came to where they could see the lines of the contending forces charging back and forth. They hadn't been there long, the Colonel looking for some general officer to report to, until his attention was attracted by the sound of a dull, heavy thud. He looked, and the man on his left, young Stockton, nephew of Commodore Stockton, was just falling from his horse, shot through the breast. He was dead before he reached the ground. The Colonel ordered a couple to dismount and get the man off the field. They had a hard time of it, as they had to hold their horses and drag Stockton along at the same time. The firing was becoming pretty hot by this time, and the horses were restless. After some difficulty they succeeded in getting him to an old stone barn that was being used by the surgeons as a temporary hospital. There they left him, and mounting their horses resumed their places in the column. The next move the Colonel made was to post the men as pickets, to prevent straggling. Pinney said he hadn't been long in his position until a young fellow came hurrying up, completely loaded down with canteens strung alternately across his shoulders. Pinney halted him and asked him where he was going. The fellow said he was after water and was going to have it, too; so he was told to go ahead. Next came another man on the same errand and he was passed; then came a fellow with a section of artillery, on a full run. He halted, whirled around and proceeded to get into position. He asked Pinney what he was doing there. He informed him he had been posted there to stop stragglers. "Well," said he, "this is no place for you, young man." By this time the fire was getting hot; the limbs and branches of the trees were falling, torn by shot and shell. He looked to the right and left

and not one of our men could be seen. Then he started to get out. His horse was wild with fright; it was all he could do to retain control of her. He started down through a corn field, which was literally plowed by shot and shell and saturated with blood. His mare in her wild, frantic struggles finally threw him clear over her head, but he managed to hold to the bridle and at last succeeded in regaining his seat; then he let her go just as fast as she wished, "for, said he, I was in as big a hurry as she." It wasn't a great while until she landed in the road, and as soon as she saw the other horses she calmed down, perfectly satisfied. At the time he was thrown a piece of shell struck the seat of his saddle, a sort of side swipe, ripping the rawhide off the tree; so it was a good thing for him that he was thrown.

We were right on the edge of the battle, but could see nothing on account of the dense foliage. The battle sounded like the hum of an angry swarm of bees. We sat there and listened. Sometimes it was like innumerable voices of men angry at something that was being done that they didn't like. The leaves of the trees were all vibrating as though stirred by a gentle breeze, although there wasn't a breath of air in motion. It was as calm and beautiful a day as I ever saw, but, oh, how laden with sorrow! Many were the brave lads who woke that morning only to close their eyes, before night, on this world forever. How time does fly in a battle! It was but a short time, seemingly, since morning, and now it was almost night. At last we were ordered to get ready to move. We were going, it was said, to make a circuit of the battle-field by way of observation, but we saw no more of the actual fighting. I think this was done for the purpose of finding out if there were any movements on the part of the rebels looking toward retreat. We were finally drawn up in a lane and there remained until long after midnight. Some of the men sat on the fence, while others stood by their horses' heads, so as to give the poor animals as much rest as possible. Everything was perfectly quiet. The fighting seemed to be all over, when all at once an immense shell was fired in the direction of Scottsville. It was beyond all doubt the most startling old screamer I had yet heard. It was as though a couple of fiends had caught the corners of the heavens and were ripping them right down through the center. It was a fitting close to the day.

After remaining there about an hour longer, someone took charge of the Regiment and we were marched back to the cross-roads. The great battle was over, neither one of the armies having much the advantage. Lee was glad to get back over the Potomac once more.

The next day, I think, we broke camp and proceeded on our way to Greencastle, where we were to turn our horses over to their owners. When we arrived there we turned into a vacant field, tied our horses to the fence and everything was ready for the farmers to reclaim their stock. They were there, ready and anxious to begin. It was pathetic to hear the remarks of some of those old fellows when they saw those horses. "Well," said one gentleman, when he saw his favorite riding mare, "I wouldn't have believed that hoss could have been used up that way in such a short time."

Our next move was back to Carlisle, where we resumed our drill, preparatory to joining the Grand Army of the Cumberland in the west.

ON PICKET AT ANTIETAM.

SERG. WM. MCGEE, REGIMENTAL SADDLER, TOLLGATE, W. VA.

IN September, 1862, our Regiment, after being recruited in different parts of the State, had assembled at Carlisle for organization. We had not been a month in the service when General Lee invaded Maryland, and a detail was made from the Regiment to meet him. At that time the men were not fully uniformed and all the arms we had were sabers, but revolvers were issued to the first detachment that was sent down; and while drawn up in line, in front of the Colonel's tent, we had orders to load them, which we did in a bungling fashion, without any accident happening, which was fortunate, as most of those in line had never loaded a revolver before and broke all the rules ever made for doing it safely. We were just as badly off for officers. Quite a number of the old Troop were with us, but their positions were only temporary ones, and I think the only commissioned officer of the Regiment was Captain Wm. J. Palmer.

We rode all night on the cars and arrived at Greencastle the next morning, and at once were sent out in the country to press horses from the farmers. Some sort of an organization was made, and Braden J. Hurst, of the old Troop, was appointed Captain of the Company to which I was assigned, and he appointed me temporary First Sergeant.

Our Company reached the battlefield of Antietam on the afternoon of the battle, September 17th, and on the same evening Major Ward sent for me and told me to take six men down on the bank of the Potomac and picket where the right wing of our army rested on the river. The Major gave me very particular instructions as to my duty. He told me that it was understood that General Lee's army was penned up in the bend of the river and had control of no ford to cross over into Virginia, and that it was probable he would try to break through our right wing, just where we were posted, to get out and up the river, and that I must be very vigilant and report at once any movement in my front. I took my men

down and made my reserve post on the road, about 200 yards back from the canal, and placed the videttes down on the north bank of the canal, below a large grain elevator and a group of houses. McClellan's infantry was on the river bluff above us. I did not sleep a wink that night, but went back and forth between the reliefs and at daylight was with the videttes, where I got a boat and crossed the canal to the towpath on the other side, and on looking over the river I saw two Confederates coming across on a fish dam. Calling over to my boys what I had discovered, I slipped down to the willows and concealed myself in a position to head them off, and as soon as they landed I stepped out on the sandy beach and called to them to surrender, and when they saw my revolver presented, up went their hands, in token that they gave up. They had no arms, but had gone over the river to forage for something to eat, and coming back got on the wrong dam, the right one for them being a half mile below. I marched them up the bank and followed, revolver in hand, up to the towpath and across the canal. A company of infantry had come up and were drawn in line. They saluted us with cheers and "Bully for you, Sergeant!" My prisoners said General Lee had three fords he could use to cross over into Virginia, so I at once sent them to Major Ward and he sent them to General McClellan's headquarters, to let him know of the fords, but I think now that he knew it before he got the information from us.

On the second night after the battle of Antietam, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry camped in the streets of Hagerstown, Md. As for myself, I made my bed on the sidewalk, on a very hard, flat rock. The next morning Major Ward led us out the pike toward Williamsport. When we had got out about two miles it was discovered that the enemy had a piece of artillery planted on the pike, about a half mile in front of us. We hiked out of the road in a hurry and drew up in line in a meadow facing south. We had hardly gotten out of the way when a round shot came skipping by If it had come five minutes sooner it would have raked us from front to rear.

Our line was to the left of the pike. In our front and to the left was a strip of woods, I guess a quarter of a mile long by 200 yards wide. I was ordered to take eight men and go through the woods and feel the enemy, and to dismount at the edge of the woods and go through on foot. Not knowing better, I dismounted

all the men, and we tied our horses to saplings. I then ordered the men to scatter. Our line stretched from one edge of the woods to the other. It made a very thin skirmish line. When we were about half through the timber an orderly overtook us, and said we were to come back and mount and report to the Major. Before getting there another orderly came with orders for me to take my men and picket a road that led out through the farms to the left of our line. After being in this position for an hour I received orders to go out still farther to the left of the timber, and go on until I found the enemy, and see how many there were and what they were doing. We mounted and went some distance out the road and through a gate into a field. On the far side of this field was a post-and-rail fence. Finding it impossible to get through with horses, I told the men to remain there and I would go alone on foot and make observations myself. I went forward, along an old-fashioned worm fence, until I was even with the south end of the woods. Some 300 or 400 yards away, with a small valley between, looking south, I could see the dust rising over the roads and could hear the rumble of artillery wagons. At first I could see no one, but presently heard voices, and looking down in the valley I saw and counted thirty rebel soldiers; some were lying down, others were washing their faces in a small stream. Taking them all together they were a shabbly lot. Not being familiar with the long range of guns I felt perfectly safe, but when I turned to go back, and had taken about two steps, a bullet passed my nose so close that I put my hand to my face to see if I had a nose left. I then started on a trot, when another shot was fired, but fell short, striking on the other side of the fence. I got back and reported to Major Ward and then resumed my picket post. When night came our whole force—cavalry and infantry—fell back to Hagerstown very quietly, so quietly that I knew nothing about it. About 10 o'clock that night I heard someone calling softly, "Hello, Sergeant!" "Hello, yourself! Who are you and what do you want?" "I am a messenger from Major Ward. The command left here at dark and you were forgotten. Get your men mounted and get back to Hagerstown as quick as possible," was his reply.

When it is known that it was less than a month since I had left my home in a quiet little town in western Pennsylvania, the reader will no doubt think I was being initiated in the art of war by a suspension of the rules.

COLONEL PALMER AND THE PATRIOTIC PARSON.

FIRST-LIEUT. CHAS. H. KIRK, PHILADELPHIA.

IT adds greatly to the efficiency of any army to campaign in a country where its inhabitants are friendly to their cause, as then all the movements of the enemy are at once forwarded to the headquarters of the friendly command. When in the South, all movements of the Union Army were noted by rebel sympathizers, even to the number of troops, and then sent where the information would do us the most harm. But the colored people did not act thus. They were our friends and so far as was in their power, would bring or forward to us all they considered would be to our advantage. The great drawback to the information they gave was their ignorance of numbers. They had no language to indicate, with any idea of exactness, how many of our enemy were at the places they named and their report of "a right smart lot" might mean ten or a thousand.

In our Maryland campaign Union loving people were found who kept us, to a certain extent, posted on the movements of the rebels, and other ways were at times resorted to when important information was desired. One of the most dramatic incidents in the early history of our Regiment—one most unfortunate in its effects for some time, the capture of Colonel Palmer (then a Captain) as a spy on the south side of the Potomac River after the battle of Antietam—is perhaps best told in the words of Colonel Palmer himself in the annexed certificate.

This was written in aid of a patriotic parson who accompanied him on that expedition. The parson had escaped and brought back most important information, but as he was unknown, it could not be acted upon at Headquarters, and the reverend gentleman was even charged with betraying Colonel Palmer into rebel captivity, and sent to prison at Fort Delaware.

The application of Mr. Stine to the authorities at Washington, for compensation for the scout duty he performed and the indig-

nities he suffered, resulted in his receiving from the Government five hundred dollars.

HEADQUARTERS 15th PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY, HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.
February 12, 1865.

I certify on honor, first, that on the day before the battle of South Mountain the Rev. J. J. Stine, of Cumberland County, Pa., came into the lines of my regiment, five miles south of Greencastle, Pa., on the Williamsport Road, and communicated the information that in crossing the Potomac River at Williamsport, Md., he had met the rear guard of Stonewall Jackson's rebel corps crossing to the south side of that river; that this information (which was evidently of great importance as showing that Lee's Army then on or near the South Mountain had been weakened by the detaching of one-third of its force sent to attack Harper's Ferry on the south side of the Potomac; also as showing the danger to the garrison at Harper's Ferry) I immediately forwarded by telegraph to Col. Alex. McClure at Headquarters, Chambersburg, who was in telegraph communication with the headquarters of the army at Washington.

Second. That the next morning, on hearing cannonading in the direction of South Mountain, and also of Harper's Ferry, I was desirous of ascertaining what effect this would have upon the movements of the enemy's force in my front, consisting of Longstreet's Corps, then camped at or near Hagerstown or Funkstown, Md.; that the Rev. J. J. Stine, aforesaid, volunteered to go into the enemy's lines at Hagerstown, and obtain the desired information; that I consented and he started off in that direction, and returned to my headquarters a little after dark the same day, and reported as follows: That he had reached Hagerstown about noon, and found that most of Longstreet's Corps had already marched that morning towards South Mountain on the Boonsboro Road; that on a hill about two miles from town he could see the rear guard of the marching column moving eastward at 1 p. m.; that he could see the wagon trains turn off the Boonsboro Road, east of Hagerstown, at a point where a road turned off to Williamsport, and go into camp, and that one brigade of Longstreet's Corps, under Toombs, was still camped near Hagerstown, and would, in his opinion, remain there till morning.

That this important information I also telegraphed immediately to headquarters at Chambersburg, and the next morning verified its correctness by pushing into Hagerstown with my command of 200 cavalry, where I captured a considerable number of stragglers, and ascertained that Toombs' brigade had been left at Hagerstown until about 1 a. m., when it had commenced retreating towards the Potomac River. That the truth of Mr. Stine's report in regard to Longstreet's wagon trains was proven the same day by the arrival at Greencastle of all our cavalry from Harper's Ferry under Colonel Davies, who had captured on the road one of these trains (loaded with ordnance) within three miles of Williamsport on the road from Funkstown.

Third. I further certify that the day succeeding the battle of Antietam, my command being then on the extreme right of our army, and General McClellan having expressed to me his wish that a spy should be sent across the Potomac River to Shepherdstown to ascertain whether General Lee was making any preparations to retreat to the south side of the river and General McClellan having stated how extremely important this information would be to him, I decided in a fit of injudicious patriotism to cross the Potomac myself in company with the Rev. J. J. Stine, and endeavor to procure this important information, on the possession of which I thought the fate of the rebel army of Virginia and its possible complete destruction might hinge.

That I accordingly crossed the river at Dam No. 4, taking Mr. Stine with me, and during the night obtained the information from a loyal physician of Shepherdstown, Va., that at midnight no crossing had actually taken place, but that the rebels were evidently just beginning to cross. While near Dam 4 during the night we were passed by the whole of Stewart's cavalry, then moving from Shepherdstown towards Williamsport to cross to the north side of the Potomac. With these two items of information we were about starting back when we were captured by a battery of rebel artillery, which had been sent up to guard the ford at Dam No. 4 during the retreat of Lee's Army across the river; that I was sent on to Richmond, but Mr. Stine effected his escape at Dam No. 4 before suspicion was strongly fastened upon him.

Fourth. I further certify that when I returned from Richmond the following January, I found to my astonishment, that the Rev. J. J. Stine had been arrested and confined for several months in Fort Delaware on the charge of having betrayed me into rebel captivity, and that he was still under parole, from which my application to the Secretary of War procured an immediate release.

That in my opinion the imprisonment of Mr. Stine at Fort Delaware was longer and more severe than it otherwise would have been, from the fact that he generously appreciated the danger in which I might be placed at Richmond by the publication of any of the circumstances attending my capture and his escape at Dam No. 4.

That in addition to my feelings of personal gratitude to him for this self-denial, I wish to state that I regard him as a disinterested and earnestly patriotic citizen, who was willing to risk his life at repeated times for the sake of the national cause; that he has had considerable odium attached to his name by the general community in consequence of his imprisonment in Fort Delaware, and is now quite poor. His services were of great value to the army and to the country, and I hope they will be rewarded in the most liberal manner.

I am, with great respect,

WM. J. PALMER,

Colonel commanding 15th Penna. (Anderson) Cavalry.

OUR FIRST CAMPAIGN.

GEO. NEIL, COMPANY D, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

HAVING heard much of the Anderson Cavalry, a battalion of 400 men for special service in the Army of the Cumberland and to act as General Buell's bodyguard, I determined to enlist in it if they would take me. I had at that time just passed my sixteenth birthday, but was large and strong for my age, and, as eighteen was the minimum age for accepting recruits, I decided to tell them I was nearly nineteen in order to have them take me.

After making some inquiries in regard to the Troop, I found it was necessary to have a recommendation from some prominent citizen or well-known firm. This I knew I could get, so on August 18, 1862, I went to the recruiting station, on the southwest corner of Third Street and Willing's Alley, and found a place crowded with men waiting to enlist in the command. I saw a carbine, saber, belt and pistol standing in the corner of the room, a pair of cavalry boots in the window and a cavalry cap hanging on the wall.

After waiting for a short time I went to the desk of the recruiting Sergeant, whom I found to be an old acquaintance, Roland Seeger, and told him I wanted to enlist in the Troop. He asked me my name, which I gave him. He said they were not accepting any more men then, but that he would take me, handing me the enlistment papers to fill out and sign, which I did. By the way, I still have in my possession those enlistment papers, made out and signed by myself, and the parent's consent, in case of a minor, signed by my mother.

Sergeant Seeger then told me to go to the examining surgeon, Dr. Jas. Patterson, at Broad and Pine Streets, for examination. I found the doctor there, and how fearful I was that he would not pass me, but he did, and pronounced me fit for service. I then went to my mother to get her consent to my enlistment, and how I had to coax her to sign the paper! She said: "No, you are too young; you are only sixteen, and you say here you are nineteen. I will not

sign it." But after a couple of hours' persuasion she relented and signed the papers. I then hastened to Alderman Dougherty and was sworn in. From there I went to Rockhill & Wilson's and was measured for my uniform; from there to Sullender & Paschal's and got a cavalry cap; from there to Dickerman and was measured for long boots.

The next day I was busy buying such indispensable articles for a soldier as camp knife, dirk knife, rubber blanket and talma, and getting myself ready to leave my home. I had everything I wanted for a life I knew nothing of except that it would be full of hardships, danger and perhaps death. I thought that I ought to go and do all that I could to help my country in her hour of need and help sustain the glory of our old flag.

On the 21st of August I left Philadelphia for the camp at Carlisle, Pa. I arrived there about 3 o'clock that afternoon, and found the camp was situated on the grounds of the United States Cavalry Barracks. There were probably 200 men of the Troop there. There were no officers present, no tents, no rations, no one in charge who seemed to know anything about us or care for us. As there was a prospect of rain during the night, about forty of us got some large packing boxes that were on the ground, placed them in two long rows, about eight feet apart, covering them with a long canvas we got from somewhere. We named it "Poverty Row" and in this place we lived until tents were issued to us.

On August 22d we were mustered into the service of the United States for three years or during the war.

Poles and flies of wall tents were issued to us, which, after a great deal of trouble and hard work, we managed to get up in pretty good shape. We then bought boards and made floors for our tents, and oh, Lord! how hard those boards were to sleep on!

During the balance of the month we were kept busy learning the life of a soldier and being drilled twice a day by the regulars. Will any of us ever forget that Irish Sergeant who originated, "Hep, hep! now you've got it! Damn you! keep it! Hep, hep?"

Those who could not stand camp life went to the hotels at Carlilse for their meals or else patronized the hucksters, who were ever present with their pies and things; and those were the days, if a soldier wanted to go to town or to Philadelphia for a few days, he wrote his own pass, which was usually honored by the guards.

Every evening we would have dress parade, when the citizens of Carlisle came out in crowds to see the Andersons. General Lee about this time began his invasion of the North, which resulted in the battle of Antietam. We were in no condition to fight an enemy, unless that enemy was willing to fight on equal terms with sabers, as that weapon was all we had; but on September 9th a detail of about 200 men—those who knew how to ride a horse—were selected and sent off to Greencastle, first having revolvers issued to them. But a day or two later we received orders to get ready to march immediately, and about 11 P.M. we were formed in line and marched to town. We were halted by the side of a trains of cars and waited the rest of the night for an engine to come and haul us away During the night we had quite a hard shower.

Shortly after daylight the men scattered to the different houses, where we got a good breakfast. It was 7 o clock when an engine came up and hooked on our train. We got on board, and amid cheers and the waiving of handkerchiefs we pulled out. We were taken to Chambersburg, where we disembarked, and were quartered in and around the courthouse, but the majority of the men soon found better quarters at the hotel and private houses.

The following day several of the men were sent into the country to press horses and bring them in, so that we could be mounted.

Toward evening a report came to camp that there were some rebels at a small town not far away, so a party was detailed to go after them. They were ordered to take muskets. This a number objected to, said they had enlisted as cavalry and not to carry muskets, and especially such arms as they were. Some of the boys claimed their guns were flintlocks. After considerable argument and coaxing the officer in command finally got about one-half of the men to take the muskets. We then boarded the train and rode about fifteen miles. Every mile or two some man would get disgusted with his musket and throw it off the train. About 12 o'clock the train stopped, and we got off and were marched three or four miles into the country, expecting every minute to be fired into from both sides of the road. At last we marched into the woods on the side of the road, were told to lie down and sleep, but to be ready for an attack at any minute.

The next morning a portion of the command was ordered to

march back to Chambersburg and get horses. We left our blankets and bundles behind us, and were told we would get them again at Greencastle. We marched all day, reaching Chambersburg in the evening, found the horses saddled and waiting for us. We dropped our muskets without a single regret and mounted our steeds. I was fortunate enough to draw a fine young horse that had never been ridden, and the horse drew a rider who had never ridden a horse. That horse and I had some great times together. Part of the time he went where I wanted him to go, and the balance of the time I went where he wanted to go.

We left Chambersburg at 9 P.M., marched to Greencastle, reaching there at midnight. We put our horses in a field and tied them to a fence. Some of the men were tired and they laid down in the field and went to sleep, but four or five others and myself thought we would go to the depot and sleep there. Just as we got there we met the Sergeant, who told us as we were the only ones he could find we would have to go on picket. Jacoby and myself were put on one post, about a mile from town, and sat there on our horses for the remainder of the night. Shortly after daylight we were relieved, and went to a tavern on the road, where we found some of our boys, so we stopped and got breakfast. We then marched down the road until we came to another picket post. We stayed with them until afternoon, when we rejoined the balance of the command, which was on the march for Hagerstown, Md. It was reported there were some rebels there. When we got within a mile of the town we started on a gallop and charged through the streets. The rebels had been there, but had left a short time before we arrived. We went some distance past the town and captured some straggling rebels, whom we brought back and locked up in the jail. We also found some sick and wounded rebels in a hospital. We were, indeed, a dirty-looking set when we got through with that, our first charge. The roads were very dusty, and we were completely covered. The dust was on so thick that one Comrade could not tell who the other was. We halted in Hagerstown long enough to wash and get some of the dust off our clothes. Then the citizens came out with eatables, to which we did full justice. The girls came around and pinned a bouquet on each blue jacket. There were lots of pretty girls there, and they were not shy either.

From Hagerstown we went scouting through the country, finding out what the rebels were doing and where they were trying to get to. We kept this up for a couple of days, and then joined the army assembled at Antietam. The battle was then on. We were stationed on the field, in the rear of the line of battle, and close enough to have bullets sing over our heads and shells to burst in front and rear and over us. Our chief duty seemed to be to prevent straggling from the front.

It was here that I saw for the first time a man dead on the field of battle. He belonged to one of the New York Fire Zouave regiments. He had crawled to a puddle of water, by the side of the road, and died there. Then came the first wounded man, who belonged to the same regiment. He was walking back to the rear. He had been shot through both cheeks, and the front of his uniform was covered with blood. It soon got to be so frequent a sight that it hardly attracted my attention.

Toward evening our column was formed, and we marched to Dam No. 4 on the Potomac, where we crossed the canal and marched down between the canal and the river. About midnight we crossed, under the canal, through an archway, and continued the march until near morning, when we halted at a farmhouse, and camped in the barnyard and field.

The next day we marched to Jones' crossroads, and laid there all day That night a party was sent out scouting toward the battlefield. About midnight, as we were riding along the road, we were suddenly fired into by a company of infantry We wheeled about and got out of there as fast as we could. Captain Tintsman's horse was killed, which, fortunately, was the only casualty. We found out the next day that it was a company of our men, on picket, that fired into us. They did not look for anything but rebels from the direction we were coming, and had orders to fire without challenging. At the National Encampment at Minneapolis, in 1884, I met one of the men who was on picket with that company, and he gave me a full account of it. He said they challenged us twice, but we did not halt, so they fired on us.

As we were in our own country. our reception by the citizens was all that we could ask. We were fed abundantly. and Government rations were at a discount.

The battle of Antietam being over we were ordered back to

our camp at Carlisle. We marched through Hagerstown and Greencastle. At the latter town we met the Gray Reserves of Philadelphia, and found many acquaintances in the regiment. At Chambersburg we turned in our horses and took the cars for Carlisle, where we resumed our drills. We had been in camp but a few days when it was reported that the rebels were again near Chambersburg. Two companies were ordered to get ready to march. Rations and ammunition were issued. We marched to the depot and took the cars for Newville, where we found we were to be stationed. A strong picket post was placed about half a mile from town, at a bridge on the railroad, with a wagon road passing underneath. We blockaded the track with ties, rails and logs, so that if a train did come down it would be thrown off the bridge. We then built a large fire, lining the fence behind the fire with cornstalks, to keep off the wind, and were fixed for the night. Quite a number of citizens were driving along the wagon road, and we asked each one as they passed to bring us something to eat, and by night we had more eatables than we could dispose of in a week.

Shortly after dark a relief was sent out to us, but we declined to be relieved, and sent them back. The next morning the relief came out again, and this time we had to accept them and go back to town, where we found the two companies quartered in the depot, with more eatables than they could take care of. After cleaning ourselves up, blacking our boots and putting on clean collars, a squad of us started out to see the town. We found everybody very friendly and anxious to do all they could for our comfort. We received many invitations to dinner, and finally accepting one, went to the house of our host, where we found dinner all ready for us. Just as we had taken our seats at the table the bugle sounded the assembly, so we had to leave that good dinner, much to the disappointment of the family and ourselves. We returned to the depot, and, after waiting about an hour, a train came and took us back to Carlisle.

During the latter part of October we were busy preparing a new camp on the opposite side of the town from the barracks. We finally got the ground cleared and the wall tents up in good shape. Most of the tents had board floors, bunks and stoves. We expected to stay there all winter and were fixed for comfort. This camp was named "Camp Buell."

November 7, 1862. We received orders to-day to get ready to break up our camp. After a great deal of trouble we got everything packed and were ready The band from the barracks came over and we marched to town in a heavy snowstorm, got to the depot and found the train was late. We waited there six hours before it was ready

Then came many affectionate partings, as nearly every man had formed some close friendships among the citizens, more especially the young ladies. At last we pulled out from Carlisle, and for many of us it was forever.

At Pittsburg we changed cars, first marching to the Soldiers' Refreshment Saloon, where we got a fine supper. Our train was in three sections. The boys would crowd into the first section, ride to the next town, get off and wait there for the last section.

We arrived at Louisville, Ky., on the 10th, and found our camp was a mile from town, on the L. & N. R. R. We got there at last and busied ourselves in putting up tents and getting the camp in shape. We had a fine time here; were permitted to go into town frequently, so we did not abuse the privilege. There was a large Government mule corral near our camp, and the songs these birds sang every night will never be forgotten.

We finally drew our horses and full equipment. Then came the drills. Morning and afternoon it was pounded into us, until we began to be cavalrymen. Then came the dress parade, in town, on Broad Street—the most fashionable residence street. The citizens came in crowds to see the Anderson Cavalry.

We were in camp in Louisville nearly a month, when one day orders were received to march to Nashville, Tenn. Tents were struck, the wagons loaded, and on December 8th we bade good-bye to Louisville, and started on our first trip into the Confederacy. It was reported that the rebel General Morgan and his command were somewhere between Louisville and Nashville. We marched to Bowling Green and went into camp, expecting to stay there some time. Our first night in Bowling Green was spent on the grounds of some prominent citizen, who did not want any Yankees on his plantation, so he went to headquarters and entered complaint, and orders were issued for us to move our camp to the other side of town. This was done in one of the hardest rains we

were ever caught in. When we arrived at the new camp we found it in a ploughed field. The mud was awful. It was simply impossible to put up tents. We tied our horses to trees or anything we could find to tie to. The men could not lie on the ground, so the most of them went into a large cave and put in the night there. I was fortunate in getting into an old barn with a lot of the men. They built a fire on the floor and sat up to watch it, so it would not burn the building. I found a wheat trough full of wheat, spread my bed on that and turned in. Just before I got to sleep Sergeant Pattison came to the door and called my name. I did not want to go out that night, so kept quiet. He did not find me. The next morning I found him. He asked me where I was last night; I told him I slept in the old barn. He said, "I called you there, but you did not answer; I wanted you to go on picket." I told him I was probably asleep.

The rebel General Morgan and his command were reported at Glascow, and a portion of the Regiment was ordered to scout there for information. We started about sundown and marched all night. It was very cold, and we had to halt every three or four miles and build fires and thaw out. About daylight we charged into Glascow, and found that Morgan and sixty men had been there, but had left suddenly about an hour before we arrived. After feeding and resting our horses, we marched back to Bowling Green.

It was at this place I received the only promotion I received during my service. I was detailed as Lance Corporal, in charge of orderlies, to Brigadier-General Smith, in command at Bowling Green, and continued in that position until we arrived at Nashville, when I resumed my rank of high private.

Our march to Nashville was resumed, and at 2 P.M., December 24, 1862, we reached the Cumberland River, opposite the city. and crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, the other bridges having been burned by the rebels. We paraded through the streets and then marched to our camp, about two miles south of the city. We found the grounds well adapted for camping, with the exception of fences for fuel, but our wagons coming up, we soon had the camp in shape.

December 25th, Christmas—the first one I ever passed away from home. My Christmas dinner was served in four courses:

1st. Beans, boiled.
2d. Salt pork, boiled.
3d. Hard-tack.
4th. Coffee; no cream.

In the morning a foraging party was sent out for corn for the horses. They went about ten miles from town, when they were attacked by rebel cavalry. They had a brisk little fight; one man of Company F was killed. The party returned to camp, bringing all the wagons and the forage.

As this brings us to the Stone River campaign, I will leave that for some other Comrade.

SERGEANT BETTS AND OLD COMPANY E.

SERG. SIMEON LORD, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

SOME personalities lastingly impress others. I do not think that Sergeant Betts could have been more than twenty-four years old when he took charge of us, and, by the usual rule, he should have had a hard time governing a hundred boys, whose ages did not average over twenty years, but he did not. There was something about him which drew the respect and obedience of his Company, and his orders were carried out not so much because they were orders, but because Sergeant Betts had told us.

He was not a martinet or a blusterer. He never lost his temper, and I do not recall an instance of his punishing a man. Somehow we got along without it, and a feeling grew among the men that it was not so much that we belonged to Company E as that Company E belonged to us, and we tried to make it the best of the lot.

Sergeant Betts was earnest and thorough in all that he did, and had the faculty of inspiring us with that feeling. He had been an officer in the Blue Reserve at home, and for a time was in the Quartermaster's Department of the Army of the Potomac, under Colonel Tolles, who was afterward killed by Mosby's men; therefore the drill was not altogether new to him. Those old regulars who instructed us at Carlisle were past masters in the art, and made us one of the best drilled regiments in the service. Company E was the first to dispense with their services, and Sergeant Betts most ably filled the position, and the Company was never better drilled or drilled better than when he gave the orders.

It was after we got to Louisville that Lieutenant John W Jackson came to us as our permanent Commander. We had several temporary Commanders before, but the real Commander of our Company was Sergeant Betts. The temporary officers usually took us out on dress parade. One of them, who must have been unduly impressed, issued his first command on taking charge: "Gentlemen, carry arms, please."

We had some trouble at Nashville. The officers we had were not of that positive character who carry out orders under all circumstances, and when the command came to get ready to march many of the boys refused to go, and the commissioned officers failed in their duty. I shall always remember Sergeant Betts, then in the full flush of his tall, slender young manhood, as he stood in front of his Company announcing to us that "General Rosecrans wants the Anderson Cavalry at the front, and I am going."

With his eyes appealing to us and face wreathed with that ever-pleasant magnetic smile, now set with a fixed determination, it gave us the first true index of the soldier in him, and old Company E at once remembered its duty and followed its Sergeant.

Our Sergeant was too good a man for such a subordinate position, and at the reorganization of the Regiment, three months later, he was made a Captain. At the "retreat" call of March 3, 1863, he called the roll of the Company for the last time, and then told us the changes. He said many pleasant things, which I cannot now recall, but we forgot to wait for the order to "break ranks," and when he finished three hearty cheers were given for our friend, Capt. Chas. M. Betts.

A PRIVATE FORAGING PARTY AT BOWLING GREEN WHICH FAILED.

CHAS. M. BROUGH, COMPANY A, OGDEN, UTAH.

THE overland march of the Anderson Cavalry from Louisville to Nashville, in the late fall of 1862, will be remembered by most of the Troopers, certainly by all the original members of the ten companies of our Regiment. Outside of the daily routine of guard mount, picket duty and such other duties, nothing occurred to upset the even tenor of our march until our approach to Bowling Green, Ky., when a terrific rain storm set in, continuing for several days. We got in camp about dark, and made such preparations as would insure as good a night's sleep as possible, and then began a "gum-boot" search for stray chickens roosting low, or belated pigs that hadn't found home when the curfew rang.

The commanding officer had issued stringent orders forbidding all foraging, and enforced them, too, as you will see from what follows. I was then a member of old Company E, and, as quite a number of the boys in that Company were from the country, they were not afraid of a goose or a chicken biting them, so four of us set out on a night prowl to find something to take the place of hard-tack and bacon. In the darkness we caught a glimpse of the outlines of a big house and a bigger barn ahead of us, and in a little while we stumbled on a nest of "porkers," all huddled up, snoozing. As each one of us had a dirk or hunting knife hung on our belts, we soon had one of the "grunters" by the heels. One of the boys held his snout, another held him down, and another sent the dirk home until the last squeak had been uttered and died away. We thought he was a legitimate spoil of war, and proceeded to "tote" him to camp, where we arrived safely with our plunder.

Just how to manage so as not to be caught was the question, and we decided to put him in one of the wagons until morning,

and then skin him and divide him up for the next day's breakfast and supper. Shortly after reveille had sounded, the farmer was on hand with his tale of woe to the commanding officer, and soon an inquiry was begun by every Company Commander to find out who the "boodlers" were. We were in a tight place, and, as a cover, put the hog in a big washboiler that our Company cook used to make coffee in, and there he rested all day until the camp was made for the night. The detail was made as usual to carry the water to make coffee, and as all the officers were on the watch for fresh pork smell, the water was poured in on the hog, the coffee put in also and all cooked together.

Of course, not one of our Company took coffee that evening, but when the officer of the night came along and with his tincup dipped in our washboiler for a cup of coffee, he got it with whiskers and bristles and at the same time struck something tangible. On investigation he found the hog, and we were compelled to pay in the neighborhood of twenty dollars for the grunter, and then didn't get any of the meat. Later on, however, these strict orders (while always in existence) were winked at and never literally enforced, for, after a few years of service, everybody realized that "war was hell," as General Sherman expressed it, and foraging, when necessity required, was more or less legitimate.

But, be it said to the credit of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, they never wantonly destroyed property or took anything not absolutely needed, and in the line of something to eat.

THE CHRISTMAS FORAGING EXPEDITION IN 1862.

ARTHUR O. GRANGER, CO. C, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

ON December 25, 1862, the day after the Regiment arrived at Nashville, twenty men were called for from our Company E to go on a foraging expedition, and I was one of the number who volunteered. There were also squads from the other companies, the whole under the command of Captain Vezin.

We took all of the wagons belonging to our Regiment and joined a large train of about 100 wagons, with an escort from a Tennessee regiment. About nine miles out we halted, near a large corn field, and the mounted men were put on picket duty in different directions, while the infantry loaded the fodder into the wagons. I was in Corp. Chas. H. Kirk's squad, along a narrow road to the left of the pike.

I had been on picket an hour or so, when I was relieved and rode back to the farmhouse, where I found a late Christmas dinner going on the table. I told the lady of the house that I would dine with them, and went out on the back porch to wash up and get ready for a square meal. Just then I heard a volley of rifle shots, and, regretting to miss the feast, I ran through the kitchen and seized a long-handled skillet at the back of the stove, and, holding up the tail of my overcoat, flopped the big, hot "johnnycake" into it, and that was all of the Christmas dinner I got. I jumped on my horse and soon joined our men on the pike. The rebels were coming over a low hill and down toward the corn field and seemed to outnumber us. We retired along the pike a short distance, when, under the inspiration of Albert Coleman, of Company E, we were drawn up in line near a blacksmith shop and held the enemy in check; there was very sharp firing for a while. The wagons were getting out of the field and started down the pike on a full run.

One of our men was mortally wounded, Martin L. Hill, of Company F, being shot through the temples. He was a bright,

talented young man, and was a student at Washington and Jefferson College, leaving there to join our Regiment. He was the first of our boys killed after we went West. H. C. Fry, of Company B, and some others moved him into the blacksmith shop and placed him on a quilt borrowed from a colored family near by. The wagons having gone on toward Nashville, he was left there in the shop. Later, I think a detail, under Lieutenant Musselman, went out and buried the brave soldier boy beside the road.

The command lost two wagons, but brought off all the rest, loaded with corn, fodder, etc.

Shortly after noon a man in citizen's clothes had been to Corporal Kirk's post and asked to pass through the lines to see a sick daughter. He was refused and wandered off, getting out to one of the videttes and telling him he had the Corporal's permission. The green cavalryman passed him, although against orders. In less than an hour the attack came, and no doubt that man carried the information to the enemy.

DEATH OF MARTIN L. HILL.

CORPORAL H. C. FRY, COMPANY B, ROCHESTER, PA.

I WAS one of the train guards on Christmas afternoon of 1862, and was posted at a point near the woods (with Comrades John M. Davis and Wm. Wassell, of Company F) about a thousand yards beyond the blacksmith shop on the pike. M. Hill and two other Comrades, also of Company F, were at a point farther south, I think near a turnip patch.

Just as the larger number of loaded wagons had pulled out into the road from a corn field nearly opposite to where I was posted, the alarm was given that rebel cavalry was approaching and the wagons were hurried off with all possible speed, and all succeeded in getting out. The infantry guard took refuge on the wagons. Our pickets remained with carbines ready In an incredibly short time after the last wagon had entered the road, rebel cavalry appeared on a run, coming through the woods directly toward us, not five hundred feet distant. We emptied our carbines as fast as we could fire and reload; two or three others of our Regiment coming up at the same time began firing. One rebel was unhorsed, coming to the ground less than one hundred feet in our front. I think his horse was wounded or killed.

John M. Davis was on my left and urged his horse forward to the rebel, yelling, "Surrender!" He held up his hands at once. Davis started with his prisoner down the pike after the wagons, which were by this time several hundred yards away, going at a gallop. The rebels had suddenly pulled up and turned, and we imagined for a moment they were scared away Just at this instant one of our men came galloping back, shouting, "Hurry! you are being surrounded." Then we also started on a gallop down the pike in the direction the wagons had taken. I happened to be the last of our picket, and when down the hill nearing the blacksmith shop I noticed the rebels half way through a narrow corn field on my right nearly opposite the blacksmith shop, 300 or 400 feet

away, rushing for the road. I was loading and firing at them beyond a narrow strip of woods which appeared to be full of them; the rebels in sight firing at every horseman as he passed the open. Just before reaching the blacksmith shop my horse reared and fell to his knees, shot in the neck, I think. I went off head foremost, falling on the side of the road at least five or six feet below the pike level, but was unhurt. I held on to all my arms, but expected in a minute to be in the hands of the rebels, who were galloping, shooting at us, through the low corn. Springing to my feet I went as fast as possible to the shop. I stepped behind the large door, on the timber sill, where I could see the road. My horse had regained his feet and followed up the road before I was on my feet. Just as I looked out from my perch I saw M. L. Hill coming down the road on a run, his carbine held up in his right hand. I also noticed at this moment that several rebel horsemen had reached the fence at the road and were deliberately aiming at him. A rebel riding a white horse fired after a deliberate aim, hitting Hill in the right temple, the bullet passing through his head. He raised both arms and fell from his horse. He was quickly surrounded by the rebels, who dismounted, and cutting his belt took all his arms and joined perhaps thirty or forty others who had come into the road.

The majority remained in the field, going in the direction of the wagons. Two rode into the blacksmith shop, one saying, "Where is the 'feller' we knocked off the other horse?" The other said, "Not here; hurry!" They were gone in a moment, and in less than half a minute came on a fast gallop past the shop again, and with them I recognized the prisoner John M. Davis had taken, but who it appears had been rescued by his comrades in the confusion. One or two stopped and caught Hill's horse, which the escaped prisoner mounted.

In probably less than five minutes from the time Hill fell they had disappeared. I ran out to where he lay, and found a death wound. I tried to get him to drink from my canteen, but his jaws were firmly set and he seemed unconscious, but struggled and moaned. From the little cottage nearby, inhabited by negroes, who were standing in the door like a lot of frightened sheep, I ordered some hot water. I thought that I could perhaps get his jaws relaxed so that he could open his mouth and speak. At first the negroes refused, saying the Confederates would shortly return

and kill them if they helped. Taking my revolver, I said: "Very well; you either help me with this man or you will die before they return." This had the desired effect, and both men and women came quickly, bringing water, a quilt, and offering anything they possessed. I moved him into the blacksmith shop and laid him comfortably on a quilt and again tried to revive him. Finding it useless I gave instructions to the negroes to remain on pain of death and not leave him a moment, and started on foot with all my arms toward Nashville, a distance of ten miles, if I rightly remember

After going less than half a mile, however, it being nearly dark, I was halted by a returning squad of our Regiment, who I think were acting as rear guard to the teams, returning to find us. One of my comrades very kindly insisted upon my mounting his horse, relieving me every few minutes, until our camp at Nashville was reached. Martin L. Hill died a few hours later without regaining consciousness, and was buried near there. His body was afterward removed to his home at Miamisburg, Ohio. He had been a student at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., when he enlisted. The few little trinkets in his pockets I removed and sent to his home with the sad news as to how he died. I received a letter of thanks from his sister, who stated that another brother had been killed on a gunboat on one of the lower rivers, and the sad news of both deaths was received on the same day Comrade Hill was the first man killed in the Regiment after reaching the Army of the Cumberland.

There were close calls for a number of our men that afternoon. Comrade H. W Esbenshade, who was Sergeant of Company C, was on one of the outposts, and after all but four wagons were loaded with corn saw the rebels come pouring down; the wagons got out and he put spurs to his horse. One rebel on a white horse pursued him so closely that the nose of the pursuer's horse was almost touching his horse's tail. Notwithstanding the closeness of pursuer and pursued, none of the shots which the rebel fired took effect. Comrade Esbenshade's horse on reaching the reserve began to bleed at the nose as a result of the fierce ride and died a few days after.

FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA (ANDERSON) CAVALRY AT STONE RIVER.

ADJUTANT J. C. REIFF, NEW YORK.

WE received our first mount at Louisville, Ky., and marched thence to Nashville, Tenn., reaching there on the evening of Wednesday, December 24, 1862. Thursday, December 25th (Christmas) the Regiment remained in camp about one and a half miles from the city, but details were sent out as escort to a forage train and had a fight with the rebels. Friday, the 26th, was cold and dreary with a drizzling rain. The whole army was in motion for the Stone River campaign. About 11 A.M. a detachment of the Regiment started, in all about 300 men. A portion was detailed to escort a wagon train. The balance, some 200 men, reached General Rosecrans' headquarters at night on the Nolansville pike, but without the wagons. The detachment was in command of Major Adolph Rosengarten, the Senior Major, with Junior Major Frank B. Ward second in command. Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer was too ill to take the saddle, but occupied an ambulance, while Colonel Palmer was still a prisoner of war, having been captured in the Antietam campaign in September, 1862, while on a special mission, seeking to get information for General McClellan. The detachment reported directly to General D. S. Stanley, Chief of Cavalry, on the staff of General Rosecrans.

We were ordered to be ready to move at daylight. There was active skirmishing all day Friday, the cavalry being well in advance, with some artillery The enemy gradually fell back and we bivouacked at night near the pike beyond. The detachment was highly complimented for its conduct during the day fighting both mounted and on foot.

The special incident of the day was an extremely exciting and well-nigh mortal combat engaged in by a six-foot rebel and Major Rosengarten. I had been riding with the Major, but had

MAJOR ADOLPH G. ROSENGARTEN

Killed at Stone River, December 29, 1862

become separated from him. When I found him I was astonished to see him pale, exhausted and bleeding. After leaving me he had hurried into the woods to reconnoiter, meeting a single rebel, who fired at him but missed at twenty yards, to which fire the Major replied with his pistol, and ordered him to surrender. This the rebel, who was dismounted, promised to do, and the Major rode up to receive his arms. When in the act of surrendering the rebel suddenly struck the Major a tremendous blow over the left shoulder with his gun. The man was six feet high and strongly built. The Major was also a very muscular man and a scientific boxer He sprang from his horse, at the same time aiming another shot at the fellow, but the pistol snapped. He then clutched and struck out with his fist. They grappled, and in the tussle the rebel, being the heavier, got on top, the Major, however, still retaining a good grip on the fellow's throat. Both were becoming somewhat weakened, when the rebel put his knee on the Major's breast, and seizing his saber aimed for his throat. The blow was turned aside by the Major, who at the same time dealt the rebel a couple of good blows on the temple with the butt of his pistol, crying out as lustily as possible for "Anderson! Anderson! Help! help!" Washington Airey, our Sergeant-Major, hearing the cry thought Lieutenant Anderson was being called, therefore, he paid no attention to the noise. Airey had been on the hill and was going toward the left near the turnpike, when looking through the woods, he saw a man on the ground and another apparently helping him. Thinking that a rebel had been wounded and another was getting him off the field, he hurried forward to capture both, when to his surprise he recognized the Major on the ground. He seized the fellow, who was not inclined to loose his hold, by the back of the neck and pulled him off. He was then about to fight both, but on Airey's threatening to shoot, he surrendered.

The rebel said: "I have had hold of some good men, but that one (the Major) is a little bit the best man I have ever had hold of." I neglected to say what caused the flow of blood. When this chap found things were growing tight, he undertook to bite the Major's finger off, and he well-nigh accomplished it; so the Major turned to help himself to a steak from the enemy's cheek, consequently it was a "stand-off."

Owing to the excitement and exertion following the hand-to-hand conflict the Major was compelled to go to the rear for a rest, and we did not see him until the next morning.

Notwithstanding the fact that our chief officer did go to the rear, we skirmishers were for some time still ordered to advance. The artillery now felt their way by shelling the front of the enemy at each good position. The Regiment pushed forward, but we saw nothing of the enemy until we arrived in sight of Triune. We were here ordered to halt, and, after some reconnoitering, found the enemy—infantry, artillery and cavalry—posted at right angles to the turnpike on the right of the town, and fully three-quarters of a mile distant. The enemy noticing our halt, took courage and threw a few shells at us, all of which fell short.

When Major Rosengarten went to the rear we had seen nothing of our flanking parties either on the right or left, and being so near the enemy, who appeared in force, we naturally felt anxious for them. Seeing some cavalry posted on our immediate right and apparently resting, I was sent toward them to find out who they were, and discovered that fortunately our right flanking party was among the number. Looking to the front from that position we saw a large force in line behind a stone fence, which could be commanded by artillery from the woods. I was sent to the pike to communicate with the Lieutenant commanding the battery there, who asked for any information I might have. I acquainted him as near as possible with the enemy's position, and others coming up corroborated my statement. A section of artillery thereupon was sent to the right to await orders.

Meanwhile, the General had reached an eminence on the left to reconnoiter. Some eight pieces of artillery were on the ascent, commencing at the pike to the left. Shortly afterward all our guns opened fire and the range was splendid, forcing the enemy's infantry back. Under the artillery fire our infantry advanced, and suddenly out of ambush sprang the Third Ohio Infantry and charged the rebel battery There being no cavalry near enough to aid them, however, the rebels succeeded in limbering up and getting away. We now moved forward, and passing through the town, which was situated on a hill, found it completely deserted. At the bottom of the hill ran a stream, crossed by a bridge which the enemy had destroyed but an hour before. It was now raining

very heavily. We had not gone more than a mile, with General Johnson in front of us, when the enemy suddenly turned their battery upon us at about 600 or 700 yards. This, however, did not accomplish anything, as they quickly limbered up again and continued their retreat.

We moved forward about three-quarters of a mile and took up a position in face of another hill. Scouting parties were sent down the road, but could see nothing of the enemy although they had crossed the hill not more than twenty minutes before we arrived. There was a heavy wood covering the road on the right, on which side the hill was the most rugged, and in which it was thought the enemy had concealed themselves. We now learned that it was not intended on our part to institute any big or thorough search for them further that day It was now about half-past three or four o clock, dull and rainy, and considering everything we had covered a good deal of ground since morning, and men and horses were both tired and hungry.

We reported to General Stanley, Commander-in-Chief of Rosecrans' Cavalry, who ordered us to feed our horses as near as possible to where we then were, and to be on the alert for an immediate move. He said: "Tell the officers and men of the Anderson Cavalry that I am more than pleased with them; that they have been during the entire day and are now just where I wanted and want them." He repeated: "Tell the Anderson Cavalry I am extremely pleased with their behavior to-day."

It is needless to say that we felt proud that we had been enabled to so demean ourselves in the face of the enemy as to merit from such high authority repeated compliments. We bivouacked that night in a field nearby, where we found plenty of excellent forage for our horses, but nothing for ourselves. The only thing we could do was to capture a few pigs and some stray sheep, that would not keep out of our way So we had a little toast pork and mutton for supper.

Sunday morning found us still resting there, having been undisturbed, but enveloped in a dense fog through which we could not see more than fifteen or twenty yards. About half-past 8 A.M., we received orders to move on, and in less than half an hour the mist suddenly disappeared, driven away by a pleasant breeze, leaving us in a spring-like atmosphere. After proceeding

about three miles we came up to the force in our advance, which was turning to the left toward Murfreesboro. Here we met Major Rosengarten, who had sufficiently recovered to accompany us, and not knowing where we had encamped, had pushed on down the road with these troops, expecting to meet us. We were glad to see him so much improved. We were ordered to keep to the pike, and a few miles further found us on the ground where Hardee's entire corps (the rebel left wing) had encamped the day before. This was at a place called College Grove, and they had told the people they intended making a stand, but Hardee and his men had gone toward Murfreesboro.

After scouting the country for six to nine miles our force was collected where we had first halted. Our own men were alone; no other Union troops were in sight. We halted until about 3 P.M., when we were to meet our wagon train and the guard that had come up from Nolansville. Pushing back we found our encampment already selected and some tents up in the woods on the right of the pike near Harpeth Creek, and here we spent the most happy evening of the campaign. During the evening the woods resounded with sweet sounds from glad voices. The principal party was one which had furnished us frequently with splendid selections. It was a quartette made up of Major F. B. Ward, who sang his last song; Captain A. Vezin, Sergeant Oscar Vezin and H. P Riehle. Everyone looked forward with bright anticipations to the future of our little band, prompted somewhat by the success of the day previous. We turned in before 9 P.M., as we had already received orders to march at earliest dawn on the following morning.

Monday, December 29, found our line formed and the wagons loaded. After proceeding a short distance, General Stanley ordered us to send our entire train, excepting the ammunition wagon and one ambulance, back to Nolansville, to be parked with other extra wagons that were not allowed to follow us at present lest they should interfere with the rapid movements of the army. Turning to the right, this side of Triune, out of which we had driven the enemy two days before, we found ourselves in company with the division and train of General Jeff. C. Davis, the whole of which we passed by about 10 or 11 o'clock A.M. The road exceeded anything I have ever seen for roughness. It was a per-

fect stone fence—on an enlarged scale, of course—with rocks piled in huge masses, winding first through a deep ravine, then through dense cedar woods, and ever and anon we were climbing steep hills, over which it seemed artillery could not be hauled. Notwithstanding every difficulty, the rumbling of those heavy guns was heard at the front at dusk that evening as we were falling back.

Leaving the infantry and artillery in the morning we joined the cavalry force, consisting of some 3000 or 4000 Ohio, Indiana and Michigan men. On arriving near where the enemy was known to be posted, the force was assigned to different positions from right to left, stretching over about a mile of ground. We were to take the center, supported by Colonel Stokes, of the First Middle Tennessee Regiment. We were ordered to advance, throwing out skirmishers to carefully feel our way Major Ward commanded the skirmishers and Major Rosengarten the reserve of our little band of 300. After about an hour's movement, on foot and mounted, without finding the enemy, the brigade on our right commenced firing, which told us they had at last met those whom we were seeking. In the center we could see nothing as yet.

Shortly, however, an orderly arrived from the right, telling us to halt and when we again moved to incline to the right, as two regiments of the enemy were said to be waiting in our front to take us in ambuscade. Consequently our skirmishers were called in, we remounted, and after a time moved on. Soon we saw, at about 800 yards distance, the rebel cavalry drawn up in line of battle. Our line moved forward and the enemy retired. We hurried on, although they halted in a wood some distance off. Our left coming up with a little boldness, they again retreated; but as it afterward proved, it was only to draw us on. We were soon on their pickets and captured some prisoners, including a Brigade Surgeon and a Major, who was Assistant-Adjutant General on General Cheatham's staff. The name of the Surgeon was Lackey and he gave his home as Memphis, Tenn., so he told his captor, John F. Conaway, who took him to the rear. One of his first questions was what Regiment had captured him, and when told and also that his guard was a Philadelphian, he seemed delighted; told of his having gone to the

University here and named a whole lot of citizens he knew, and asked: "Is that big yellow house still standing at Broad and Walnut? and added, "I've had many a good time in it."

Meanwhile the detachment, under Major Ward, pushed rapidly forward, and soon engaged with the enemy. They advanced about 600 yards—to where the pike passes through the woods—and halted. Some of our flanking parties, following up the retreating cavalry through the woods, came to the fence, and Samuel Jamison, Warren Caldwell and John K. Marshall jumped their horses through a gap, and immediately were in the midst of Company A, Tenth South Carolina Infantry, who had been advanced from their division, but whose attention had been directed toward their right, where the movements of Ward's detachment could be heard but not seen.

It was a surprise, but from which the rebels soon recovered, fired on Caldwell and Marshall, who escaped through the gap in the fence. Jamison was knocked off his horse by the butt of a musket and taken prisoner, but five minutes later, in the confusion of the rebel infantry coming up, he escaped. Marshall had picked up a prisoner soon after his escape, and with him hurried over to where Ward and his detachment were halting on the pike. The first officer he saw was Lieut. John W Jackson, and to him he yelled: "Come on, Lieutenant! there's plenty more in there," and then the whole detachment, at a gallop, went quickly up to the fence, behind which the rebels were.

The first shots that had been fired had alarmed the rebel infantry in the rear, who reinforced their advance; so that by the time Major Ward and his men reached the point it was to meet a long line of infantry securely posted, with a high stake-and-rider fence protecting them from being run over by our men. So sudden had been our appearance that it confused them, and although their musketry fire was heavy, it was not destructive, even when our men were up to the fence, firing carbines and revolvers at the enemy not over ten feet away.

Major Ward was the first man hit on our side. He wore that day the ordinary blouse of a private soldier, and carried a carbine. The fatal ball pierced his left breast near the heart, coming out below his shoulder blade. His horse was shot at the same time, and, supported by two of the men, he walked to the rear,

out of the line of fire, and then sank to the ground. Our Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Mish, bathed his wound and tried to lessen the excruciating pain he suffered. Even the pain could not quench his martial spirit, for he still cheered on the men in a weak and feeble voice, which a few moments before had been so strong and lusty

Back at the fence the battle still continued. From the close range it is a wonder that so few were hit, but the rebels had not yet recovered and most of their shooting was too high; so gradually we concluded that it was not possible to drive our foe, situated as they were, and our line fell back further in the woods, but still kept up the firing.

It was then that Major Rosengarten's battalion appeared. They had been following up Ward's party, but had gone farther down the pike toward Murfreesboro, and when the musketry got heavy, indicating a severe engagement, they were faced to the right, details threw down the fence and the battalion went forward on the charge with "advanced carbine." This was done in plain sight of the enemy, who, in addition to being prepared to receive them, was continually reinforced from the rebel line of battle, which was just in the rear Resting their guns on the third and fourth rail of the fence, their aim was more destructive than it had been, and the losses among Rosengarten's men exceeded that in Ward's. The fact that a large part of the former's line of battle was in the open field, in plain sight, and the rebels being no longer so confused, as they had been at Major Ward's sudden attack, accounts for the greater loss. The first volley killed Major Rosengarten and also Colonel Palmer's horse, "Zollicoffer," a blooded black, known to all the men, which the Major was riding. Seven balls pierced the Major. The horse was riddled with bullets. His fall did not dampen the ardor of his men, who kept up the fight, supported by those of Major Ward's party who were about retiring but advanced again when Rosengarten came on the field. But the odds were too unequal, and gradually all fell back out of range.

The loss of both Majors was a severe blow to the Regiment and a personal loss to me. Since leaving Louisville we had been thrown closely together, and it was not possible to know either of them intimately without learning to love them. When Major

Rosengarten rejoined us the previous day, as we rode together that beautiful Sunday morning, I recall the fact that he was very much depressed. He told me that he could not shake off the feeling that he would not survive the coming battle, and the next night he lay a sacrifice to his country, called for in the suppression of the most unjustifiable rebellion ever incited by wicked men.

By order of General Stanley the Regiment had gone to the rear a short distance. Just as we were being properly re-formed, with Captain Norman M. Smith in command, an orderly arrived saying Major Ward wished me to come to him. I hurried back and found him, as he himself thought, in a dying condition. He was conscious of his condition and expressed himself satisfied with having done his duty, and said he was willing to die.

Just before this the Surgeon had gone, with two other men, under a flag of truce, to attend the wounded, some of whom were raising the most piteous cries I ever heard. I remained under flag of truce, as we were in sight of the enemy. Shortly the General sent word ordering all to the rear except myself. I was to remain with the Major until an ambulance could be procured. As we were in danger of being captured, I sent my saber and pistol back, so that they should not get into the hands of the enemy, even if I did. It was the wish of the Major that I remain with him, he asking for me whenever he woke up from his semi-conscious state. About half-past 4 an ambulance arrived, and we succeeded in getting the Major away and sent him to General McCook's headquarters, some three miles in the rear.

I had become entirely separated from the Regiment, but soon found my old Company B, which had lately arrived, having been left behind on duty. The Regiment, under the command of Captain Smith, had previous to this, in compliance with orders, fallen back, and it then being dark, and we being unable to find them, our Company bivouacked alone that night.

The next morning, Tuesday, we found our boys not more than 800 or 900 yards from us. I found my saber and pistol, and inquiring the way to the hospital, found Major Ward still living, but very low. After he had spoken a few words, expressing his willingness to die and his firm opinion that he could not last more than a day, he requested me to leave him and not to allow anyone else in the room, as the trial of seeing his friends

under the circumstances was too great. All he could say was: "Tell the boys not to be discouraged on account of our misfortunes."

On our way to the rear, the evening previous, the news of our loss having reached the ears of those composing the long columns of infantry and artillery that were pushing forward, we were everywhere met with expressions of sympathy

When a few of us reached the hospital, General McCook had already gone forward, and General Johnson s division, which was to act as reserve, was just coming up. We were ordered to have our command brought to the Crossroads, as the place was called, supplied with fresh ammunition, and take the rear of General Johnson's division, as General Stanley said enough damage had been done for one day

We moved about one and a half miles and rested for a time on the road. Skirmishing had already commenced where we had fought the day before. It was determined to send forward a wagon and detachment of six men to secure the bodies of those killed and find the whereabouts of the wounded. The artillery on our right wing was posted where we had been and where our dead lay in the woods. At a distance of about 600 yards in the woods beyond the skirmishing with infantry was very heavy, mingled with artillery fire. It was quite difficult, but McCook finally drove the enemy from their position and advanced about three-quarters of a mile. We were ordered to fall back to a creek, about one mile from where we started in the morning. Our party succeeded in getting the bodies of the killed, including that of Major Rosengarten, who lay with his head between the hind feet of his black horse, "Zollicoffer."

The wounded were supposed to be in a bottom which was in range of our batteries, and consequently we could not get them. We were not able to find out anything regarding them, as the Assistant Surgeon and those who went with him under flag of truce had all been captured and carried off. The bodies secured were sent to Nashville, where some were buried. The bodies of Major Rosengarten and Sergeant S. F Herring, however, were placed in metallic coffins, to await transportation home.

We lay where we had been ordered until dark, and were preparing for a sleep, and had just laid down at half-past 10 o'clock,

when "to horse!" sounded, and we were off again. We had been in the saddle for two days and two nights and did not unsaddle for two days longer. On our arrival at the Crossroads' Hospital we found that we were to escort some wagons to General Rosecrans' headquarters on the Murfreesboro turnpike. The night was very cold and dark, with the road very muddy and crooked. With the wagons our progress was very slow. We built small fires and warmed up, but soon an order came down the line to make no more fires. We had then to battle against two difficulties, cold and sleep. We had had no rest for two nights and not much to eat. After a pretty rough, and what was a very tedious journey, we arrived at the pike about 4 A.M., Wednesday, December 31, and soon had good fires kindled and snatched a short nap.

Meanwhile rumors came that the enemy's cavalry were in the rear of the army and captured and burned our regimental train, as well as a portion of the trains belonging to General McCook's and General Davis' headquarters. Daylight brought some of the men who had escaped when the train was attacked near Nolansville and several who had been paroled. These men accompanied the train as guard. The destruction had been complete; tents, baggage, provisions, regimental books, papers, etc., had been entirely destroyed. The officers all happened to be wearing their fatigue uniforms, and lost all their dress suits and everything except what they had on. The plunder was not burned, for the rebels put the uniforms on and came out as gay as peacocks. One put on a dress hat, another a pair of trousers, another a dress coat with a major's or captain's shoulder straps, with sashes included. As the commissions belonging to some of the officers were among the private papers in the baggage, they were handed up and taken possession of by different officers. Major Prentice, rebel, son of George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal,* got a commission belonging to Lieutenant James B. Curtin, and also put on a dress hat, and last but not least, he put on a pair of very handsome boots which I had had made in Louisville. I lost everything except what was on my body, even my dress jacket, which was in the Adjutant's box when taken.

At daylight the Regiment was ordered to escort a train to the rear and also to look after the guerillas who had burned the trains

mentioned above. Being without rations we obtained three days' supply, and were about to start when a new excitement sprang up. Just beyond General Rosecrans headquarters, about 800 or 900 yards' distance, men were hurriedly forming in line of battle. Reinforcements of artillery and infantry that were just arriving from the vicinity of Nashville were sent forward on the double quick, and we were ordered to the right about. We then heard the rebels had surprised our extreme right wing and thrown it into confusion and captured twelve pieces of artillery, which increased the demoralization.

Our cavalry in the vicinity were very soon concentrated and formed in line of battle. We followed General Stanley down the pike a short distance, when we were ordered to fall back on a line with the road over which we had come the previous night. We had not rested long when one of our ambulances and some stragglers, sick and slightly wounded, arrived from the Cross-roads Hospital, where the rebels had appeared in force about 7 or 8 o'clock. The enemy surprised General Johnson s division, which in turn demoralized McCook's corps, so that it was almost wholly useless that entire day

It was from the hospital mentioned that my messmate, John C. Fleming, was taken with some twelve or fifteen others, and carried to Vicksburg. The enemy threatened to take our Surgeon, but he claimed the immunities of his position, according to the cartel agreed upon by our Government and Jefferson Davis, and although they did take and hold him prisoner for four days, he was subsequently released. Major Ward and some other wounded were not disturbed. The Major lay until Sunday, January 11, when he died, a patriot and a soldier, consoled with the hope that his sins were forgiven and that in the hour of battle he had performed his duty to himself and his country. Even at his early age, just twenty years, he had exhibited traits of military character extremely rare even in professionals much his senior. His body was taken to Pittsburg by his brother, who arrived only a few hours before his death.

After the cavalry had remained in line some time where they were formed along the road previously mentioned, the entire force was ordered forward toward our position of the day before. The cavalry numbered, all told, about 1200 to 1500, under

General Stanley. We were scouting as we advanced. On crossing a fence to approach a stream we found ourselves in a small enclosure and all the fences perfect, leaving no opening. Already some 200 of our boys had collected in this place, while others were taking down the fences, when bang! bang! bang! bang! came from the artillery just on our left. Looking around we found that it came from the woods, and they continued to fire right into our ranks, shattering one man's arm, a fatal wound. Temporary confusion, of course, ensued, as everyone thought we were surrounded and without much hope of escape if the artillery firing upon us was supported, it being so close.

In ten or fifteen minutes we had re-formed, in an open field. In the meantime it was suggested that it might be one of our own batteries. The General sent an orderly over to find out. He discovered it to be, I believe, an Illinois or Ohio battery, whose officers had taken us for rebels. We were separated some distance from the regiment in front of us in order to allow our men to close up, as they became scattered in crossing the fences. The regiment ahead had its colors flying, while our Company guidons were all covered, and as the distance separating us was noticed, they took us for rebels with colors covered to deceive following those who had already passed. Things were soon adjusted and we went forward. When we left our camp at Harpeth Creek, Captain Vezin was necessarily detained until after the squadron had moved, and being misinformed as to the direction we had taken did not find us until Tuesday morning, when Captain Smith turned over the command to him, he being the senior. We finally halted in a corn field about three-quarters of a mile from the big wood we left in the morning, having formed in our march a complete semicircle.

It was now about 1 o'clock P.M., and the artillery fire on our left wing was very heavy. Having marched directly across country, keeping the road as little as possible, we had, of course, but little idea of the real direction of our line, and thought the firing came from our right, instead of which, as we found later, the entire corps of General McCook was resting in our rear, we being again in the advance with the cavalry force which had started from the pike with us. As usual in corn fields through this region we found plenty of corn still on the stalk to feed our horses. We

remained here for some two and a half hours, when we were ordered to fall in line. An hour and a half previous to this the regiment in front of us had been throwing out skirmishers, mounted and on foot, endeavoring to find out what was in the woods in front and on the right of us.

The whole movement was a perfect enigma to us, who had no idea of the close proximity of the enemy. A force was ordered into the woods on our right, and we were first sent to the left and then countermarched to the rear of the center, where we were in position to act independently or aid either flank. General Stanley now dismounted a portion of the force in the woods and they advanced rapidly for a few hundred yards, covered by the trees, when they suddenly became engaged with the skirmishers of the enemy. Reinforcements were sent by both parties and the action became very lively. Soon the enemy appeared in strong force and poured perfect volleys into the men on foot. Thinking we were confronted by a heavy infantry force, and having no infantry or artillery in our rear that we knew of, all our line fell back, as the enemy outnumbered us greatly. We were, however, soon in fighting trim, General Stanley cheering and begging the men not to falter. Our boys were now placed on the right, when the right and center of our little line were ordered forward. We soon became engaged, when the enemy opened with grape and canister, but fired too high, cutting the heads from the trees instead of the men. This excited the horses. We advanced to the edge of the woods, and by hard work dislodged the enemy and charged some distance after them. Their firing being very severe, however, our men fell back a little hastily and soon re-formed, and although the rebels came to the edge of the woods, they soon retired. Instead of being infantry, we found that they were dismounted cavalry, some 3000 strong, with artillery.

We were now moving slightly to the left, when the rebels came out of the woods and formed in line of battle in our front, showing a force of nearly 2000, with their left in the woods. They looked extremely bold, and the red flag was waved in bitter defiance, inviting us to the attack. Our lines extended for some 800 yards in nearly a semicircle, comprising from 1200 to 1400 effective men. General Stanley was everywhere, and in a moment he saw the best that could be done was to order a charge.

The enemy had already brought two pieces of artillery into position and were firing shell, though without much precision.

"Let's charge them boys! let's charge them!" cried the General. The Third Ohio was just to our left and rear, and to its Colonel General Stanley said: "Colonel, give your men the order to charge." All was excitement. The enemy appearing so bold there was a little diffidence on our part. "Where is my Seventh Pennsylvania?" asked the General. The Seventh Pennsylvania by their bravery and splendid conduct had won the affection of the Generals in this department, and especially of General Stanley They were soon found ready. "Now where is the Anderson Cavalry?" asked General Stanley He found us exchanging shots with the enemy, as some skirmishing was going on along the whole line. The charge had not yet been made, and we having, by our behavior on the Saturday and Monday previous, gained the confidence and sympathy of the General, he said he would lead our little squadron in person, which excited the pride of our boys. With his sword waving he ordered: "Forward! charge! Use your pistols and sabers, boys!" Then our boys charged at a gallop to within short pistol range and fired volley after volley with carbines and pistols, emptying some saddles. The cavalry on our left charged at the same time. The rebels retreated some distance.

During this time an act of daring was performed by two of our boys which will be remembered for a long time to come. The name of one was Sergeant Henry C. Butcher, of Company B; the other Private L. B. Holt, of Company L. They saw the enemy's flag and coveted it as a prize, but to attempt its capture was to expose themselves to our own as well as the enemy's fire. After deliberating a moment, the prize was too tempting and they rode up, shot the standard bearer, who had advanced some distance in front of his command, and brought the flag into our lines—the two men riding one wounded horse, the other being killed. It was an heroic and audacious act. It was a beautiful silk flag, belonging to the Third Alabama Battalion, and presented by the ladies of Selma, Ala.—the only flag the force carried. It was subsequently exhibited in the windows of Cornelius & Baker, on Chestnut Street, previous to its being presented to Governor Curtin, at Harrisburg.

Finding the enemy re-forming and knowing their superior force, we fell back a short distance and re-formed, the enemy using artillery The order to charge was given and the whole line advanced at a gallop, when the enemy broke and took to the woods.

It was now sundown, and had we pursued, no doubt we would have been caught in an ambuscade. It soon grew dark and we could do nothing more than hold our position and guard against any further movement. We found afterward that they had seven pieces of artillery. and were just bringing them into position when we made the second charge and frustrated their plan. The movements of General Stanley previous to the first charge mentioned did not take up as much time as it does to write the account of it. We were again complimented by him for our conduct that day. We had only one Captain (Hewitt) and two privates wounded, and they but slightly. The Captain was shot through the wrist with a buckshot. William P Ellis, in my mess, received a shot through the shoulder of his overcoat. Sergeant Charles Betts got a bullet through his hat and Charley Stewart one through the front part of his boot. One man had his saber bent, another his carbine stock shot to pieces, another the end of his carbine barrel blown off, and another his stirrup shot off. Several horses were also lost. We therefore escaped very well; some of the other cavalry lost heavily.

We found that on the pike, in our rear, McCook had his artillery and infantry covered by bushes, hoping that we might be able to draw the enemy entirely out of their cover, but the thing did not work. We were ordered to take the center of the extreme front for a picket in force, at the same time throwing forward a few skirmishers in advance. It was moonlight, and a heavy frost falling made it very cold. No fires were allowed, and our condition was anything but agreeable. It was not possible to stir around sufficiently to keep warm, lest the enemy should hear us, for they remained within gunshot all night.

Next morning we heard them sounding the advance with the bugle, but it was to the rear. The army in that vicinity did not sleep much that night, their minds being too intent on the anticipations for the morrow, for the report had already been circulated among the men that Thursday, January 1, 1863, was to be celebrated by a terrible battle.

The Sergeant-Major, who was very unwell, went to the rear a short distance between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, and as I had been relieved I went with him. Arriving at the pike we took possession of a fire where only one man lay, and adding a number of rails, lay down on a bed of four rails and slept as best we could until morning; but even then it was mighty cold. The continual passage of ammunition and baggage wagons and ambulances together with the steady tread of cavalry and infantry, with ever and anon a battery of artillery, was clear evidence that the guiding mind of this department was not idle. I was awake at early dawn, and soon saw General McCook, who had suffered so severely the day before, passing with his staff to commence, though with a heavy heart, another day's labor, and at least hoping for better success.

At daylight Airey and I sought our command, which was already in motion near where we left them. I soon found they were going toward the pike, but not even the Captain commanding knew our destination. The officers did not wish to be placed in danger again that day, as our ammunition was all gone; besides our horses had not had their saddles off for five days and the men were overworked. The latter, however, even if offered, would not have been taken as an excuse, as many others were in the same position. Want of ammunition and condition of horses were made known to the Colonel to whom we were that day to report, who immediately had us supplied with fifteen rounds each of carbine cartridges. General Stanley was nearby, having everything attended to. We were then started up the pike, toward Nashville, and had gone perhaps three or four miles ere we found that we were to accompany the Third Ohio in guarding an immense wagon train, some nine or ten miles in length, to Nashville. It soon became known that an attack was expected to be made on this train by the cavalry under Wheeler, which did not at all increase the agreeableness of our position. Our boys, though green at the business, manifested a preference for fair, open-field fighting over bushwhacking. Flankers were thrown out along the train while our boys brought up the rear, which was an important position.

We were then about fifteen miles from Nashville, and the flankers were crossing a meadow, beyond which was a strip of

woods (in fact, the entire road is almost bordered with woods or hills, which makes it most desirable for these attacking parties), when they suddenly halted. Soon one fired into the woods, then another and another, and then they put spurs to their horses and retreated toward the pike. It was Wheeler's Cavalry, but they would not show themselves, although we immediately halted and sent out skirmishers, being at that time certainly not more than half their number. Luckily we had, among several unserviceable pieces of artillery we were taking to Nashville, two pieces that could be worked, and a shell from one of them caused the rebels to come out of the woods. It was only then that our responsibility became apparent. To preserve our train was our first duty, and for us to attempt to leave it in order to attack the enemy was to allow them the opportunity of hurrying forward a detachment to cut the train in the center or some slightly protected portion. After leaving the woods they quickly formed in line, and indeed looked formidable. The great question was to know whether they had any artillery I suppose they had some with them, but they did not use it on us.

Orders had already gone forward to hurry up the wagons, which is almost equivalent to telling the drivers to run their teams into the ditch, cut the traces, mount a horse or a mule and get away. We wished to keep their attention on us, and not the train, as long as possible, for we knew that when the head of the line was within, say four miles of the city it was perfectly safe, and considering its length, we concluded that it had already nearly, if not quite, reached there; so every moment we could hold them in check here was of immense importance. The enemy soon made a left turn and moved forward at a rapid gait. Meanwhile large numbers were continuing to emerge from the woods. They galloped forward, keeping to the right of us. The train had already gotten from one and a half to two miles from us. Here commenced the destruction of property. With the least mishap—a trace becoming unfastened, a line breaking—or even if a team could not keep up, it was abandoned by the driver, who ran for his life.

Of course, in attacking a train, it is immaterial to the enemy whether they kill any men or even horses. Their first idea is to present a show of force, excite your fears and the fears of the

teamsters, who are almost uncontrollable, and thereby produce a panic, when the wagons become blocked up two or three abreast across the road, each driver endeavoring to get ahead of his preceding friend. If they do not immediately become disentangled they abandon their charge. The main train being of the first importance, the guard pushes on regardless of wagons, ambulances, caissons, ammunition wagons, etc., which are left almost without cause on the road. Therefore, unless a train expecting to be attacked, or which is attacked, is in charge of a cool and judicious man, the loss of property is generally enormous. Our train on this occasion was well managed, so that not more than six or eight wagons were lost, while at one time it appeared that a large portion of it must be destroyed by the enemy.

We hurried forward for perhaps two miles, not knowing exactly where the enemy would next appear as they were all along the road covered with woods, until we approached a descent where the road lies right through a wood of cedar and other small trees. Here they came upon our rear guard of two Companies, who held them in check a short time until word could be sent forward. The train was going along at a trot and making pretty good time, when the yell of the stragglers and negroes—"the rebels are coming!"—startled the teamsters again, and it was here that two small guns and caissons and a wagonload of Sharp's carbines came near being lost. Our force was immediately halted and also a portion of the Third Ohio, the balance hurrying forward with the wagons, while we should check the enemy and then retreat. The enemy came out on the road and charged on our rear, but a line of battle had already been formed, and we advanced and drove them. They rallied and came again. Our advance fell back a little, while a portion of the force forward formed their lines on either side of the road covered by low cedars, and when the rebels were within thirty or forty yards poured into them a galling cross fire, which again halted them. A column now went forward as reserve to a detachment which had charged down the road. They came up in the hollow, when finally the rebels went back to the top of the hill, where they remained, not without some loss, however. We also lost two of our men killed and the Third Ohio lost slightly.

Geo. J. French, of my mess, was ordered to surrender by a

THE HALT AT OVERALLS CREEK.

A. D. FRANKENBERRY, CO. K, POINT MARION, PA.

SUNDAY evening, December 28, 1862, about 300 of the Anderson Cavalry were in camp near Triune, Tenn. Major Rosengarten was in command of the Regiment. On this Sunday evening I was detailed as orderly to Major Rosengarten, and on reporting to him was sent to the headquarters of Major-General Stanley, then in command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, for orders for the movement next day. General Stanley directed the Major to move with his command in advance of the infantry toward Murfreesboro, on the road via Wilkinson's crossroads. I was sent during the night to each of the company commanders, directing them to be ready to move at daylight. Monday, December 29th, all the Regiment there was in the saddle at an early hour and moved forward. I went with the Major to General McCook and to Gen. Jeff C. Davis; the latter commanded the advance of the infantry. The orders given to the Major were to strike the rebels, push them to the bridge across Overalls Creek, hold the bridge, but not to cross over. Company K had the advance, and the column moved at a rapid rate, and about 2 P.M. we struck the rebel pickets and drove them toward Murfreesboro. The column soon reached the bridge and halted. Up to this moment I rode constantly by the side of the Major. I had on my cavalry jacket; the Major told me to take it off and put on my blouse. I did so while in the saddle.

When we halted the column was not closed up, and the Major directed me to inform each company commander to close up in columns of four. I rode back and so informed each company commander and then reported to the Major that the column was closed up.

What orders, if any were given to the Major while I was absent I do not know; but in a very short time the command was given by the Major, and we crossed over the bridge and moved

about three-fourths of mile down the pike toward Murfreesboro, when the command halted. Major Rosengarten rode back to Major Ward, and had a few words with him. Major Ward's battalion turned into a field on the right, formed a line at right angle with the pike, advanced and soon opened fire on the enemy.

Major Rosengarten moved to the head of the column in the pike and ordered it to advance.

We soon saw the rebels in force, with barricades across the pike. They were also to the left of us, and we again halted opposite a heavy woods, on the right of the pike. The Major gave the command "fours right!" which brought us in line facing the woods. Numbers one and three were then ordered to dismount and open the rail fence. This done, the men remounted and the Major gave the command "forward, gallop, march!" and when partly through the woods the command "charge!" and in a moment afterward we received a volley of musketry from the rebels, who were behind a fence which ran parallel with the pike. This volley killed Major Rosengarten and many others. I was within five or ten feet of the Major when he was struck, and saw him throw up his arms and fall backward from his horse. He was on the extreme right of the line, next to the enemy. My duty placed me close to his right. Sergeant Drake was close to me on my right and was killed by same volley. Seeing the hopelessness of doing anything, and also seeing a rebel force moving to cut us off, someone gave the order to fall back to the bridge at the creek. Major Ward had led his part of the command through a field and into the woods in which Rosengarten fell, his line being at right angles to ours, when he, Ward, was mortally wounded and died a few days days after.

These were the last acts and words of Major Rosengarten as they were impressed on my memory that afternoon, and I can never forget the day and events.

That night we encamped and all our hearts were full of sadness, because so many of our comrades were not with us. They, with thousands of others, had rendered up their lives in defense of Liberty and Union, Right and Truth, and that our country should have but one flag and be but one nation.

MAJOR ROSENGARTEN'S LAST ORDER TO MAJOR WARD.

SERG. SIMEON LORD, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

DURING our march, in the formation of two squadrons, to the battlefield of Stone River, Major Rosengarten halted the one under his immediate command at Overalls Creek, resting there to hear from Major Ward's squadron that had charged over the creek ford to develop the enemy

We had not long to wait before we heard heavy firing that indicated that the Confederates were hotly contesting Major Ward's advance. A comrade and I had been riding on the left of our squadron as flankers. On our rejoining it the command halted.

Major Rosengarten gave me a verbal order to Major Ward to "fall back this side of Overalls Creek." Hastily crossing the creek bridge, thence into the timber on the right, I met our men falling back. I inquired for Major Ward, and the reply was, "He is killed."

I hurriedly returned to Major Rosengarten and so reported.

After recalling Major Ward, it comes within our privilege to ask if Major Rosengarten had known the rebel infantry were in position behind the highest kind of a worm fence waiting to repel cavalry, should he have led in a second charge over the same ground, there to lose his own life, so soon after the mortal wounding of Major Ward in the first forlorn assault? The fence itself was an obstacle that would halt any cavalry charge, enemy or no enemy behind it.

In the last charge a trooper, pistol in hand, dashed up to the fence, riding abreast of it, firing into the very faces of the enemy. If he lived to return to his command it was luck and a marvelous escape.

INCIDENT OF STONE RIVER BATTLE.

WM. L. BRATTON, COMPANY A, NEW YORK.

THE Sergeant of old Company H had reported at roll call "all accounted for but two" on the morning that we left Nashville to join the forces that were now moving, with General Rosecrans as their Commander, toward Murfreesboro. The air was chilly, and after marching "by fours" a short distance we swung into a dirt road, and a few of the boys, including Billy Brown, Billy Moore and the writer, getting in a lively mood that was symbolical of our youth, struck up the song, at that time so dear to a Philadelphia boy, "We're All Bound for New York." As we had come from the same school and had practiced it together many times it sounded quite well. The "dough boys" that we passed on the road cheered us. At the same time Major Ward rode down toward us from the head of the column, looking like a youthful General, sitting his horse so proudly. He being a singer himself, joined in the choruses for at least an hour, singing with us various songs that we used to sing round camp fires.

The next day we had another tale to tell, and Company H did its full share. An incident happened which serves to show the spirit of one of our boys. We had skirmished with some cavalrymen who carried the Lone Star flag. We raced them up and down the different hills. Major Ward stayed at the head of the column of Company H. In charging around the top of one of the hills a ball struck the carbine which "Billy" Brown carried. It twirled over out of Brown's hands and struck the Major's horse. When we formed the line on the top of the hill, the Major said: "Brown, you lost your carbine, didn't you?" Brown said: "Yes, I couldn't help it." The Major replied: "I saw you couldn't; but it's all right; come and be my orderly" Brown replied: "Never mind, Major, we will soon be within pistol shot." Brown died shortly after in the field hospital at Murfreesboro, having contracted a bad fever.

I at that time had a very large, awkward horse, which while strong was hard to manage, and while taking a dispatch from Major Ward to the Captain of Company L, the horse was hurt in such a way in one of the charges that it lamed him very badly. I was ordered to go with the wagon train as one of the guards. When Wheeler captured the wagon train I was one of the fortunate ones who got away, but not on that animal. In the confusion and excitement on the little dirt road where our wagons were attacked I secured a very handsome gray horse, upon which was only a citizen's saddle. On this horse and leading my own I kept up with the few who did escape.

Several of the leading pursuers annoyed us considerably, but we returned shot for shot without any damage being done to us. I think we hit several horses, as the rebels came within a hundred yards of us, but would come no nearer. I rode with several strangers belonging to different regiments into Nashville, and went out to our first camp in that city, where we met and talked with several of the boys who had been left in camp. Among them was Bob Geddes. Bob got excited at the story of our adventures, and we agreed to go out and hunt up the rest of the Regiment.

We started out and rode a long distance, when we found we were lost. Traveling on until about 8 o'clock at night we came across a large cottage. We knocked at the door and asked who lived there, and were surprised to find a gentleman by the name of Ben Johnson. He told us that he was a British subject, and a British flag was flying over his house, but if we were lost he would take care of us until morning. He advised us to hide our saddles and accouterments and put our horses in the barn. We were given something to eat and a very comfortable bed to sleep in. Not knowing what was going to happen, we put our revolvers and carbines where we could easily get hold of them. We slept very soundly until morning and we breakfasted there.

Imagine our surprise when our host told us that in the night a body of Confederate cavalry was there, but knowing that he was protected by the British flag they did nothing but inquire, asking him if he had seen any Yankees. Of course, he was guarded in his answers. We found that we had been inside the enemy's lines without knowing it. We started out, after getting directions as to where we would probably meet our forces. Making quite a wide

detour toward Nashville, bearing toward the left, we soon found ourselves among Union forces again, but were not challenged by any picket. We gained a road, and to our surprise met some of our boys, with a wagonload of our dead, going toward Nashville.

As my Company was supposed to be in the cavalry division, I decided to try and find it. Geddes thought it best, as some of his Company was in the escort, to go back to Nashville. Every place that I inquired I was told to hunt up General Stanley, but as his operations were in different parts of the field and the line of battle was very wide, and as I did not know the country, I stayed all that day with various bodies of troops, making very diligent inquiry for my Regiment. At last I found that it had been so reduced in numbers, the head officers being killed, that it had been ordered from the field, no one could say where, except "probably" Nashville.

I started for Nashville, and when I reached there our camp had been deserted, and I did not know what to do. The horse that I had, had to be taken care of, so, having some money, I left him in a livery stable and stayed at a hotel. The next day I started out to where the camp was and made some inquiries, but did not succeed in finding out anything that was of advantage. As I passed through one of the streets I saw a large cottage-built house, on the wall of which was a painted sign, with "Major Thurston, Surgeon General," marked on it.

I thought there was an opportunity for me to get something to do, and walking into his office told who I was and the circumstances in which I was placed, and asked if he "needed anyone to be of any service to him." He looked me all over and said: "Yes, I do. I haven't a single orderly or courier here. You take this telegram immediately to the office." I think it was at the Commercial Hotel, or near there. I took the message, and in returning passed through the Market Square, and there I saw some 2000 rebel prisoners marching under guard. They seemed very much elated over the prospect that they would soon be free, for they shouted at everybody that "Bragg would take his New Year's dinner in Nashville."

My horse was on a nice gallop, and a double-team ambulance was driving in the same direction. I was looking to the left, and

for some reason or other the driver of the ambulance, who was driving at a rapid rate, turned his team so that the tongue of the wagon was pushed under my horse, and I was thrown with the horse very heavily, the horse's shoulder striking me with force, crushing my left arm, disjointing it and also hurting my hand so that blood was running from every finger nail. As there was mud in the street I looked considerably demoralized, and as I gained my feet the rebel prisoners, who saw the incident, jeered, hooted and made many nasty remarks.

My horse got up and was apparently unhurt, and mounting again I galloped off, returning to Major Thurston. I told him what had occurred, and he examined my arms and made me take off my boots, then my stockings. He made a ball of the stockings and put it under my armpit, and jerked the arm in place. I felt very much relieved at that, but he told me I "was a fit candidate for a hospital," and it "would come in very opportunely," as he wanted someone to "go to the Methodist Church and make a hospital there." He gave me a requisition for everything that would go to fix up a hospital, and I had my arm put in a sling. I went out to the Methodist Church and commenced operations.

Of course, I was the first patient on the hospital list, and the same time I was appointed Hospital Commissary Steward. We had a Surgeon named Sennett, of some Ohio regiment, as Chief Surgeon. I stayed there some two months, when I received a letter from "Billy" Brown, of our Regiment, who had been transferred to Company L in the reorganization. He told me that out "of the boys that constituted our first mess he was the only one that was left." Stockton, Burr, Henderson and Chadwick had been killed, wounded or taken prisoners, and he asked me when I thought I would be able to get back. I made application to be returned to my Regiment, and the request being granted, I rejoined it at Murfreesboro

WHAT I SAW OF STONE RIVER.

JOHN G. MARSHALL, COMPANY A, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IN narrating what I saw on our Stone River campaign, I am reminded of the fact that no two soldiers will see the same incidents exactly alike, owing to the excitement of a fight. He only sees that which transpires in his immediate vicinity, but he sees that in a way he cannot forget.

The first battle of any magnitude in which I was engaged was Stone River, on December 29, 1862, while a member of Company L. The scenes I witnessed on that memorable day are as plain to me now as they were then, and I can recall the faces and positions as distinctly as though they happened yesterday

The first day s march, from Nashville on the Nolansville pike, was in company with the trains of the army, and it was not until night that we reached the advance. But the next day early we met the enemy s cavalry, and it was a day of enjoyment. While we were under fire, no one was hurt. The bullets came thick and fast and there were some close shaves; but there is not much danger from a mounted man. It is the infantryman, who has the chance to rest his gun and take good aim, who does the mischief. Our enemy would make a stand at every good position, fire one or two volleys and then retreat. Our boys enjoyed the running fight, comparing it to a fox hunt when at home; but this experience of being shot at so much without getting hit gave us the presumption to feel that a special Providence guarded us and that we could not be hit, which led to disaster to us a few days after.

We were nearing the Confederate army, which was at Murfreesboro, and the enemy was showing in larger numbers. A force of their cavalry appeared in our front, and without waiting for orders we charged. Down the road we raced, yelling in the highest glee; we went through a wood and up to a fence, behind which was their infantry, and then came disaster In a few minutes

there was distress in a score of Northern homes, owing to our impetuosity. I saw their rifles belch forth, and our leader, Major Rosengarten, and his horse, "Zollicoffer," both fall, pierced by fourteen bullets. Then came a volley right into the faces of our boys, as only the fence separated us from the enemy. It was then I witnessed a sight that can never be effaced from my memory. Men seemed to fade away like frost before the morning sun, and many empty saddles was the sad result. Here I lost one of my dearest friends, a boy without a fault, kind and generous and a friend to every man in the Regiment. I speak of our Sergeant, Frederick Herring. I was next to him when he received a bullet through his head. He lingered in the saddle a moment, then fell with a thud to the ground, and his blood saturated my shoulder. At that instant my gray horse was shot and fell on my leg, and while trying to extricate it I saw J. Weiler, of our Company, dismounted and bareheaded, acting like a raving maniac. He must have been hit on the head, so that his reason was dethroned. Poor fellow! the rebels were around him thick, and I never heard what became of him. I noticed a brave deed done by Al. Coleman right in the midst of the slaughter. He deliberately reached through a gap in the fence and brought out an officer, who proved to be the Adjutant General of the Confederate General Cheatham. We came off the field together, and a more surly man than he was I have never seen.

We went back that night and slept in the woods near Wilkinson's crossroads. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, Wm. Spencer, was there in an ambulance, sick almost unto death. He was worried because of not being able to be in the fight. I tried to console him by telling him that it was lucky that he was not there, as in all probability we would have had one more soldier to bury, and that we did not have enough men in the Regiment to whip Bragg's whole army

On December 30th General Wheeler got in the rear of our army, among the trains, and burnt up several hundred wagons, near Lavergne. Our Regiment, with the Fourth Regulars, Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth Ohio, all under Gen. David S. Stanley, were sent to find Wheeler and drive him off, and the next day, while our army at the front was in the fiercest kind of a battle, we were scouting the rear. We had just passed through a cedar

forest, with dense undergrowth, when one of our batteries, posted on a hill over to our left, opened on us by mistake. The error was soon corrected, but one of their shots struck Robt. Edge, of Company B, and took off his arm. Serg. Wm. Wagner, afterward Major, ordered four of us to carry Edge to a hut some hundred yards away, surrounded by a high fence. We carried him there and laid him down and left him.

The Regiment by this time had passed on over the hill, where we heard heavy firing, and as we came out of the hut Wagner asked, "What is all that hallooing?" and just then it appeared to me that all of Wheeler's cavalry was on us. We started to run to the woods, but they sent a volley after us and soon had us captured, but having plenty of uncaptured Yankees to look after, they paroled us on the field, the parole being written on paper from a diary which one of the boys had. All we had to do now was to enjoy what was going on, but there was so much of it that one man could not see it all. Our battery quickly got their range and began to knock them off their horses like apples from a tree. Wheeler got his artillery in position, but for some reason did not fire. Then he got his men in line for a charge, but before they got started our line charged and Wheeler was driven from the field badly whipped. I don't think this took twenty minutes. It was in this charge we captured the flag of the Third Alabama Cavalry.

Edge did not die for several days, but lay all alone and unattended. Sergeant Anderson made a visit to the battlefield a few years after the war, and got from Dr. Manson, at whose house our wounded Major Ward died, information of him. Our Surgeon, Dr. Alexander, had been attending Major Ward, and after the fighting was over Manson told him that one of our boys was badly wounded in a house not far off, and suggested they go and see if he had received any attention. When they got there Edge said to Dr. Alexander, whom he recognized, "Oh, doctor, I'm much better. I don't feel any pain at all." Alexander examined his arm and found it all mortified and the stamp of death already on him, and then told him that he had only a short time to live, and that if he had any messages to send home he would see them attended to. The poor fellow broke down at this, but quickly regained his composure, spoke of all those he was leaving, and sent them loving messages.

THE CHARGE ON INFANTRY AT STONE RIVER.

GENERAL WILMON W BLACKMAR, FIRST SERGEANT COMPANY K, BOSTON, MASS.

THE Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry arrived in Nashville, Tenn., on Christmas eve, 1862, having marched from Louisville, Ky

We had a dreary Christmas, and the next morning, Friday, December 26, 1862, about 300 of us, under command of Majors Adolph G. Rosengarten and Frank B. Ward, started for the front. A cold rain was falling, and we were soon wet, chilled and quite miserable. We marched all day through the mud, the rain falling steadily, and long after dark reached a small village, which proved to be Nolansville, where General Johnson, with a division of our infantry, was in camp. We here turned into a field and went into camp. We were so utterly exhausted that we slept, notwithstanding we were so wet, hungry and cold.

Long before daylight on the morning of Saturday, the 27th, we were roused by whispered words of command, as we were too near the enemy to allow of a bugle call. The rain had ceased, but a dense fog hung over everything. As soon as it was light enough to see a little way ahead we rode out through the town, and were soon beyond our infantry pickets and before long were in contact with the enemy We had a sharp fight with whom we were told were some Texan Rangers, but as someone else may have been assigned a description of this fight I will pass it by without comment.

After another uncomfortable night, for the cold rain had been falling again during a part of the day and we were still wet and unhappy, the morning, Sunday, December 28th, dawned bright and clear, a lovely Sabbath morning. The sun began to dry and thaw us out, and we made coffee and enjoyed a breakfast of pork and hard-tack, after which we marched several miles toward the front and halted on the grounds of a Mr. Pett. I think I could tell

a good story of our experiences here, but fear again that I may be trespassing upon some comrade s assignment. Suffice it to say that two very pert and impudent rebel girls, one of them flourishing a pistol, stood on the porch of the mansion and called us names and wished us all sorts of misfortune, including our death at the hands of their friends, the Confederates in our front. Here we found several freshly slaughtered hogs hanging in an outbuilding, and the negro servants were soon frying for us choice bits of very fresh pork under our orders and persuasion. In another small building, covering a pit filled with light earth, we found buried many bushels of delicious sweet potatoes. We all had our appetites with us and enjoyed a feast.

Monday, December 29th.—Started out early with orders to reconnoiter as far as a certain bridge over a little stream. Our Majors, Rosengarten and Ward, were ambitious, and did not content themselves with going only as far as ordered, but pushed on and the result was that we followed a small body of the enemy too far and ran into a large force. We charged into a piece of woods, on two sides of which lay concealed, in a corn field, a brigade of Confederate infantry We were at once exposed to a deadly cross fire, both our Majors were killed—Rosengarten instantly and Ward mortally wounded, dying in a day or two. Eleven were killed, twenty-five wounded and nine missing out of about 250 of us who charged the enemy. My personal experience in this charge was peculiar. When right upon the enemy and after men had fallen all around me, from the terrible cross fire at short range, my horse, charging on the dead run, got his front feet in a hole and turned a somersault. I was under him, freed from my saddle and lying on my back, protected from his full weight by an arch formed by my saddle with my blanket strapped on the cantle and my overcoat on the pommel. I was partially stunned, but remember perfectly looking up and seeing my horse's feet in the air and Jack Horn's horse making a flying leap right over me. Horn was riding right behind me in the charge, and was wounded in the foot while jumping over me. Horn and the other boys behind me supposed that both my horse and myself were killed, but when my horse rolled over, jumped to his feet and started toward the enemy, O. T McConnell lay down on his horse s neck, rode between the enemy and my horse, grabbed his bridle and brought him to me,

for I had regained my feet and was looking around in a dazed manner upon the dead and wounded men and horses lying in all directions. McConnell is now living in Fullerton, Neb. Seeing my name as Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R., he wrote to me in December, 1904, renewing our old friendship. Major Ward was still standing with his back against a tree, his clothing torn open, revealing a spot on his breast where a bullet had given him his mortal wound. Why I was not shot or captured I never could tell, for I could have tossed a biscuit into the enemy's ranks. I suppose they looked upon me as a sure prisoner or thought our foolhardy charge must be merely a dash to be immediately followed by a charge of a more formidable force of cavalry or infantry

As my devoted Comrade, McConnell, threw me my horse's bridle, he said, "Get on, quick!" but seeing I did not heed him, he cried, "Well, I can't stay here," and putting spurs to his horse rode out of the woods in the direction the rest of our boys, who were able, had retreated. I deliberately picked up a canteen, seeing mine was gone, and tied it to my saddle, tested my straps, looked around and mounted, just as some of my Regiment came charging back into the grove again with the purpose of getting our dead and wounded, as they declared. Just at this moment a staff officer of Gen. D. S. Stanley dashed in among us and ordered us, in no gentle terms, to retreat, and I quietly rode out with my comrades. In the excitement I did not realize that I was hurt, and if I could have had rest and some care might have escaped serious consequences, but that night I was on picket, got no rest and was chilled through.

The remnant left of our Regiment was pretty well used up, tired, cold, hungry and orphaned; our Colonel, Wm. J. Palmer, a prisoner, captured at Antietam; our Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer was sick in an ambulance; our two Majors just killed in action and Capt. Alfred Vezin in command.

On December 31st, together with the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry and portions of the Third Tennessee Cavalry and Second Kentucky Cavalry, making a small brigade, we started out under command of General Stanley, commanding the Cavalry of the Army. A battery soon opened on us, and one shot took off the arm of a soldier not far from me. It was then discovered that it was one of our own batteries, which made it all

the worse. Pushing on through woods and over byroads we struck a dirt road about 4 P.M. We left this road, throwing down a rail fence near the house of a Mrs. Barrows, and formed in line of battle in a beautiful field. Before long a few horsemen rode out of the woods, our skirmishers fell back, and then appeared a column of rebel cavalry and then another. They formed in line of battle in our front, with some artillery on their left. General Stanley rode along in front of our line, and said to the officer commanding the Seventh, "Major, we'll charge them now." He dashed past us, who were the center of the line, to the Tennessee boys on our right, and said a few words to them, then rode back to the center and called out in a loud, clear voice, "I will take command of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania. Follow me, boys! charge!" and in we went with a cheer. The enemy opened on us with artillery but on we rode and fired no shot, depending on our sabers. We rode over their skirmish line, but before we reached their line of battle they broke and ran, and we had a horse race. A few were killed, and we captured a stand of colors and over 100 prisoners. Darkness put an end to this fight, but not to our trials, for we had to stand all night as mounted pickets.

We were so cold, sleepy and hungry, having had nothing to eat since early morning, and little then, that we did not know which sensation was the worst.

I remember that I dismounted and led my horse around, trying to get warm by exercise and to keep awake. Three different times I got to sleep and was aroused by falling on the frozen ground. Just before daylight we were relieved by infantry and led our horses back a few rods, and dropped down with the bridles over our arms to get a little sleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight and I was cuddling up to one of my comrades. On attempting to arouse him I found he was not a comrade but a dead rebel. The dead lay all around us, covered with frost.

This was January 1st. We were about used up. We were ordered back to Nashville in charge of an empty ammunition train. On our way we were attacked by Wheeler's cavalry, and some of our wagons were taken and burned, but we got most of them back to Nashville. The drivers on a piece of our artillery, in attempting to cross a field, got their gun carriage stuck in an old stone wall, cut their horses loose and abandoned it. My chum, E. E. Griffith,

and myself tried to dislodge the piece and take it into Nashville with us, after Wheeler had been driven off, but it was too much for us, and finally we had to abandon it, much to our regret. We reached Nashville the afternoon of January 1, 1863. Griffith and I, dead beat out, lay down on the porch of a little house in the outskirts, which sheltered us somewhat from the cold rain which was falling, and thankful for the dry boards and partial shelter, slept like logs, well into the next day.

I began to feel the effects of my injury received in the charge of the 29th ult., and was compelled to give up and go into a church, which was being used as a hospital, and there lay for several days in a pew, getting some sleep, but little else. As soon as I could get strength enough I joined my Regiment, but was taken down with fever, and lay for several weeks in a deserted house in Murfreesboro, in charge of a good-natured, shiftless negro man. Again, I joined my Regiment before I was strong, and had a serious relapse, from which I never should have recovered but for the devotion of my comrade and friend, Harry M. Francis, of the Anderson Troop, who secured permission to take me, in an ambulance, back to the railroad and thence, via Nashville, to Louisville, Ky., where I was taken into the home of Mrs. James Thompson, and tenderly nursed back to life and health.

A homeopathic physician, an Italian patriot (possessed of great skill and a loyal Union man) Dr. Caspari, by name, took an especial interest in my case and tended me faithfully. I was sick and a stranger, but Mrs. Thompson and her family took me in, and from that day to this our friendship has been close and intimate.

As soon as the doctor consented I rejoined my Regiment, then at Winchester, Tenn., and went with it through the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, and remained with the Regiment until I was commissioned and transferred to the First West Virginia Cavalry, in the command of Sheridan and Custer

CAPTURE OF OUR WAGON TRAIN BY WHEELER'S CAVALRY

ARTHUR O. GRANGER, COMPANY C, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

I WAS detailed with a party of forty-two to guard our wagon train on December 29, 1862. We marched along all that day, without any particularly exciting incident, crossing over from the Nolansville pike to the Murfreesboro pike, on a rather narrow dirt road.

We were well in the rear of the main army and could hear the cannonading and musketry at the front, and thought we were perfectly safe. To relieve us of the weight, we put our carbines and sabers in the wagons, and were thus in light marching order. On the 30th we were going along a hollow in the road at a point about four miles from the village of Lavergne, and saw, just ahead on the left, a rather large farmhouse, with pigs and chickens straggling around over the place, and the boys at once made a break for them.

I was near the rear end of the wagon train. I threw my bridle over a fence rail sticking up from an old-fashioned snake fence, and was chasing a pig, and had driven him into one of the corners of the fence and had my knife drawn, expecting to have some good fresh pork for the next meal, when suddenly there was a rifle volley from the top of the hill and rebel bullets were flying around thick. I looked up and saw a large body of cavalry that far outnumbered us and that we afterward learned was Wheeler's entire brigade. Fortunately I was right where my horse was, and, again fortunately, he was not tied, so I quickly mounted and galloped back down the road, firing off all the loads in my pistol at the rebels, who were getting very close. I had a good horse, and escaped with a few others. One or two of our men were killed and the rest captured and afterward paroled.

We made our way back to Nashville, where the Regiment arrived the day after we did, and we learned that it had also been

detailed to guard a wagon train, which was similarly attacked and burned.

I especially regretted losing my saber, as it was a particularly small one that had been secured for me because I was the youngest man in the Regiment. If either we or our officers had been more experienced, we would have retained personal possession of our carbines and sabers.

WITH ROSENGARTEN'S BATTALION AT STONE RIVER.

SERG. WM. MCGEE, REGIMENTAL SADDLER, TOLLGATE, W VA.

I AM writing this on the forty-second anniversary of that desperate charge we made, under the command of Major Rosengarten, at the battle of Stone River. The other battalion, under Major Ward, was acting independently of us, but both met disaster at the same fence, behind which stood a line of rebel infantry. It was the bloodiest situation I was ever in, but my head was clear through it all, and my recollection of it is as vivid now as it was the next day after it was all over.

Our advance halted for a few moments at the bridge over Overalls Creek, probably because that was as far as we were ordered to go; but over to our left Major Ward's battalion started after some of the enemy's cavalry, and then we were ordered forward "by fours" down the pike toward Murfreesboro. Soon the order came to trot, and when heavy firing took place from Ward's party it became a very fast trot. Then Sergeant-Major Washington Airey came running through the woods from our right and hailed Major Rosengarten, when the command came to a halt. Airey told the Major that Ward was badly wounded and liable to fall into the hands of the enemy, and "would he charge up and get him away." The next command was "fours, right wheel!" and the next "charge!" and away we went at "advance carbine, "yelling like madmen, and thus we went until we reached a high stake-and-rider fence, on the other side of which were swarms of rebel infantry. I halted about thirty steps from the fence, and luckily my horse was standing in a depression, and so the bullets all went over my head.

Sergeant Alexander Drake, who had ridden beside me all day, then a few feet from me on higher ground, was shot and fell from his horse dead. I fired two shots at the men behind the fence, but all the time looking to the left and right to see what was to be

done next. Over to the left I saw Major Rosengarten going at full speed a few feet from the fence, and my thought was that he was hunting a gap through it, so as to lead us into the field. I saw him fire one shot down a ravine that ran across his path and turn his horse to the left, when a volley was fired from the ravine. The horse turned a half somersault and fell on his back, with the Major underneath. We all then turned, without orders, and got out as fast as we could.

On going back we came to where Sergeant Rockhill was lying on the ground, shot in the thigh. There was one comrade with him, who begged for help to carry him out of danger, as we were still under fire. I dismounted and turned my horse over to someone to lead out, and soon got two others, and the four of us carried him in a blanket, each man holding a corner, back to within a short distance of the bridge, and then laid him down beside the road where the ambulance could come and get him. I did not get my horse till noon of the next day, although I started on the hunt for him at once.

If a Frenchman had been there he would doubtless have said: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre" (the charge was magnificent, but it was not war). The mistakes we made were, first, in attempting to charge at "advance carbine." To do it a soldier should have three hands, one to manage his horse and the other two to fire and load his carbine. The other was in making the charge. If we had followed Sergeant Airey to the right oblique, instead of going straight up through the woods, we would have come to where Major Ward was lying, comparatively out of danger, and the only excuse I heard of for making our charge was to save him. But it is easy after the thing is over to discover reasons why we should not have done what we did. We had had such an easy time with the enemy, up to this time, that our heads were swelled with the idea that we could do anything we wanted to, and the result was a lot of dead and mangled comrades.

During the afternoon of the following day our command, which was only a small part of the Regiment, was posted in a field to the left of the above-mentioned bridge, facing the enemy I had a strong desire to get back to the woods where we had charged, it being only half a mile away I explained to my company com-

mander, Captain Hewitt, that I had not been able to water my horse, as I had just found him, and asked permission to take him to the creek and do so, which he granted. I went across the field and down the steep bank into the water, and, after my horse had all of it he wanted, I continued to ride down the bed of the creek and under the high bank till I was out of sight of Captain Hewitt, and then crossed the pike and up to our fighting ground. Several regiments of infantry occupied the ground, and some artillery was in the open ground, throwing shells into a woods about half a mile further on. Our boys lay where they fell, but the rebels had stripped them of part of their clothing, and I don't think any of them had boots on. Some of our boys, under Lieutenant DeCoursey, with whom was Corporal Kirk, Al. Coleman, and John Gulden, were there to take charge of the bodies, and before I left the wagon they had waited for arrived, and they started for Nashville and I to join my Company.

STORY OF A TYPICAL CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT AND EXCHANGE.

M. B. COLTON, COMPANY H, PASSAIC, N. J.

IT was New Year's day, Thursday, January 1, 1863. The battle of Murfreesboro or Stone River was raging, and our Regiment had taken part in the battle for several days, losing Majors Ward and Rosengarten and a number of men.

On that morning part of our Regiment was detailed to escort a wagon train to Nashville. Thirteen rounds of ammunition were issued, and with a part of the Third Ohio Cavalry we set out. It was the expectation that we would be attacked by the rebel cavalry, as they were known to be operating in the rear of our army, and we were not disappointed. One company was scattered along among the wagons, with orders, if attacked, to prevent a panic among the teamsters and mules.

About noon the rebel cavalry, Wharton's brigade, made their appearance from the west side of the pike. They had been in hiding in the woods, and had allowed the head of the column to pass and get some distance ahead, when they charged on the train. As they came down we commenced firing, but did not check them in the least, as they were twenty to one. We were placed in squads of four or five among the wagons.

Only those who have been in dangerous positions at such a time can realize the difficulties in which we were placed, hemmed in by ditches and fences on each side of the road, mules and wagons inextricably mixed up, and the enemy firing into us, a hundred against a squad.

Many of the teamsters, seized with panic, abandoned their wagons, and the mules, left to themselves, turned off and some were soon in the ditch. All was in confusion, and nothing could be done to prevent it. The road being blocked up, there was no chance to join the main column ahead.

The enemy were among us in a moment, and as we were doing

what we could to prevent a general stampede of the train, several of us were captured, and as our men at the head of the column were giving the rebels volleys, the latter retreated, carrying with them a few wagons and some of us who were prisoners.

We were hurried away, and our men opened with a gun on the retreating column and shelled us as we disappeared in the woods.

As we left the road I saw Weikel, of our Company, old Company C, lying with his head hanging over a small bridge, and just gasping, evidently shot through the heart.

We were rushed up rapidly through the woods and were soon out of gunshot. We found they had with them 150 prisoners whom they had picked up in other places, most of them infantry.

We were well treated during the night march of some sixteen miles. Some of the rebels during the night gave us their horses to ride while they rested themselves walking.

We halted about 1 A.M., pretty well exhausted, and lay on the ground until near daylight, when we footed it into Murfreesboro.

The enemy were burying their dead in trenches, and we passed General Cheatham's brigade marching through the woods to commence the day's battle; the men cheering as they caught sight of us.

We soon arrived at Murfreesboro and were placed in the town jail, where we could distinctly hear the volleys of musketry. From the windows we could see the body of our General Sill, lying on a piazza of a house opposite the prison, stripped of trousers, coat and boots.

We had flour and sugar issued, and we cooked the mess the best we could.

More prisoners were brought in during the morning, their faces covered with powder from biting cartridges. They were jubilant, and reported that our army were driving the rebels in great shape, and we were in strong hopes of being recaptured before night, as the sound of the musketry became more distinct; but such was not to be our luck.

On Saturday, January 3d, we were loaded on open flat cars and started for Chattanooga. It rained hard all day and night, and was miserably cold. We had no cover, and traveling very slowly, we were all well soaked and nearly frozen. How we stood it I do not know, but we were young then.

The locomotive was evidently in need of repairs. Frequently the train would stop for an hour, and shivering all over and soaked to the skin, we would try to make a fire out of the wet wood, picked up by the side of the road. We were a miserable lot and longed for daylight, which came at last, and with it the blessed sun, distributing its warmth where it was greatly needed. There was probably more real suffering that night than we experienced during the whole war.

We arrived at Chattanooga at midnight and were marched through the town to the prisoners' camp, where we dried our clothing and slept soundly until morning.

Sunday, the following day, was a beautiful one, a great contrast to the preceding day and night.

Rations were issued of meal and sugar. It was a regular grab game. I secured two cups of meal, but no sugar.

Flour here was $50 per barrel, sugar $1 per pound, corn meal $4 per bushel, and coffee $4 per pound.

On January 6th we left Chattanooga and arrived at Atlanta early in the morning, and marched out to camp in a heavy rain. Here rations were issued; a loaf of good bread and pork.

The cars we occupied from Chattanooga were filthy hog cars. Upon arrival we found all of the stores in town closed and business suspended.

We left Atlanta and arrived at Montgomery, Ala., at 1 A.M., January 8th. The nights were cold and frosty. By the light of the camp fires we found a few more of our Regiment: William T Niemann, wounded, shot through the shoulder—a bad wound; Jeff. Denis and Sam Jamison, the latter wounded in the head; Garber, shot in the neck; Alex. Ramsey and Ned Patteson.

The wounded suffered much from exposure, being constantly on the move, but they received good attention from Dr. Mish, who was a prisoner and was with us all through.

We left Montgomery at 9 A.M., going north, and bound for Richmond. At dark we arrived at West Point and changed cars for Atlanta, where we arrived at 1 A.M., Friday, January 9th.

The guards at this time were quite lax, and we were allowed to wander about town in search of bread, and were brought up at last at the camping place of the prisoners, where were issued corn and beef.

We left Atlanta at 8 P.M., passing over the ground which was soon to be made historic by the series of battles between Sherman and Joe Johnston for the possession of Atlanta. Every foot of the way from Chattanooga to Atlanta was fought over.

We arrived at Dalton early in the morning of January 10th, and left at 10 A.M. for Knoxville, traveling very slowly.

There was some recompense for our hardships in the magnificent scenery through which we passed, along beautiful rivers like the French Broad and the Watauga, and the majestic Smoky Mountains—the range dividing East Tennessee from North Carolina. We little thought, then, that in two years' time we would be climbing those same mountains with Stoneman's Cavalry into North Carolina, to form a junction with Sherman's army to operate in the rear of Lee's army.

On January 11th we arrived at Knoxville. Often the men would climb to the top of the cars to get some fresh air, and ride that way in the biting wind.

Of course we had very little to eat. Those of us who had a little money could occasionally buy some corn pone or tough pies from some friendly darkies or poor white trash.

At one point, while passing through Alabama, a couple of girls sold some pies, and every man who had eaten was taken deathly sick. The pies were no doubt poisoned. Evidently too much poison had been administered, and that saved them.

We were held up at Knoxville all day and drew rations—bread, crackers and pork.

All along the road through East Tennessee the people turned out to see the "Yanks" and gazed on us as if we were part of a circus menagerie. We bandied words with them, and really had a pleasant time chaffing them. Many of them were Union men and women, and when the train stopped, which was quite often, we had some quiet talks with them.

A common question with them was: "What did you'uns come down here to fight we'uns for?"

We left Knoxville January 12th, at 4 A.M., traveling slowly all day, and arriving at Owensville at dark. We found the bridge burned, and had to lay over there until morning. At Henry Bashor's some of us had a good breakfast.

The majority crossed the Watauga in a flatboat, and some

waded the stream. We then marched ten miles to the Goshey River, where we found another bridge had been burned.

We took the cars again and rode ten miles to Bristol, on the Virginia line. Here we built fires, and rations were issued—flour and pork. We passed some fine scenery, and the Paint Mountains with their tops covered with snow.

We arrived at Lynchburg at 7 A.M., Thursday, January 15th, drew rations and started for Richmond at noon with two engines, as there were some heavy grades. We arrived at the junction and changed from freight to passenger cars for the rest of the journey During the night the writer wandered about the car to find a soft place to sleep, and laid down on the floor, with his head pillowed on one of the men, who was sound asleep. It being dark, he was unable to distinguish who it was, and on awaking at daylight found he was using one of the rebel guards for a pillow. Awaking first he avoided any unpleasant consequences.

On Friday, January 16th, we arrived at Richmond at 7 A.M., crossed the James River by bridge, entered Richmond, and marched through the rain to the quarters assigned to us, a large tobacco factory.

Quite a crowd assembled to inspect the Yankees. One man informed us that the place had been used as a smallpox hospital, and he hoped that we would never come out of the building alive. This was encouraging. The building, however, had been thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed.

It was very tedious and tiresome to be held there a prisoner. We had rations issued twice a day—half a loaf of fresh bread, very good, mule meat or soup, which was sometimes wormy.

To the south close by ran the James River, and on the opposite side is the town of Manchester.

We fell in to be counted every morning, the roll being called by a little fellow by the name of Ross, and he would yell: "Fall in, Yanks!" Some of the prisoners would mock him and he would get into a terrible rage.

On the morning of January 17th Dr. Mish left us for the flag-of-truce boat, with the understanding that if it appeared at City Point he was to proceed to Fortress Monroe. Many forwarded letters by him, which had to be inspected before they were allowed to go through the lines.

About 1000 men were quartered in this building. On our floor were 238 men, who at night slept in rows.

Much of the time of the men was spent in looking over their underclothing. Stripped to the waist they were a ludicrous sight, turning their shirts inside out, and ever and anon, especially ever, picking out some small things, looking like seeds, which were designated graybacks.

Should you put your head out of the window to get a breath of fresh air, the guard below in the street would bring his gun to his shoulder and threaten to shoot.

If any man incurred the displeasure of the officer of the day, he was placed on one of the stair landings and compelled to mark time for an hour or two as a punishment. The guards were generally good-natured, and our men would only mark time when an officer was approaching. And so time passed, the same thing every day. The principal topic of conversation was: "When should we get out of this and be off to God's country." Rumors flew thick and fast, and the wish was often expressed that this would be only a "temporary arrangement."

On January 19th Dr. Mish returned, the flag-of-truce boat not having put in an appearance at City Point. Seven hundred prisoners from Libby Prison we learned had left, and it seemed pretty certain that we would all go soon.

We heard that the flag-of-truce boat was to take 1100 prisoners at once. This news was considered reliable.

The men on the upper floor of the western wing of the building were paroled on this date. This was encouraging.

On January 26th, 800 men from Libby Prison having left to be put through the lines we were transferred to that prison.

We then all left the quarters we had been occupying for the past ten days, blankets and tins being taken from us. We marched through the muddy streets carrying our rations in blankets furnished us for that purpose, one man at each end of the four corners of the blanket—a singular sight, and it attracted a great deal of attention from the citizens. We arrived at Libby Prison and were soon installed in that filthy building.

The walls were smeared with filth that had run down from the upper floors. No attention of any kind evidently had been paid to cleanliness, and our hearts sank within us at the thought that

we might remain here for months, or perhaps until the war was ended. Some of the men were already ill. But we were agreeably disappointed, as we remained there only one day

We were all paroled in the afternoon, and from what we could learn from the guards, were to leave at once and be put through the lines at City Point.

On Tuesday, the 27th, we left Libby at 3 A.M., and walking through the thick mud, took the cars for Petersburg, where we arrived at 8 A.M. Here we waited for the balance to come. We learned that a sad accident had occurred. The footbridge over the canal, over which we had just passed, had fallen in, and several were drowned and wounded.

We arrived at City Point at 11 A.M., and were overjoyed at sight of the old flag flying from the flag-of-truce boat "New York." We knew that we would soon be in God's country again. As soon as we went aboard rations were issued, and we filled up for the first time in many days.

We moved down the James River. In the afternoon we passed the blockading fleet, consisting of several large steamers and two of the new monitors. Arriving at Fortress Monroe before dark, we anchored, a tug coming alongside for the report.

On January 28th we weighed anchor at 3 A.M., and after a cold and stormy passage, arrived at Annapolis, remaining on board all night. Two men died on the boat as we came up the Chesapeake, and their bodies were allowed to remain on their cots among the sick all night.

We landed and marched through the town to the parole camp, two miles out.

Our party was assigned to a Sibley tent, floored, and with a stove. We had nothing to do here but cook, eat and keep the fire going.

We drew full new uniforms, and it was amusing to see the men burning their old clothing, cremating all the life there was in them.

Here we remained for some time, leading an idle life, wandering about aimlessly and hoping against hope that we would be soon regularly exchanged and rejoin our Regiment at the front, in Tennessee.

There was a company of cavalry patroling the country out-

side, picking up men who were wandering away from camp, and every day men were captured and brought before the Commandant and required to give an account of themselves. The excuse generally was that they were out fishing.

For the next four months our experiences were varied. The usual lot of soldiers whose parole prevented their customary duties until exchanged. About the 1st of June that formality had been gone through with and we rejoined our Regiment again. Since our capture we had traveled 1376 miles, principally on freight and flat cars.

AMONG THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT STONE RIVER.

C. LEWIS DIEHL, COMPANY L, LOUISVILLE, KY.

FROM September 12, 1862, the day of my enlistment, to January 26, 1863, the day on which my discharge was handed to me and I departed from our regimental hospital at Nashville, is but a short span of time. Yet it was to me the most momentous and the richest in the experience of my life—so rich and varied that even at this time, after more than forty years, I cannot realize that the few short months passed as a member of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry were not in reality years; for had I not in that brief time practically experienced all that makes up the sum of a soldier's experience?—the drill under most favorable conditions and by expert drill masters; the discipline of the camp, with its attendant duties of guard mount and policing; the breaking up of camp and the re-establishment of the same, even to the extent of preparing for winter quarters; the march to the front on horseback through Kentucky and Tennessee, with attendant guard and picket duty and reconnoissance in force; then, at last, joining the army, foraging, advance toward the enemy's lines of defense, skirmishing and battle; wounded, prisoner, parole, convalescence and discharge. So it is that all subsequent experience would probably only have been a repetition of what had gone before.

It will be remembered that when the Regiment departed from Bowling Green (December 21, 1862), on the march to Nashville, Company L was detailed as escort for General Smith, and therefore did not leave before noon of the day following the departure of the main body. I have always associated this with the beginning of our active service, notwithstanding that I had a foretaste of what cavalry service meant on the occasion of the night reconnoissance to Glascow, in search of Morgan. Rumors of the close

proximity of Morgan and of the crossing of the Cumberland by the enemy in force to cut us off were so persistent that we felt sure to be attacked before we could safely join the main army at Nashville; and when, on the early morning of the 24th, before daylight, our bivouac was invaded by a party of troopers unchallenged, we thought surely our time had come. They turned out to be some members of our advance who had been sent back to find out the cause of the conflagration—it was the night of the burning of Tyre Springs—and to assure themselves of our safety, and here we were, like the babes in the woods, sound asleep and innocent of all danger, without so much as a sentinel to keep out intruders.

Little wonder that, as we continued our march that day, we felt we were looked upon with derision by the veterans who began to be in evidence all along the pike—now a battery of artillery, then a regiment of infantry, a train of army wagons or a jumble of all sorts, all bound for the one objective point—for in their eyes we had an appearance of newness which they, as veterans, very naturally associated with inexperience, not to say verdancy As we neared Edgefield the road was so congested that considerable delay was occasioned, and our contingent frequently came to a dead halt in the midst of troopers, teamsters and infantry, who soon singled us out as proper objects of sympathy, which I need scarcely say was abundantly and gratuitously distributed. "Sorry for that fine uniform you are wearing; it won't stay that way down here." "Sonny, think of me to-morrow, when you are out cornshucking." "Say, Jim, I believe they are all officers. I wonder who is to command them!" and much more to the same effect and not much to our comfort. But by 3 o'clock we reached the pontoon bridge and soon crossed the Cumberland River, marched through the rocky streets of Nashville, and about two miles beyond reached our camp on the side of one of the beautiful hills that surround the capital city of Tennessee. Here, thanks to an advance contingent of our Company, we found the tents up and ready for our reception.

The weather was beautifully clear, mild and pleasant. With the approach of night the lights of the camp fires of the army camps began to appear, and, after darkness had set in, the surrounding hills appeared as though illuminated for some celebration, an effect

which was the more realistic because of the frequency of signal rockets ascending in various directions. It was the eve of the natal day of the Redeemer, and it required no great stretch of the imagination to conceive that all this was in celebration of the announcement of "Peace and good will among men" rather than an incident of a cruel, fratricidal war.

After more than forty years since the events described and about to be described, it may be interesting to give at this point the verbatim account of the happenings during the next few days leading up to within an hour or less of the memorable charge into the woods in which Major Ward received his death wound and Major Rosengarten and others were killed outright. I kept a careful diary of daily events from November 28, 1862, to the day of my return to Louisville, January 28, 1863, with a few days' interval after I was wounded. This abstract is the more interesting because it gives an absolutely truthful account of the happenings and impressions experienced by me. That the trooper who requested us "to think of him when shucking corn on the morrow" had a true insight into what was likely to happen will appear from the following:

December 25th, Christmas.—Was detailed with twenty-four others of my Company to forage for corn. Went out on the Hillsboro pike about eight miles, then turned into a side road to the left for a short distance and found plenty of corn in the fields. While the wagons were being loaded, I, with others of the escort, passed the time eating some hackberries, small fruits that at this season were shriveled and tasted like dried cherries. The trees also resembled cherry trees. About 3.30 P.M. the wagons and escort were called in. We had hardly gotten to the pike when we heard sharp firing and shouting, and shortly a party of our men came running in along the pike, followed helter-skelter by the loaded wagons, scattering corn in all directions in their hurry to reach shelter. They reported an attack by about 500 rebel cavalry. Confusion reigned supreme. Our squad of twenty-five remained and formed in line of battle. When the last wagon had passed we were ordered to cover the retreat slowly, but were soon thrown into confusion by those retreating from behind us. Soon the rebels were visible on the brow of the hill and fired volley after volley at us. We rapidly formed in line of battle in a field facing the hill,

when the enemy retreated. One man was killed on our side. Arrived in camp by dark.

December 26th.—This morning the Regiment was ordered off without baggage on a three days' march. Companies L and I started off, followed afterward by the other companies, on the Nolansville pike, bivouacking near Nolansville over night. During the day heard firing along the road; there had been slight skirmishing ahead.

December 27th.—Started about 7 o'clock. Shortly thereafter we deployed as skirmishers to attack a party of rebel skirmishers. The rebels came on tolerably heavy, but were driven back by our superior number. Saw one man (rebel) fall. Advanced into a hollow, where we were exposed to a cross fire of cannon and shell. Had to retreat a short distance. When we advanced again, after a half hour's fighting, we drove the enemy from his position. Went about a mile to our left to outflank the enemy. Olin, Curtin, Burchinel and I were ordered on a knob in our front to scout, and on our return, about half way down, we were invited by a sesesh, whose property we had protected from the vandalism of some army bummers, to dinner. We did not dismount, but had hoecake, sparerib and buttermilk while on horseback. On our return it began to rain hard, but we again started and scoured the country until nightfall. Captured two rebel stragglers on the way. Major Rosengarten was attacked by a rebel, and would have been killed but for the timely assistance of Serg.-Maj. Wash. Airey Cannonading was kept up the entire day, with intermissions. Encamped in a field. Night clear.

December 28th, Sunday.—Advanced again about 8 A.M. After marching several miles came to a small stream, which we forded, the bridge having been destroyed by the enemy. After passing some Federal soldiers drawn up in line of battle, we halted at a plantation about a mile from the bridge. A handsome mansion stood on a slight ascent, and seemed to be occupied exclusively by ladies, who amused us, and possibly themselves, with sesesh talk and rebel songs to the music of a piano. They seemed to be particularly excited because one of our men had captured a horse belonging to one of the ladies, but upon her earnest entreaties it was returned to her. One of the ladies went so far as to flourish a pistol (a very small one) in the face of some of the men sur-

rounding the porch, but she was given to understand that her play was dangerous to herself only After staying here about half an hour we resumed our march, returning whence we came, but leaving a picket near the plantation (Dr Webb's). Soon some of the pickets came along with the report that some rebels had shown themselves at the house we had just left. Major Ward returned with a portion of the men, but failed to find the rebels. We came to our bivouac for the night, about three miles along the road (the Huntsville pike), early in the afternoon, and rested for the balance of the day and night in a fine grove of trees.

December 29th.—Resumed our march back on the Huntsville pike; turned off into the same road where we had our skirmishes. On the way we passed through the bivouacs of numerous infantry regiments and the headquarters of several general officers. After marching several hours, much of the time through cedar scrub, we came to an open plain, where we saw our cavalry drawn up. We can now hear the report of rifles of our's and the enemy's skirmishers. Directly ahead we can see the smoke of some building or bridge which has just been fired. Infantry appear to be ahead.

Within a short hour after the last word of the above was written I was wounded and a prisoner, a number of my comrades, including Major Rosengarten, were dead, Major Ward was mortally wounded and others of our Regiment were severely wounded or prisoners. I cannot do better than to let my diary speak again:

January 2, 1863.—I am now wounded and a prisoner of war. On the 29th of December, shortly after making my last entry in this diary, we moved on until we reached the pike, after having forded a small stream. Going along the pike we met some of our men in charge of some prisoners—among them several officers—and finally came to a patch of woods on our right, into which we charged after our advance had signaled us to "come on." We dashed into these woods until we came to a rail fence separating the woods from a corn field. Here we were received with a sharp volley, though we could see nothing of the enemy. The horse of one of our men—not of my Company—was shot before me, and in falling the man was caught under the horse. I dismounted to help him, and when I remounted I found the fence lined with rebels, while most of our men had retreated. I had hardly mounted when I was struck by a ball in the face, the ball entering

my left cheek and passed through the nose. I allowed myself to drop from the horse and lay still until the firing ceased, when one of the enemy came up to take my arms. As he came up to me I thought it about time to give signs of life, which I had carefully avoided up to this time, because I had been shot at when making a movement shortly after I received my wound. On turning around he motioned to shoot me, holding the muzzle of his rifle to my face, but was prevented by the remonstrance of his comrades. Pretty soon one of our regimental surgeons came up under a flag of truce, and I was ordered to go to a neighboring farmhouse. On my way saw poor Fred Herring laid out (among others). There were about nine men killed and probably as many wounded—a great many for one company. Weiler and Eaton, both of my Company, were at the farmhouse when I came there; both were wounded in the hip; Eaton mortally. He died at 5 o'clock A.M., January 1, 1863. Weiler is doing well. My wound is painful, but not dangerous, I trust. One of my eyes is closed, and I may lose it; the other is weakened considerably. There has been a battle going on for three days. Our men have been thoroughly repulsed. The wounded have been coming in numbers into this church (at Murfreesboro) in which I was the first occupant. It is a terrible sight.

January 4th, Sunday.—We were visited to-day and yesterday by a lady from Allentown, Mrs. Chandler, which was a great comfort to us. There was a report that the Union forces would occupy the town to-day, as the rebels have evacuated this place. I hear our forces retreated at the same time. My wound is much more comfortable to-day We were paroled this morning, but did not get our parol passports. I suppose they wanted to have us exchanged even if they could not hold us. This evening we received our parol passports. Our men have not yet come, although they are still expected.

January 5th.—Our men took possession of the town to-day. Several have been here to see us. They are passing through in large numbers in pursuit of the enemy. Mrs. Chandler was here again to-day. I gave her a letter for father and one for Lew, which she promised to mail. Suffered severely from colic during the night.

January 6th.—Colonel Tanner, of the Twenty-second Indiana,

who was wounded on Wednesday and brought to our hospital, called to-day He manages to get along tolerably well with a cane. Nothing of importance has taken place. The nurses and attendants had to go to the courthouse to-day to be paroled. Wound felt tolerably comfortable and the doctor says it is getting along finely

January 7th.—Had my wound dressed to-day Spoke with a Federal surgeon, who told me we would probably be sent to Nashville to-morrow. The wounded at this hospital were paroled to-day. Affairs as usual. The United States Commissariat supplied this hospital with stores to-day. The weather has been cool, but not nearly as cool as we have it in the North about this time. The railroad to Nashville will be finished probably to-morrow or the day after, when, it is said, the Union soldiers will be sent to Nashville. Have not heard anything from our Regiment. The hospital in which we are is an old Presbyterian Church and might be made very comfortable, but as it is we have nothing except straw ticks to lay on and a thin blanket for cover, with corn fodder for a pillow The surgeons (rebel) treat us very kindly and are doing as much for us as they do for their own men. The ladies (rebel) who visit this hospital generally slight us. Some few will attend to our wants. There was a general apprehension by the rebels that our men would not treat them kindly; but since they have received our stores, with permission to help themselves to whatever they need, they think differently.

January 12th.—Dr. Alexander called in the afternoon with an ambulance to have us taken to Nashville. Weiler was too sick to be moved, so I was taken alone as far as the crossroads, where, at the house of Dr. Manson, Dr. Alexander had some of our wounded men. Here I found Powell, shot through the knee. Had supper with Dr Manson, a very cordial sesesh.

I remained in the regimental hospital—a small church edifice situated on one of the side streets near the capitol—just thirteen days, when (on January 26th) I received my discharge, having been pronounced by Dr Alexander unfit for further service in the field.

My recollection of events at this hospital is not very clear. Most of the time I was ill, having contracted camp diarrhea, from which I was not entirely well until months after I returned North and

was again engaged in business. The hospital was well filled, mostly with members of the Regiment from the camp, where reorganization was in progress. I was made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances and jollied by visiting comrades from the camp, who wished me, if possible, to remain in service, the more particularly since my name had been mentioned for promotion. Little luxuries in the way of food were also provided, through the exertion of my comrades, from kind housekeepers in the neighborhood, who, for a consideration, prepared nourishing soups, pancakes and the like, which under the conditions of my wound, involving the mouth and jaw, were very acceptable. Providentially, I was able to pay for these luxuries with money realized during my imprisonment in the hospital at Murfreesboro. One of the young surgeons took a fancy to my spurs, which I sold to him for $25, and a wounded Confederate relieved me of an old silver watch, paying me $65—all this, of course, Confederate currency. It is almost incredible at this period to believe that at that time there were speculators who had sufficient confidence in the future of the Confederacy to offer 75 per cent. in greenbacks for this Confederate script; but that is what one of my comrades, who had negotiated the transaction, brought me. In consequence, I was well equipped financially to leave the hospital, which was the more desirable since the sanitary condition of the hospital was in a deplorable state—gangrene, typhoid and chronic diarrhea prevailing. So, having by the kindness of a member of the Regiment—mentioned in my diary as Mr. Stein—secured shelter for the night at a neighboring house, I started at 8 o'clock A.M., on January 27th, with a transport of wounded and convalescents for the North, and after a very rough and painful trip in box cars, which were not heated, though the weather was intensely cold, I reached Louisville on the afternoon of the 28th of January, 1863, and thence, after a few days to recuperate, comfortably continued my journey home.

MY CHARGE AT STONE RIVER.

FIRST LIEUT. CHAS H. KIRK, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

I WAS a Corporal in Company E at that time, and had been selected to carry the Company guidon. For doing this I was not required to carry a carbine. We had forded Overalls Creek and were grouped around a large house. Major Ward was with us. There was a level stretch of country for a half mile to the front and then woods. Animated by a boyish spirit I waived my guidon, and immediately saw a puff of smoke from the woods, then the sound, and lastly, with a vicious thug, a bullet went into a tree at my back.

"Take care, Corporal!" said the Major. "That was a close shot."

At this time a party of Confederate cavalry was seen in our front, making good time for Murfreesboro, and instantly the boys took up the cry, "There they go! Charge them! Go for them!" Major Ward, who was close to me, yelled, "No, don't go! My orders are to go only this far." Still the yells continued. Some of the men advancing, the Major said, "D——n you! if you will go, I'll go too—charge!" and then all started, without semblance of formation, most of them down the road and others through a gate across a corn field, where the stalks had been cut and put in shocks.

I was yelling as loud as anyone and waiving my guidon like I had seen in pictures, but had never done the like of it before or since, when, somehow. I don't exactly know how, the stick of the guidon got caught in a corn shock, and my next recollection was lying on the ground trying to remember what had happened. My horse stood by me, and I soon concluded to get on him and continue the charge. I got in the road, but the detachment had passed in the woods, out of sight. I saw a few men, down a lane to my right, on which was a frame house, and I went down it to join what I supposed to be some of our own party. As my horse still kept up

his run, it did not take long to cover the ground between us; but what anxious moments they were, for the four men in the road carried muskets, while all of ours carried short carbines. Then, as I got nearer, I saw they had a butternut-colored uniform, instead of the blue we wore. I was too close to them to stop my horse, and doubt if I could have done so anyhow, but in a flash came to me the drill with lances I had seen when I visited my brother Will in his regiment, Rush's Lancers. Down came my guidon to a "charge lance." My first adversary sat stolidly on his horse, fingering the trigger of his musket; his comrades were in the rear of him, but all my thoughts were on him and I think his were on the peculiar weapon I carried, and his ignorance of its effectiveness magnified its power, for when I got within a dozen paces of him he dropped his musket to the ground and raised his right hand in token of surrender. The others followed his example at once, and for a few moments I had four prisoners on my hands. Soon some of our men came up, only one of whom I now recall, Joe Rue.

Captain Norman Smith now appeared with his Company, coming in from the right, and some firing took place in front. The Captain ordered us to advance as skirmishers, across a cotton field, and in the forward movement I divided my attention between the enemy we expected in front and a new Confederate uniform, which a colored man told me had been dropped off the saddle by the rebel officer who had just gone on ahead. I did not find the uniform, but found the enemy behind the fence just in front of us. They reached it first; two of them occupied the panel just in front of me, while in the next panel I saw a bareheaded man crawl through, who came running to us. He had no hat or accouterments, and his head was smeared with blood from a wound, and as he came nearer I saw it was Sam Jamison, of Company L, who, in the mix up over to the left, had been batted over the head by a rebel, was captured and escaped, all within a few minutes.

The skirmishers in front were making it hot for us now, and all on our end of the line moved for the woods, from which came yells and heavy firing. I passed Major Ward coming back, supported by a man on each side, a deathly pallor on his face, but telling us in feeble tones to "go on." I went to within twenty-five yards of the fence, from behind which came shots at irregular intervals. I saw my friend Wash. Airey, dismounted and with

saber drawn, calling to the boys to "come on!" and I remember thinking what a dangerous position that was, for he was not over ten yards from the rebel line of battle and looked every inch the gallant officer he was. I saw several of our men lying on the ground and horses rearing; one seemed to me to spin around on his hind feet. Just near me were Lieutenant De Coursey and Serg. Will Kimber. "This is pretty hot here, let's get out," said De Coursey. "Just one shot more," returned Kimber, and gave it, but got one in return square in the forehead. We were all getting out now, and a little depression in the ground gave us cover and the chance to retreat in good order, and all firing from the front ceased, and was succeeded by some horrible, agonizing cries from some of our wounded back on the field.

We fell back to near Wilkinson's crossroads and slept in the woods all night. It was a quiet bivouac, and many silent thoughts went out to those of our comrades who lay stiff and stark on the field of action, toward Murfreesboro.

WITH OUR CAPTURED WAGON TRAIN

WM. ANDERSON, COMPANY F, WILKINSBURG, PA.

WHEN our Regiment was ordered on the march which ended, a few days later, in the battle of Stone River, I reported for duty with my Company, but because our teamster was sick I was detailed to drive our Company wagon in his stead. As this part of army life was new to me I was given the privilege of selecting two others to help me, and I chose John McFarland and J. F Turner, of my Company.

We fell into line with the other wagons, got on to the Nolansville pike and got as far as that town when we stopped for the night. Up to this time I had been driving six mules and had my horse tied to the foot of the wagon, but during the night someone stole one of my mules, and the next day I had to get along with five, and did it very well as long as I had anything to do with them.

Sometime during the day we reached a ravine, and were resting at the time General Wheeler's men captured most everything in the shape of wagons. I was sitting in the front of mine, and very pleasantly occupied just then eating hard-tack, with plenty of sugar on it, and John McFarland was on his horse up on the bank above me, when I heard a yelling which somehow reminded me of old times in Pennsylvania, and I said to John, "There's a school just out. Don't you hear the children?" Just then John yelled to me, "Cut a mule loose, Andy, for the whole rebellion is coming!" My belt and side arms were in the front end of the wagon and I tried to get them, but they had got fastened in some of the boxes on the wagon, and just then I had no time to stop for them. I ran to the hind end of the wagon where I kept my horse, but our Company cook was ahead of me, and going off like a streak, and the horse he rode had been mine.

There was terrible confusion now The rebels were yelling and the rifle balls were thick, but I ran along the line of wagons till I

came to the end of them, and then on up a little hill. Turner, who was behind, yelled to me to keep on running over the hill and he would take me on his horse. Where we were was too dangerous a place to stop, but as soon as sheltered from the fire of the enemy I got on Turner's horse, behind him, and we joined in the running race to Nashville, where we arrived in safety.

BRINGING OUR DEAD BACK TO NASHVILLE.

LIEUT. A. B. COLEMAN, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

IT was the day after our fight at the battle of Stone River, where we had dashed headlong against the Tenth South Carolina Infantry, posted behind a fence, and been driven back, with a score of our small force killed and wounded. Our Company Commander, Lieut. John W Jackson, detailed Corp. Chas. H. Kirk and four men, of whom I was one, to go up to where we had our fight the afternoon before, impress a wagon from some farmer in the neighborhood, and load up our dead on it and take them back to Nashville.

We started and soon reached our field. The infantry had already arrived, and their skirmishers were busy popping away at the enemy just off to the left and in a different direction from which the heavy attack came early the next morning. Farmers and country wagons were scarce, and while we waited for our wagon to come we could watch the movements of our infantry, which was all new and interesting to us. The rattle of the skirmishers never stopped, and to add to the entertainment we were treated to the sight of an artillery duel between two of our guns and two of the enemy's, posted off to our left and front. They fired round shot at us, which ricochetted across the fields but hurt no one. This kept up for quite a while, till one of our Generals came up and said to the batteryman, "Why don't you stop those fellows? Where's Ed?"

Then a young fellow of about twenty stepped up smiling, and saluting said, "Here I am, General."

"Ed, put a shot into that battery and stop them."

Ed carefully sighted one of the guns—a Parrott—and pulled the lanyard. There was an explosion over in the rebel battery, then a cheer from our lines, and the last seen of the enemy they were going like wild for shelter.

Our wagon came at last, late in the afternoon. Our dead were

piled in it, and we pulled out as far as Wilkinson's crossroads, where the night was spent. A little after daylight the next morning a terrible infantry firing took place quite near to us in front, accompanied by some cheers and a larger volume of rebel yells. Some artillerymen with led horses stopped long enough to tell us that their battery had just been overrun by the rebels, and then some officers ordered us to "light out" as fast as we could, as the rebels were coming.

Our team had been hitched up at the first noise of battle, and pulled out at once down a road for 100 yards, and then took one to the left. Just at the turn we met Alex. Ramsey and Ed Pattison, on guard over a lot of ammunition, and told them to come along, but they declined, and in about three minutes the rebels had them. Our wagon kept jogging along, the mules at a sharp trot. We joined the wagons, all anxious to get away, and the yells and firing of rifles and artillery seemed greater than ever, while the peculiar whiz of the rifle ball was ever in the air. We had left the road by this time, cutting across fields, and all the time at a jog trot. The tailboard of our wagon got loose and the body of Major Rosengarten commenced sliding down from the pile of bodies. There was nothing to do but stop our wagon, crawl in over the bodies and lift the Major's body back to its place, then start off again. This happened so often that the other wagons all passed and we were left to follow alone. A line of the enemy's cavalry came up in our rear, about half a mile away and occasionally sent a shot after us, and the only reason I could think of why they did not send a few men and capture us, was that they thought our wagon, off by itself, was only a decoy to draw them on. Even the stragglers from the broken infantry, who had been keeping us company, had passed on. This kept on for an hour, when we reached Lavergne, where some of our troops were and where the other wagons had assembled. The Michigan Engineers had had a sharp fight here only a couple of hours before, defeating Wheeler's cavalry. All about the place was an air of subdued excitement, for while they had won the first round in the battle, it was not yet determined who would be the victor in others that might come.

After a short halt here our wagon started off alone to Nashville, fifteen miles distant. It was an anxious trip for us, as the enemy's

cavalry had all been thrown to the rear of our army and we were continually hearing of them all around us. Besides this, the stragglers from the field of battle were almost as bad, as they told such terrific tales of what they had done and how much more terrible the rebels were; of "how their regiment was all cut to pieces—not twenty-five men of it left alive"—until one felt almost as craven and disheartened as the cowards who had run away from their command. The rear of an army is the worst place to judge how the battle is going in front. At one point in the road an infantryman, mounted on a mule, galloped by us. He had all his accouterments with him, and as he passed he yelled to us, "Look out, boys! the rebels are just behind!" Five minutes later he came back, without mule, hat, gun, haversack, and told us that the rebels were on that little knoll just in front, in plain sight; that they had captured him there and were waiting for us. But we passed in safety and saw no sign of an enemy. It was a weary, hard, anxious day, and there was no let-up to it until near dusk, when we passed within the line of our pickets and soon after reached our old camp.

THE CHASE BROTHERS.

SERG. SIMEON LORD, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

THE Chase brothers I shall never forget. I can see them now, arm in arm, sauntering around camp, just as affectionate as two sisters—indelibly marked with gentleness and refinement, giving an insight of the cultured home and gentlefolk they parted from when they pledged their services to their country.

I would look at them and contrast their past with their present life and doings, and thought—how will they meet it and what will be the end?

It came quickly, sad and pathetic. Richard, the younger brother, in the charge at Stone River went gaily into the fight and met his death. But an hour before he had been reading from Homer's "Iliad" and giving its translation to those around him as they rode forward, and the first knowledge that many had of his death was seeing his riderless horse, to whose saddle was strapped the book from which he had so lately been reading. In the charge he had ridden right up to the fence, behind which the rebels lay, and when driven back was one of the last to leave, going at a slow trot, with body bent and face to the foe. The ball that killed him entered his right cheek and passed up into his brain. His friend John K. Marshall, going by a moment later, seeing him lying on the ground, dismounted and tried to raise him up, but his Lieutenant, John W Jackson, called to him to "fall back," as all were retreating. This occurred within fifty yards and in full sight of the rebel line of battle, but not a shot did they fire. Such a record of death tells of his courage and culture.

Beverly, after the death of his comrade and brother, gave evidence that his heart was bleeding, lonesome and ever flooding with grief over his great loss.

After the battle of Stone River I was stationed at department headquarters as Courier Sergeant, and for a time lost sight of

Beverly. Often I would think of him. Later on I was told he was taken prisoner.

After the capture of Atlanta, and while stationed there, Comrade Balmar reported to me to be cared for. He had just gotten to Atlanta after his escape and perilous, winning flight from Andersonville prison. I instantly thought he might know something about the captured Chase brother. From him I got the story. In the charge at Dandridge, Beverly's horse was shot, and he with thirteen others was taken prisoner, and went through with them to Andersonville. He was one of the most cheerful among them and did much to keep up the courage of some who were downhearted. Although not yet of age, he had taken one voyage at sea and been shipwrecked, and gleefully told the others that the hardships in front of them were not equal to those he had passed through. His was a lovable disposition, and all his Comrades were drawn to him, but his stay was short. He entered Andersonville on the 10th of March, 1864, and eleven days after he died of rapid consumption.

The Chase brothers gave to their country "the full measure."

FROM STONE RIVER TO LIBBY

ASSIST. SURGEON GEO. F. MISH, MIDDLETOWN, PA.

THE Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry broke camp at Nashville, Tenn., on the afternoon of December 26, 1862, and started for the front. This was a novelty to inexperienced men who had only backed their horses at Louisville, Ky., three weeks before, and ridden across the State of Kentucky to Nashville, Tenn., being between two and three weeks on the way. It was a gloomy outset, in mist and rain. However, the Regiment, anxious to be engaged, displayed fine spirit, and cheerfully and boldly moved on in the darkness. After a march of seven or eight miles they encamped near a small village and halted for the remainder of the night. After a few hours rest the march was resumed. This continued until we approached Stone River, when we were apprised by the distant roaring of artillery that a battle was imminent. The set and determined faces of the men indicated that they were alive to the impending struggle, and that they were resolved to do or die. I myself was deeply impressed—perhaps battle-fright or something akin to awe and dread of conflict between the two vast armies clashing in fire and thunder of cannon. My own war experience was *nil*, and being at a loss to know how to proceed, I inquired of Major Rosengarten, in command. He replied, "Keep to the rear and follow us." After a short rest and inspection and instruction to the men, we moved on toward the front. Soon our march became a run and charge into the thick of the fray. At this stage it was difficult to keep up with the body of wild and excited warriors, and I lost some ground, but followed as fast as I was able. Not having the same incentive to distinguish myself as a combatant, with no arms either to attack or defend, I was only useful when it was the misfortune of another to suffer. My turn, however, soon came.

The road lay between woods, and I observed a group of our men on the right of the road in the forest, and riding up found the

situation I dreaded. Here, in the midst of the squad, was Major Ward, and I saw by his features that he was mortally wounded. I told the men to lay him upon a blanket which I had unrolled from my saddle, which being done, I carefully examined his wounds. They consisted of a ragged, gaping laceration of his right breast, several ribs shattered and the lung mangled, attended with copious hemorrhage at every breath. Whatever was possible under the circumstances I did to relieve him, but it was a useless service. I was called off to attend others in the neighborhood who were suffering, and while engaged in this duty, accompanied by three or four of the boys whose names I cannot recall—I think Jeff Dennis was one of them—I was interrupted by several coming up and telling me that I was wanted by an officer. I inquired, "Who? What does he want? Tell him I am engaged." "Come on! it is a rebel officer." In a moment or two I met the officer. (It is necessary here to make some explanation. While treating Major Ward I had a number of wide, white bandages, which were unrolled, and for convenience had wrapped them on my arm and carried others in my hands, which unrolling and fluttering in the breeze might have been mistaken for a white flag; at all events giving me a marked appearance.)

The officer introduced himself as Colonel ————, of a South Carolina Confederate regiment, and demanded an explanation of my white display, which he said "he supposed was for a truce, and whether it was so?" Replying, I stated that I was a U S. Surgeon attending to my duties, and what he judged was a flag of truce were bandages and dressings for the injured. He instantly recognized my green sash, a Surgeon s insignia, and my regulation U. S. medical cap, and said, "Well, doctor, I mistook you for a bearer of a flag of truce. Proceed with your work—recognize your dead;" grimly remarking, "There they lie; secure their valuables—be active!" This was in the face of a thousand rifles leveled toward us, over and between fence rails, their muzzles gaping at us, and the men behind the guns ready to fire at the least provocation or by accident. It was anything but a pleasant situation. I hastened, under the circumstances, to perform my gruesome duty; my sensations were overwhelming. In a few short moments—Major Ward, dying; here, lying stark dead, Major Rosengarten, Sergeant Herring and a number of others—I sup-

pose ten or fifteen; their names I cannot remember, but they are all known and their memories honored for their gallant charges, exhibiting wonderful bravery After hurried, speedy work, we were called off and ordered to the rear.

I told the Colonel that I wanted to return to my men. He quickly replied, "That cannot be; you are within our lines and must remain with us." I saw that it was useless to protest, and with a heavy heart joined my comrades; then I realized I was a prisoner of war We fell back, under guard, through the Confederate lines that had slaughtered the brave boys lying where we saw them. I wondered then how any of them escaped, for as far as I could see in either direction the fence, which served them as a barricade, was lined with troops. After being pressed by our guards for about an eighth of a mile, we reached a planter's house. Here was shown an instance of how our boys exhibited their ability to take care of themselves. The guards took us into the kitchen, where a number of men—Confederates—were taking their supper. I don't know whether we were asked to take part or not, but we all took seats, and at that board we partook of a hearty meal of hog, and corn pone and rye coffee, the last square meal we had for many days after that.

After leaving the table the planter took us into his parlor and made a request that astonished me. He said: "Doctor, my family must leave this place or they will all be killed. Will you give me a pass through your forces?" This was piling on the agony How could I give a pass that would be recognized by anyone? I told him so, but still he persisted: "Give me one, and I will risk the chance." At length, to satisfy him, I wrote him one, thus: "Guards and pickets of the U. S. forces Pass Mr. Masten, planter, and family through your line to a place of safety." Strange to say, the following summer while at Camp Garesche, I visited the plantation, and met Mr. M. and family. I inquired how the pass I gave him answered. He replied that it took him through to Nashville. He was most grateful for the service. I suppose he was harmless, and both sides were relieved by his removal.

In a short time after this my Comrades were taken away, it was said to Murfreesboro, and I was ordered to get into an army wagon and take the same course. On arriving at Murfreesboro

I was taken to a room in the courthouse. Here, after protesting strongly that I was not a prisoner, an orderly was sent with me to General Bragg's headquarters in the town, to inquire what disposition should be made of my case. It was too late to see the General conveniently, I suppose—and what difference, anyhow? one poor Yankee doctor didn't count—and we returned. On the way back to the courthouse the orderly quizzed me about my home. When I mentioned it was in Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg, he was quite struck, and said: "Why, I am from Pennsylvania, too. I lived at Cornwall, Lebanon County." He said he was anxious to get out of the Confederacy, but they had too tight a hold on him, then, but that he would get away yet. He seemed to be much dissatisfied with the situation. Feeling too uncomfortable myself at my own unfortunate situation, I did not press my confidence; and indeed the South was full of such characters as I met later on my travels—stranded, poor and yearning for "God's country." Their existence in Dixie was intolerable, for they were not fully trusted.

Next morning I was ordered up by a guard to accompany him to the Chattanooga Railroad. Here I found a long train of cars, cattle and freight, loaded with prisoners. I was placed in a car, something like a baggage car, among officers and guards—no accommodations whatever for seating; just standing room. Their eyes were all turned upon me, and I felt I was an intruder and out of place. They subjected me to many remarks and queries. About this time my sword and belt were noticed. They went for me—"Give up that sword; you have no right to wear it," and approached me to seize it. I told them I was a Surgeon, and that I wore the regulation staff sword not as a weapon, but as a customary adjunct to my position. This availed nothing. They were determined to have it. I said: "Gentlemen, I will not give it to you; I am not a prisoner. If I part with it you must take it yourselves." I was crowded upon and they unbuckled the belt and took it. I threatened to expose them to the Provost Marshal at Chattanooga when we arrived there. They were cross and ugly. I got in a corner of the car, and sat down on the floor. I followed my property to the Provost Marshal's office in Chattanooga, and gave a statement of the affair. He pointed to a shelf in his office, and said: "There is your sword, but I will take care of it and re-

turn it to you another time." That's the end of the sword incident. I never saw it again.

I was told to quarter at the hotel and stay there, which I did. All this sounds well, but the reality was different. So many incidents were crowded in my experience during the four or five days of our detention there that I am unable to recount them in limited time and space. After my hotel experience I was sent to the hospital to mess with the Surgeons. This was a very pleasant period of my captivity, and continued for several days. Most of them had been students in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania and at Jefferson, and we were soon on congenial professional ground. We harmonized on medicine, but sometimes violently differed on politics. The Anderson boys were in camp beyond the town and I visited them often.

Hearing that all of the prisoners were to be transported to Vicksburg, for exchange, I called on the Surgeon-in-Chief of the district, Dr. Stout, explained to him that among the prisoners—over 1200 or 1500—were many wounded and sick, that they required a Surgeon, and that if he would give me an order to accompany them it would save the supplying of one of their own. He at once appreciated the situation, and gave me an order to that effect and also to draw supplies from the medical posts at the various points we stopped at—Atlanta, Montgomery and Knoxville. I received on the strength of this order many articles needed for the sick and wounded during our trip. When we reached a small village, south of the Florida and Alabama line, orders were received to return, and doubling on our tracks we headed north, our destination being Richmond. This whole journey was severe, but useful and instructive. We passed through the heart of the Southern Confederacy, and discovered its hollowness and weakness. There were few able-bodied men in sight, they being in the front about Richmond and Vicksburg and other threatened points. Women, old men, worn-out men, crippled negroes and children constituted the population. Wherever the train stopped we were welcomed by choice uncomplimentary epithets and bold-faced chaffing. The boys were ready in answering, and returned with interest these denunciations. I was fearful lest they would go too far and some violence be offered, but beyond cuss words they escaped.

Our trip occupied about three weeks before we reached Richmond. The train stopped opposite the city and the prisoners marched over the long bridge and up to Libby Prison front, where they were counted, checked off and assigned to different points. All of my Comrades were taken to Mayo Prison. I was assigned to the Libby Prison Hospital, and found myself among Confederate Surgeons, who treated me very well.

My detention in Libby was of short duration—five or six days only—when, with released soldiers, several U. S. Surgeons and some citizens who had been detained for various causes, principally their loyalty to the Government, we were forwarded to City Point, near Petersburg, to take the U. S. flag-of-truce boat to return to our country, via Annapolis and Washington. While promenading on the deck of the flag-of-truce boat, after it had got well under way, I was approached by a citizen stranger, who inquired if I had been a prisoner, and when and where captured. I answered at Stone River battle, near Murfreesboro. He asked me to walk to the bow of the boat, that there was a gentleman there who wished to see me—surprising me very much. I went with him, when he introduced me to two others—one calling himself Jackson, a tall, slim man—of about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, as near as I could judge. He seemed very much interested in the news of the engagement, and at once asked if the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry were engaged and as to the casualties. I gave my version of it, and how I got into trouble. I was asked if Colonel Palmer was in command, and if not, whether I knew anything about him. "I did not. I had never met the Colonel; that since I joined the Regiment at Carlisle he was a mystery, and all my inquiries concerning him elicited the only reply, 'We don't know.'" "Well," I was answered, "you may possibly meet him in Washington." Then we separated. In due time the boat reached Fortress Monroe and Annapolis, and we disembarked and took the train to Washington.

On the first day after our arrival there I was strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend, and passing Willard's Hotel, then a great military officers' exchange, we went in, hoping to meet some acquaintances or friends. As we entered the saloon we came face to face with my flag-of-truce acquaintances. The recognition was mutual, and we pledged our meeting in some

champagne. Mr. Jackson asked if I had met Colonel Palmer yet. I answered I had not, but I would like very much to do so. He then told me that if I would be in the telegraph office at 12 P.M. I would see him. That evening I waited around the office until after 10 o'clock, and being very much fatigued, sat down on a chair near the operator's window, determined to perform my part of the appointment. But sleep overcame me, and I did not awake until 1 A.M., too late for my engagement. I felt very much disappointed, but dismissed the matter from my mind.

After securing a leave of absence I returned to my home in Middletown. Many of my friends and acquaintances were astonished to see me, believing I had been lost and would never return. When my leave had expired I left home to rejoin my Regiment, then encamped at Murfreesboro. On arriving there I met some of the members of the Regiment quartered near the town, who invited me to stay with them until morning. While there, on the following morning, one of the company shouted, "There comes Colonel Palmer!" The Colonel and staff rode up, saluted, and seeing me he at once cordially greeted me. It was instant, mutual recognition—"Mr. Jackson," of the flag-of-truce boat. No allusion or explanation of the past was made. We knew each other.

WILL WARD'S HUNT FOR HIS BROTHER, THE MAJOR.

W. W. WARD (DECEASED).

[The following was written by Major Ward's brother Will, a short time after he returned from Murfreesboro with the body of his brother, and has never been previously published. Will Ward died in 1870. Major Ward's brother, Charles, was in the Confederate Cavalry service, and while his brother lay wounded to death in Dr. Manson s house, Charles' regiment was only a short distance away; but they never got to see each other, although the Confederate officers made the effort to bring it about. The constant shifting of commands prevented their finding Charles until their forces were driven back. Will's experience in hunting his wounded brother had its counterpart in many families, both North and South, and is a sad history of the trials which many households passed through.]—*Editor.*

ON Friday, January 2, 1863, on my way to dinner, I met a friend, who, with a serious face, said: "Do you know that your brother, Major Ward, was killed?" "No," I quickly answered. "How do you know it?" "A big fight is going on at Murfreesboro, and Frank was one of the first killed. You will hear soon enough," was his reply I turned back and was soon in the telegraph office. The face of my friend, M. C., the superintendent, was anything but encouraging. In reply to my inquiry he said: "Your brother is no doubt killed; read this," and handing me a copy of a telegram East, the following passage left me no hope: "Majors Rosengarten and Frank B. Ward, of the Anderson Cavalry, killed." There was something positive about the message, and with heavy heart I wended my way home to break the sad news to my parents. A bitter task it was—to tell them that their youngest son, the pride of their hearts, the hope of their declining years; the boy who had enlisted to fight the battles of his country for the preservation of the Union—and that, too, with an elder brother in the rebel ranks—to tell them that he was no more. I will not dwell on the sad scene which followed. Its counterpart has been witnessed in thousands of

MAJOR FRANK B. WARD

Mortally wounded at Stone River. Died January 11, 1863

family circles in the past two years. That night I watched the telegrams closely, but found not a ray of hope.

On the 3d I got my friend Mr. Bradley, of the Fort Wayne Railroad Company, to telegraph to Louisville in regard to sending for the body. The answer came from Col. J B. Anderson: "Major B. is intrusted with sending for the body of Major Rosengarten. Shall I send metallic coffin for body of Major Ward?" I answered, "Yes." On Sunday, the 4th, I searched every paper I could get, but without any encouragement. At the telegraph office I was told that there was no doubt of Frank's being killed, as a number of messages had gone over the line in which it was repeated, but just as I started to leave the office the operator called me and read the following:

NASHVILLE, January 4th.

W W WARD:

Your brother, Major F. B. Ward, was seriously wounded on December 29th. You had better come on.

DE COURSEY.

Knowing the author, I did not hesitate a minute. It was well on to 11 P.M., but I found my partner, arranged business and, without luggage, started to the depot. I left Pittsburg at 1.40 A.M., on the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Through the kindness of Mr Augustus Bradley, the superintendent, I had a stateroom, and one just as comfortable as on a steamboat. These sleeping cars are very heavy and consequently run much smoother than an ordinary passenger car. Putting my boots outside to secure a dime's worth of blacking, I pulled the door to and retired, but not to sleep, for the excitement I had been under and was still under prevented my enjoying that luxury. About 6 A.M. we were called for breakfast, and after a hasty wash we entered the breakfast room at Alliance, where in the short space of twenty minutes an amount of food was disposed of that would have scared a Southern landlord. The cry, "all aboard!" soon cleared the room, and we were soon under way again.

At Crestline I parted with my kind friend Mr Bradley, and took the train for Indianapolis and Louisville, where I arrived on the 6th instant, at 5 A.M., and proceeded to the National Hotel. Refreshed by a bath, I got the morning papers, but found in them

no comfort for my particular case. Shortly after breakfast an incident occurred which cheered me a little. A reporter for the *Philadelphia Inquirer* went up to an officer and shook him heartily by the hand, saying: "Why, Adjutant! We have had you killed a month ago. I wrote a sketch of your life and particulars of your death, as given me by the best authority." The officer said he had heard himself that he was among the dead, but to the best of his belief and feelings he was a mighty live man yet. Surely, thought I, there is hope for me yet.

Finding that I could not leave Louisville without a pass from General Boyle, whose office was not open until 11, I sauntered up to the depot and called on Colonel Anderson, the Military Superintendent of the L. & N. R. R., who told me he had sent a colored man on with coffins for Majors Rosengarten and Ward. When I told him that my brother was alive at last accounts, he seemed much pleased, and said he hoped he might not need the coffin for many years. Leaving the depot I wended my way to General Boyle's headquarters, and was soon in possession of that important slip of paper styled a "pass."

How little we in the North know of the inconveniences the people in the border States have to suffer under military law! In the North the only thing we see that resembles a pass is somebody's check filled up for so many dollars, and, like the pass, the value is in the signature. As there was no train until the next day, I walked around, saw many friends, and bought a leather haversack and some medicines for gunshot wounds, for, having been shot once myself, I knew from experience what to take in case hospital stores were scarce. Before going to bed I got a servant to fill my haversack with eatables to be ready for my journey.

The next morning, January 7th, I found crowds at the depot waiting to pass the guards at the doors of the cars. Only those showing the military pass could enter the cars. Having no one to care for but myself, I was soon seated and could observe the many trying scenes. I noticed a lady crying bitterly, and on inquiry found that her husband was among the wounded. He was Colonel of an Ohio regiment. She had arrived in Louisville at daybreak, breakfasted and hurried to the depot and bought her ticket, but was dismayed, on trying to enter the car, to find that a

pass was necessary. A gentleman who appeared to know her husband took the matter in hand, and by his exertions she was provided for, as I afterward noticed her among the passengers. The efforts made by some parties not having passes to get aboard were novel and somewhat amusing. A Hebrew came to my window, which I had hoisted, and said in a very bland tone: "Mister, will you be so kind as to go to the other side of the car and raise a window, that I may crawl in?" Knowing the severity of military law I respectfully declined.

Another party with a clerical look approached, and with a bow said: "Sir, I wish to ask a favor of you." "Go ahead," I said. "Will you let me look at your pass?" "Why?" said I. "I would like you to loan it to me, so I may pass the guard at the door, and will return it to you as soon as I get in." Now, while I felt a heartfelt sympathy for all who wanted to go, I could scarcely suppress the contempt I felt for this individual, but I declined to trust my pass to him.

The cry, "all aboard!" followed by a puff from the engine, put a stop to the rush, and we were soon leaving Louisville—a mixed crowd. There was a delegation from Philadelphia, one from Illinois, and one from Indiana, besides many from the Western States in parties of from three to five, and some, like myself, going alone, but all on anxious errands. There were four ladies in the party—Mrs. General Stanley, Mrs. Major Slemmer, Mrs. Colonel Moody and the lady before mentioned. All were quiet for a while, communing with their own thoughts. Gradually conversation sprang up on various topics. Behind me sat some farmers from Indiana, who were looking at the land we were traveling over, making remarks not at all complimentary to Kentucky farming. At one place, where it was somewhat swampy, covered with low bush, one sang out: "Look there, Aleck! what would you be doing with that land in Indiana? Let it lie idle, eh?" "Why, I would clear, drain and ditch it and raise a crop of corn." "Raise——! you couldn't raise a crop of frogs," was the remark made by a rough fellow standing close by. Politics, war, religion —all were being discussed. Quite an exciting discussion was going on in the center of our car between a Kentucky officer and a big, rough Hoosier, on the everlasting "nigger," in which the officer got much the worst of it, in the opinion of the crowd.

We soon arrived at Colesburg, the terminus of our steam conveyance, and here we got the first sight of the bandit Morgan's work. The depot had been burned, and from that point for thirty miles below he had destroyed everything that would burn. We rode two miles farther on a construction trestle which is about 400 feet long and 120 feet high. Here we got off to foot it, and having no baggage to encumber me, I started down the hill on a run, determined to keep the advance. I soon overtook a young man who was alone and asked him where he was bound. He replied: "Nashville." On my inquiring if he knew the country, he said he had run as conductor on this road for eleven months and knew it well. I told him I was alone, and if my company suited him we would foot it together and leave the crowd. He cheerfully assented, and we struck off at a gait which was difficult for the balance to follow. Crossing the valley we had a fine view of the gap made in the road by Morgan, and, ascending the opposite hill, we took the railroad track and, turning round, our eyes fell upon a beautiful but strange scene. In the valley through which we had just passed were stationed a large number of soldiers, many of them on picket duty, while the smoke curling from their tents and huts told of life within. Hurrying along through the troops was a mixed throng which with the soldiers produced a combination of colors, suggestive of Joseph's coat. It was our company of fellow-passengers who were not so fast in starting off as we. We followed the track for about a mile and came to the tunnel. Now, it may seem a very simple thing to walk through a tunnel without a lantern, but just try it once, before you make up your mind. This tunnel is three-quarters of a mile in length and perfectly straight and level. As we entered the one end, the other end appeared but a short distance off, and the glare of light served only to blind us. There are three shafts for air-holes. We could not distinguish the ties, but by keeping our eyes fastened downward we could distinguish the rails, our only guide.

On gaining the outlet we found we had left the rest of the passengers far behind, excepting an old fellow from Indiana, of at least fifty years, who, with a carpetsack weighing not less than forty pounds, was hard after us. After him was a stoutly built young Ohio chap, and a Major of the Eleventh Ohio, who seemed determined to be as fast as we were. A party of five, we hurried

on to Elizabethtown together. While footing it we had ample evidence of how thoroughly that outlaw, John Morgan, had done his work. Every culvert that had a beam to it was burnt, and here again we made time, for we walked across the rails, while many of the party, as we afterward learned, crossed the ditches. About a mile this side of Elizabethtown my young friend proposed that we should take a clay road that crossed the track. Old Indiana and young Ohio objected, and said, "The track is a sure thing;" but the Major and I stuck to our guide, got into Elizabethtown, had dinner and were ready to start on to Nolin Station before the wagons with the other passengers arrived.

Having ample time to look around we here saw the damage done by Morgan to the town. A number of houses showed marks of his cannon by extra ventilators, put in on short notice. At the John Hill House, where we dined, Morgan forgot to pay his bill, when he made it his headquarters. On looking round for a conveyance for the ten miles we had yet to go, we asked one man what he would charge a passenger. "Only five dollars," was the answer. Now had we been staunch rebels we might have gone for less, I thought. After looking farther we found a farmer who was going to Nolin Station. The Major, our young guide and I chartered the wagon for five dollars, and we were on our way before our party had got to town. On the way we overtook some tired soldiers, who asked to ride. "Have you any money," asked the farmer. "Oh, yes." "All right, then," was the answer. About two miles this side of Nolin Station all of our soldiers but one got out to join the wagon train from which they had straggled, and on the farmer asking for his pay he was told to charge it to Uncle Sam. He laughed in spite of himself. Having a creek to cross this side of Nolin Station we left the wagon, and the soldier who was still with us, paid his fare. He had about seventy pounds of baggage, as he was carrying that of a comrade along with his own; so, volunteering to help him, I took his carpetsack, and we all started across the foot log or rather tree that was felled for the purpose. It was a ticklish job for a man unencumbered, let alone with baggage. My comrades got over all right—so did the soldier; and, soldierlike, they all kept advising me to keep away from the water. Now, in all probability if they had let me alone I should have got over dry, but, just

as I thought I was safe, in I went "ker-souse," over boot top, and then, didn't they laugh at me? Once again on terra firma I struck out in the lead, and we were soon at one of the few (not more than six) small houses in Nolin Station. As there were about 200 people to be accommodated, after engaging supper, bed and breakfast, we congratulated ourselves on being in the advance. As the passengers continued to arrive until midnight, they slept in the car or wherever they could.

On the 8th we were all at the cars long before they were ready to move, and crowding in got started at 10 A.M. At the next station we took on a colored man who had two coffins in charge, one marked "Major Rosengarten" and the other "Major Ward." This certainly looked like death, but, knowing the circumstances, I tried to keep up a good heart. I saw the colored man at once. His name was Andrew Trabur, and when I told him I had strong hopes of finding Major Ward living, he wished me success. I arranged to meet him in Nashville. At Bowling Green two officers got aboard who had left Nashville that morning. On inquiring of one of them, Captain R., he told me that Major Ward was undoubtedly dead. He had heard so officially the day before. With a sad heart I took my seat, and the silence of my companions told me, stronger than words could express, that they shared my sorrow. We arrived at Nashville at 7 P.M., and hurrying to the Commercial Hotel I soon had a room engaged—the last one to be had in the house. We were told that we would have to go to a restaurant for supper, which I did. Eating a very frugal meal at a very luxurious price, I was soon out to hunt the Major.

I first started to the St. Cloud Hotel, thinking that some of the officers there could tell me something about him. I met with no success, and was crossing the street to go to the Medical Directory, when I heard a familiar voice call my name. I had not heard that voice for more than a year, and although it was dark and 600 miles from where I last heard it, I at once recognized it as the voice of my old chum Will, now Lieutenant McClure. From him I learned that my brother was alive, and from all accounts had a chance of recovery, but, strange to say, he could not be found. "Come along with me and see Mrs. B.; she is a great friend of Frank's, and knows more about it than anyone

else." In a few minutes I was in Mrs. B.'s parlor, listening to her story, which ran thus:

Dr. Kelly, one of our army Surgeons with whom she was well acquainted, had dressed Frank's wounds on the second day after he was shot. He was then at a house near Murfreesboro. Although so badly wounded as to be thought mortally so by some, Dr. Kelly thought with his youth and powerful constitution he might get through. Only two days ago a Surgeon, who was out in front and had brought a lot of wounded into Nashville, told Dr. Kelly that he had dressed the wounds of a Major out in the front, who was shot through the left breast; that the young man had given him directions where to send word to his friends, in case he died, and in corroboration handed Dr. Kelly a slip of paper with the following directions: "Dr. W A. Ward, Pittsburg." He further said that the Major had been brought into Nashville with other wounded, and that he was put in a private house where he would receive all attention, but he could not give Dr. Kelly the location of the house. Dr. Kelly had searched for him at the request of Mrs. B., but had not found him.

I was satisfied that Frank was now in Nashville, and started off on the hunt. Before I started Mrs. B. told me to let her know as soon as I found him, and she would fix a place for him and see him properly attended to. I said to myself as I left her door: "God bless you for a true-hearted woman." In the street in a large city, my brother lying seriously wounded in a private house. Where? Echo answered "where?" With Lieutenant McClure I commenced my search—first to the Medical Directory office, then to the hospitals where officers were, and every place I could think of where I might get a clue. Every now and again I would pass up the street where the principal undertaker had his store, and there on the pavement two rough coffins, each containing a metallic case, would stare me in the face—one marked "Major Rosengarten," the other "Major Ward." Oh, how those gruesome boxes worried me! I cannot describe my feelings every time I looked at them. There was my brother's coffin, and, beyond a reasonable doubt, he was alive and in the city, but where? At midnight I had to give it up for lack of chances for information. It looked as if all the principal buildings were illuminated, all in use as hospitals, and every time I would pass

one of them I would naturally inquire of myself: "Can he be there?" and then reply: "No, at a private house."

About 1 o'clock I retired in a room where were two wounded men, but long before daylight I was out again on my search. I will not attempt to describe my hunt on the 9th instant, nor how many and various were the rumors in regard to my brother One man said he had seen a man who told him he saw my brother's coffin marked and shipped in the express office. Straight to that office I went and found that they had shipped no bodies yet, and on tracing the story up, I found that it originated from that box in the street that fairly haunted me—a coffin marked "Major F. B. Ward," but so far empty. In fact so strong was the evidence that my brother was in the city (circumstantial evidence strong enough to convict a man for murder) that we traced him to Cherry Street and, finding no other course, we commenced knocking at the doors of private houses and asking: "Are there any wounded here?" "Yes." "Who are they and where are they wounded?" The answer in all cases was against my hopes. There were Lieutenant McClure and four others besides myself hunting the Major, but darkness came on and still no success; but the evidence was so positive that he was alive and recovering that I sought the colored man who had the coffins in charge and told him I would not detain him longer—that he might go right East with Major Rosengarten's body, which was already in another coffin. So, giving him a draft for the two coffins and expenses, I let him go. I could have sold the coffins at a handsome advance, but I felt it would be invoking a judgment on me, in my trouble, to try to profit on the misery around me. At the request of Lieutenant McClure and the others, I walked out to the camp of the Anderson Cavalry, to stay all night with my brother's companions in arms. After arriving at camp, and while passing up one of the streets of the tents, we heard some one say: "Well, I saw our Major to-day, and he is doing first rate." I was in that tent in less time than it takes to tell it and soon learned all. Captain Smith, of the Anderson Cavalry, had the day before gone out to Murfreesboro to look after the wounded, and had just returned. He found my brother at the house of Dr Manson, near where he first fell, where he was first carried and whence he had never been removed. Dr

Kelly had dressed his wounds there, as also the other Surgeon must have done, but how he came by the slip of paper I have never learned. The Captain told me that the Surgeons said my brother would recover He had now lived eleven days. His voice was firm and he had sent in for some delicacies. He had asked if I was coming, and his Comrades had told him I was, although they had not heard so. Just as the mercury in a thermometer, taken from the outside of a house on a winter day and hung above the kitchen fireplace, rises, so did my spirits rise. I rode back to town and turned the coffins over to the undertaker. I was glad to get rid of the sight of them, and hurried back to camp again to make an early start for the front in the morning.

That night was one of the most pleasant I ever spent in or out of camp. There were about ten soldiers in the party, all warm friends of my brother, who had served with him both as private and officer. Lighting our pipes, all the anecdotes of the fight and how nobly their two Majors had acted were discussed, and joke after joke was told. One I well remember Lieutenant Sproul asked the party if they knew that I had gone into business in Nashville. In answer to the question, "how?" he said I had gone into the coffin business, as he had seen me buy and sell two coffins that evening. Such is human nature! While on the hunt for twenty-four hours for the Major, every man seemed as anxious as myself, but now that he was found living and likely to recover, no joke was spared that would keep alive the spirits of the party. About 11 o'clock I "turned in" with one of the party, with gum blanket on the ground and a good warm one to cover us. The last time I had slept in that way was with Frank at Camp Carlisle. It had been raining all evening and was now coming down in torrents, and every now and then the wind would rise and break with such force against our tent as to give cause to fear we might be unroofed. After breakfast we started into town in an ambulance. We spent some time in search of delicacies, and then could not get what we most wanted—lemons. We met with so many delays that it was 12 o'clock ere we were fairly started out of the city. There was not much of interest until we were five miles out, and then a dead horse here and there, with occasionally a grave or two on either side of the road, told of the commencement of the skirmishing. Not a fence was left to show

that the residences along this pike were once well improved. Those that were not removed for cavalry fighting had been used as fuel for the soldiers. The same scenes were apparent all the way to Murfreesboro, only increasing in magnitude with every mile of approach. We caught up to a wagon train about seven miles out from Nashville, and it seemed impossible to pass it, as the other side of the road was taken up by empty wagons returning and ambulances filled with wounded. We had twenty miles farther to go, and our time must be made on the pike, for the last seven miles was a wretched mud road. Captain Smith told me not to be uneasy, for the soldier who was driving was as anxious to get to the Major as I was. Also that he was a capital driver, and if the team would stand it we would pass everything on the road.

The driver was a man who, when at home, filled a position in society equal to any. That's the kind of men we have fighting for our country. I was soon satisfied of the truth of the Captain's remark, for we did pass everything. Now and then some of the soldiers, escorting the train of 400 wagons, would swear and look defiantly, but our driver proved an excellent judge of human nature, for sometimes he would sing out: "Give away there!" "Stir yourself!" "Do you want to be run over?" "Clear the track, will you?" Then noticing the stubborn, determined look of some of the party not to be moved in that way, he would, in the blandest tones, say: "Will you oblige me by making room to pass? Am in a great hurry to get a wounded officer out front." Without a word the escort would move, bending to his request like an easy, good-natured judge to an oily-tongued lawyer And thus, driving and pushing through intricacies that might have balked a regular jockey, he worked on, and we did pass everything on the road. At Lavergne we stopped at the little creek and watered our team. Here they showed me where some of their comrades fell when the enemy attacked the wagon train in the rear, and right at the bridge one of their number, Mr. Weikel, is buried. When started again I opened a box of sardines, and with some hard bread we made a good luncheon. All this time Lieutenant McClure was accompanying us on horseback. Passing out the sardines to him, he took his dinner at a full gallop as comfortably as we did inside, and riding up to the ambulance we handed him the flask, which he attended to just as easily, if not

more so, than the eating part. I wanted no better evidence of how men learn to live on horseback than the ease with which my friend stowed away his dinner while on full gallop.

Here at Lavergne was a true picture of war—houses burned, dead horses in scores, and graves in abundance of both Union and rebel soldiers; while the tires and ironwork of sixty of our wagons, burnt by the rebels, completed a picture which has to be seen to be conceived. So many accounts of the fight have been written that I will not attempt to go over it again, but from here on to Murfreesboro was one continual battlefield—every foot of it fought for and won by the most stubborn fighting. None of the accounts that I have since read relates half the victory that here showed itself. Three miles farther out we overtook the conveyance that had started two hours in advance of us. We had now passed everything, and at the twenty-mile post from Nashville we turned to the right into a corn field. We all got out but our good driver, as our team was pretty nearly played out, and, to make matters worse, our best horse began to balk; but, by dint of a good whip and language more emphatic than classical, we would get him started again, until he would take another notion to play the stubborn mule. We made the next seven miles by dark, through miserable roads, and when only half a mile from the house where my brother was, we came to a large mud puddle. Our driver held his team at rest for a few moments and then started at full gallop to go through, for, as he said, "if I cannot get them through that way we shall have trouble; the bay will balk and the gray mare is played out." When about half way through they stuck, the hind wheels in water above the hub. As nearly everyone has seen such situations, I will not go into details of the strong language used, the sticks broken in trying to beat the poor brutes out of it, and the many efforts with rails, etc.; but after spending half an hour uselessly, we all, excepting our driver, got into the water and took hold of the wheels. I happened to be at the right hind wheel, and although the water was over the hub, where I stood it was not over boot top. It never occurred to me that if the team did start out I might go in the hole. It did start and I went in up to my knees, but what did I care? I would soon be with my brother, and I would have laid down in it rather than lose an hour. We were soon at the front

of the house, where a big negro, a slave, was waiting. He had heard of me from one of the men who arrived before I did, and he it was who was nursing the Major.

He was all anxiety "Has the Major's brudder come? Is he coming? I wants to see him." Telling him who I was, he shook my hand and was out of sight in an instant. One of the men who was in the room with Frank when old Martin, the slave, came up said he did not think Martin took more than two steps up the whole flight of stairs to tell the good news. He stepped up to the bed and said: "Major, your brudder's comin' He'll soon be here. Ise so glad." The host, Dr. Manson, met me at the gate, and to my inquiry, "How is my brother?" said: "Very feeble just now. I have just dressed his wounds and he has had a sinking spell, but is now recovering, and I am glad you are here." He further said that he still had a chance of recovery, but that he must not be allowed to talk. I might talk to him and tell him all about home, but he must be kept quiet. He said he was shot through the left lung, the ball passing through the pericardium (the sac that holds the heart), and the water from about the heart had run out through the wound. The ball made its exit under his left shoulder blade, making a ghastly wound there. When they brought him to the doctor's house it was thought he could not survive the night, but he rallied toward morning, and now, having lived twelve days, we had good grounds for hope. The doctor told me to go up and see him, and I was soon beside his bed. He stretched out his hand, and, with a good voice, said: "How are you, Will? I'm glad to see you. How are they at home?" I told him not to talk and I would tell him all about home, which I did, giving him an account of my trip, etc. Poor fellow! When I last saw him, not two months before, he weighed 175 pounds, and being six feet two inches in his socks, was as fine a specimen of the physical man as could be found anywhere; but twelve days of bleeding and suffering of the worst kind had altered him until he looked twice his age. I told him I had come to stay with him, and when he was able we would talk over old times and home; so, hanging my coat on the bedpost and drawing off my wet boots, I sat down before the fire. For the first time since I left home I had time to meditate. I had found the boy alive, but that was all.

My other erring brother was not many miles off, for shortly after the Major was brought to this very house I was now in some rebel troops came up and took prisoners all that were in it, excepting my brother Frank and a comrade who escaped by a little strategy. Among the rebels was a Captain of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, the same regiment to which my brother Charlie belonged. Mrs. Manson, the lady of the house, sent word by this Captain to Charlie that his brother was in a dying condition in her house, but before he had time to respond to the call, our troops were in possession again of the house, and this prevented a meeting of the brothers who were fighting against each other—the one for the cause of liberty and the preservation of the Union, the other for a cursed aristocracy Poor, blind, misguided man! May he soon leave a hopeless and wicked cause, and by some means retrieve his acts!

I sent the nurse to bed, after getting directions what to do. Frank wanted to talk, but I would stop him, and every now and then he would ask for water. Two full canteens were kept hanging at the head of the bed, and inserting a rubber tube in the canteen he would take the other end in his mouth and drink, although every swallow was a painful one. He now commenced to doze, and when half asleep would dream and be delirious. Sometimes he would imagine himself in camp with his old comrades down in Huntsville, Ala., and then he seemed happy. To stop his talking, which was injurious, I would have to speak to him, and, knowing my voice, he would be quiet for a while. Sometimes he would imagine himself on the field where he fell, and would give orders again. He was talking to his brave cavalry leader, General Stanley, whom it was plain to see he had learned to love; and thus, until 3 o'clock Sunday morning, he kept on, when, thinking he was worse, I awoke his comrade, John Skillen, who was his nurse at present, and told him I thought he was more delirious than when I came in, and that he, knowing his case, had better take charge, which he did. Through the night I had written a long letter home, encouraging them there, for now that my hopes were raised, I thought he would get well. Folding the letter up I put it in my pocket to send the next day, and lay down beside the sick soldier, who occupied the other bed.

About 6 o'clock I got up, and Mr. Skillen told me that he had

not been so well for the past three hours, but that he would no doubt soon rally. I did not fear anything immediately, as I knew from experience that the hours from 2 A.M. until daylight are the hardest on sick persons. So, after speaking to him occasionally, I went downstairs to breakfast. We were seated but a few moments, and I was just putting my cup of coffee to my lips, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned round and met the gaze of Dr. Manson, who said: "You had better come upstairs, your brother is dying." For the first time I felt crushed. Just after I had left his bedside he turned to his faithful comrade, Skillen, and said: "John, I am going now." Mr. Skillen called the doctor, who found it too true, and came at once for me. I was soon at his side, and reaching out his hand to me he grasped mine and said in a calm, clear voice: "Will, I am dying. Say good-bye for me to all at home." Completely unmanned, I was like a little child. He threw his arms around my neck, and kissing me, said: "Cheer up, Will! Don't cry! Cheer up! Tell Charlie I died like a man." I said: "Frank, are you afraid to die?" A sweet smile spread over his face, and with a firm voice he said, "No, sir," in a tone that made all feel it deeply.

The same self-possession that was his in private life, that attended him on the battlefield when he felt he was mortally wounded, attended him now in his dying hour Every other person in that room was overcome. He bade each of his comrades good-bye, as though he were going away on a visit, and seeing old Martin, the faithful slave who had nursed him, he held out his hand and, taking Martin's, said: "Good-bye, Martin;" then bade the doctor and his family farewell. In a few moments he rallied a little and, folding his hands on his breast, he said: "Our Father, who are in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen." While everyone in that room joined in that beautiful prayer, his voice alone could be heard, and this too while suffering intensely Internal hemorrhage had set in. He asked me to sing, but I was so powerless I could not, and he began to the tune of "Old Hundred," and sang:

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high!
And as Thy glory fills the sky
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed."

His calmness and resignation overcame everyone in the room. His song seemed like the song of the dying swan, strong in death. Shortly afterward he released his arms from about my neck, and his lower limbs were then icy cold. Beckoning to Lieutenant McClure, who was on the other side of him, he said: "Straighten my legs." His knees had been drawn up in bed and he had not power to straighten them out. He made a motion for us to get away from before him; he wanted air and light. So drawing the curtains and hoisting the window, a stream of strong sunlight beamed in on his suffering form, and lingering thus for nearly half an hour, between life and death, we hardly knew when he ceased to breathe, until Captain Smith took down a little round shaving glass, and holding it to his lips it showed no moisture. Thus he died—another victim to the plots of the disunionists.

We were far away from home, in the enemy's country and in the house of a secessionist, but how beautifully was Christ's command, "love your enemy," here obeyed; for if Frank had been their own son the doctor and his wife could not have used him more kindly. I asked Lieutenant McClure to ride to Nashville and, if possible, to procure one of the coffins I had sold two days before, and also to telegraph his death home. The doctor and the soldiers who were present told me to go down to rest and they would do all that was necessary for the body. I went out in front of the house and found a man putting the horses in the ambulance and preparing it for the body. Looking out on the road I saw four men approaching at full gallop. In a few minutes they were at the gate, and I recognized Lieutenant Maple, of General Rosecrans' bodyguard, and three of his men—all old comrades of the Major. When I told them that he had died only twenty minutes previously, the eyes of every man of them filled with tears. Dismounting, they entered the house to take a farewell look at their old comrade. While they were upstairs I called the doctor aside. As he attended Frank as physician, I fully expected a bill for professional services as well as for the bed, which was ruined. I asked him what I owed him. "Nothing," was the reply. I could hardly believe it, but he would accept no compensation. Hunting up old Martin, the kind, faithful nurse, I made him a present, and then was ready to leave.

In a short time they brought the body down, dressed only in drawers and shirt; everything else was gone. I would not wait to make a box, so, wrapping a blanket around him, after binding the jaw and limbs, they put him in the ambulance. I felt a repugnance to riding in the ambulance, so John Skillen told me to take his horse and he would ride in my place. When mounted Lieutenant Maple proposed that I should ride over the ground where he fell, and then go to Rosecrans' headquarters, to which I gladly assented, and we started off at full gallop. In a short time we were on ground that told of severe fighting, and after wandering over field after field, and seeing corpses that had lain unburied for ten days, we came to the spot where the brave Andersons made their fearful charge. The men first recognized the spot by the black horse Major Rosengarten rode. This horse had been in service since General Buell first took command in 1861. He belonged to Captain Palmer, the founder of the original Anderson Troop, and the present Anderson Cavalry. Major Rosengarten rode him in the fight, and the horse was killed first, he afterward. "Here's the spot! Here's old Zollicoffer" (the horse). Sure enough, every man knew him. Just beside was a tree that a shell had pierced, and someone, cutting a smooth surface, had put Rosengarten's name there, with the date of his death. The ground seemed to be sacred. Here my two brothers had met, not to know each other, for the last time on earth. After picking up some relics we rode over some more of the field and proceeded on to Murfreesboro.

While fording Stone River I noticed hundreds of brick chimneys standing, and asked Lieutenant Maple if that was the ruins of Murfreesboro. He laughed and said: "No; they are the chimneys the rebels had in their tents. They did not intend leaving here, and consequently made themselves comfortable." Murfreesboro was soon in sight. We were soon at Rosecrans' headquarters, a nice-looking, well-furnished, two-story house. John Morgan, the bandit, had taken to himself a wife two weeks before the fight, and this was the house, fitted up for the bride and groom. Sending in my card, I was soon in the room with General Rosecrans and staff. He shook me cordially by the hand and expressed such deep sympathy for the loss of my brother and spoke so highly of his heroic conduct, that I felt that my sorrow had

something to lighten it. Sitting down by my side, he conversed with me on the affairs of my brother's Regiment, frequently alluding to "the gallant conduct of the two Majors—the noble Rosengarten and Ward," as he styled them, "whose heroic conduct would long be cherished by their companions in arms." He several times referred to the noble example they set by leading their comrades as they had done—an example which was not lost, for after they fell, their comrades fought equally well. Every man of those 300 fought as though all depended on him.

Their commanding officer, Colonel Palmer, was a prisoner in Castle Thunder. Their Lieutenant-Colonel was low on a sick bed. Their Majors, who led them, both shot, and still they fought like heroes. General Rosecrans sent messages to Frank's parents, and after bidding him good-bye, I rode with Lieutenant Maple to the headquarters of the General's bodyguard.

After supper, finding it would not be safe to ride to Nashville that night, I turned into a comfortable bed, which the boys made for me on the floor. About 10 o'clock I heard quite a stir, and rising I found that an orderly from General Rosecrans had come for a detail of his bodyguard, for the purpose of sending a new countersign to the whole army. As near as I could learn, the countersign in use had got into possession of someone in whom the General had not the utmost confidence; and now, in the darkness of night, these men started to headquarters, from there to proceed to the different divisions as directed. The detail had left but a short time when a bright light shone through the window, and on going to the door we found that the next house to us, about forty yards off, was on fire. It was set on fire and was the eighth house burnt in Murfreesboro that night. Many were the speculations as to who did it. Some said it was the East Tennessee boys, as they swore revenge; others thought it was some scoundrels doing it for pure devilment; while others thought it was done by secessionists as signals to their friends. As some spies had been arrested and brought in that day, it did not seem unlikely. Some of our men got on the roof to keep the sparks off, and after the house had fallen in, we all turned into our blankets and were soon asleep again. How comfortably one can lie down to sleep when a strong military guard is posted around the house!

Feeling very sore and not able to ride horseback to Nashville, I had made arrangements to ride in the military mail, and left instructions to call me early; so about 5 o'clock I was awakened, and found Lieutenant Maple had made me a cup of coffee and fried some bacon, determined that I should not go away empty. After breakfast I started off with one of his men who was to accompany me up to the post. The moon was shining brightly, and riding out of the gate we struck through a patch of woods for a short cut, when, after going a short distance, we were stopped by a clear voice singing out: "Halt! who goes there?" "A friend." "Advance and give the countersign!" "I don't need a countersign," said my companion, who appeared used to such things. "I am one of General Rosecrans' bodyguard, and go where I please." "Not at present, I guess. If you can't give the countersign, you can go to headquarters of the guard." My guide tried to bluff him off, but it would not do. The guard called some of his men and sent us under a file of loaded rifles to the headquarters of the Captain of the pickets. He was a Pennsylvanian, of the Seventy-eighth. I produced my pass and papers showing my errand—the taking home of my brother's body. My papers were fortunately of a very high order, and after a closer examination than I had hitherto undergone I was allowed to proceed. We soon arrived at the post office, and after waiting about an hour, the mail wagons—two army wagons without springs, and drawn by four horses each—made their appearance.

Bidding my guide good-bye and delivering the horse to him, I got into the first wagon. There were the mail agent, the driver, myself and something that looked like a woman, for she was dressed in a wrapper Her hair was cut short like a man's, and her features were very coarse. She was a spy—a woman who had been captured in men's clothes and was being sent to Nashville. Fixing her a comfortable seat on the mail bags, I made myself snug, and we soon started. After fording Stone River we took the pike, which, fortunately, was pretty clear of wagon trains. Shortly after we passed Lavergne some rebel cavalry appeared in the road, but we were not aware of it until we were safe in Nashville. There were only about twenty-five of them, and they did not succeed in doing any damage. We had a pleasant ride,

except the losing of a linchpin and the wheel coming off, which detained us for a short time.

Arriving at Nashville, at noon, I went at once to the undertaker s and found my brother's body in the coffin I had at first sent for him. Lieutenant McClure had ridden back, after Frank's death, in less than four hours and secured the same coffin that I had sold when I heard that he was recovering. His comrades had shaven him and put on a clean linen shirt and collar, so that he looked much more like himself than when he died. After giving orders for the shipment of the coffin, I went, in company with some friends, to the levee, to see about going to Louisville by boat. We found the "Parthenia" advertised to leave positively the next morning at 7 I asked the Captain how long he would be in going around to Louisville. "Five days," was the answer. Having had some experience in that line myself I knew that five days meant at least seven, and although I needed rest, I determined to take the railroad, and wagon where that was gone. That boat never reached Louisville. She was attacked and burned by the rebels on the same day she left. We went from the levee to camp, where I again stayed all night. How different was this evening from that of the 9th, when we were all in high spirits at the prospects of the Major's recovery! I saw all of my friends, and after bidding them good-bye, retired. I was awakened early and had a cup of coffee.

Although I was not a novice in camp life, yet I had never made coffee without a mill to first grind it in, but I learned that morning how it was done. One of the men took a clean, coarse towel, and putting the coffee into it, drew it through his hand until the coffee in the towel was in a little bag, quite tight. Laying this down on a piece of cord wood, he proceeded to beat it with a stick, until it was ground quite fine, and better coffee I never drank. We walked into town to the depot, where I found my brother's body as well as that of Colonel Housen, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, which I had agreed to take home to his friends. The cars were so crowded that they put on a cattle car without cleaning it, for the accommodation of passengers. Seeing the coffins put on safely, I took my seat in this car, and was soon leaving Nashville at the rate of twenty miles an hour. We arrived at Elizabethtown at 4 P.M. The depot and bridge having

been burned, we stopped about a mile out of town, where a number of wagons were waiting to take passengers to different houses to stop over night. I soon made a bargain for myself and charge, but it was dark before we got them out of the cars and into the wagons. It was raining and we had to get them up a steep bank. It was a rough, ugly job—the coffins were metallic—but willing hearts and hands accomplished it.

While we were looking after the dead, the other passengers had been making arrangements for the night, and in the confusion a fight had occurred between two men who lived in the neighborhood. They were allowed to fight it out until one cried "enough!" Judging from his appearance, I should certainly say he had had enough. His eyes were closed and his face covered with blood. We rode about a mile and pulled up before quite a substantial-looking farmhouse. We laid boards over the coffins to protect them as much as possible from the rain, and hurrying into the house were soon before a comfortable fire. The host was a well-to-do farmer named Kurtz. Part of the house was one of the first forts built in Kentucky when Daniel Boone and other early settlers had to protect themselves from Indians. On the same ground that Boone and these brave pioneers had to defend themselves, stockades are now built to keep off a foe almost as destructive as the Indians. There were seventeen of us who stopped at this house. We could not all be accommodated with supper at once, and while those at the first table were putting themselves outside of corn bread, etc., the rest of us were entertained before a good fire by our host, who gave us a history of their present troubles. It seemed as if those at the table were a long time getting enough to eat, but when our turn came I ceased to wonder I took my seat next to the hostess, who poured the coffee and sent it around by the little darkies in white bibs. We had roast turkey, stewed chicken, and a dish of stuffing, which was served up like mashed potatoes. The cooking was excellent. The conversation turned on Morgan, and as this was one of the points on the railroad where he had done the most damage, there were many anecdotes of interest. Our hostess told, with a good deal of animation, her experience with one of Morgan's gang.

Said she: "We had a horse that looked first-rate, but wasn't

good for anything much, for after going a few hundred yards he would fall down on his knees. Well, he was standing hitched up right in front of the door, when one of Morgan's fellers rode up on a first-rate bay horse, but he was played out. You see when they get near a settlement Morgan gets some of his fellers that's smartish about horses, and takes all the horses in the command that are used up, and puts these fellers on 'em, and they ride to wherever there is any good stock, get the best, and then leave the used-up stock in place. That's how he rides, so he's always got good stock. Well, you see when we heard that Morgan was going to take the town we sent all the stock but this poor horse down to my son's, who lives kinder out of the way. Well, this feller of Morgan s rode up and very politely asked me to exchange horses. I refused and made a great deal of fuss about it, but all the time I was wanting him to take the old horse away, for I liked his one. Well, he stripped the riggin' off his animal and soon had it all on mine, and he might have got into town without finding out he was fooled if it had not a' been for one of them little niggers, who began grinning and hollered: 'I say, Mister, you'll get your head broke, you will; he falls on his knees,' and he had a practical illustration of it, for, putting spurs to him, he started off at a trot, but did not go far till he came down on his knees. He turned round, and coming back to the house, put the fixin's on his own horse and left."

I was among those who were fortunate enough to have arranged for a bed. About half of the party slept on the floor, but all slept soundly. We were called before daylight for breakfast, which was as good as the supper. It still rained hard with no prospect of stopping very soon. The old farmer and his darkies were hitching up. The first wagon had four horses and was full of seats, and carried fourteen persons. The next one had three horses. There were two coffins in it—one of a young soldier named Piper, and the other of Colonel Housen. The last wagon had my brother's coffin in it, and was drawn by two poor-looking horses, but much better than they looked. After we got through Elizabethtown we met a great many teams of all descriptions, hurrying along to Colesburg. The road was an awful one. About four miles of it lay in a ravine, and the rains had raised what was only a little run to quite a respectable creek. It was rough, rock

bottom, and I feared a breakdown. The darkies who drove the wagons with the coffins were very careful, and drove slowly but surely. We came upon a large spring wagon that was hauling passengers. The rough road had been too much for it, and the spokes had said "good-bye" to the felloes, and the passengers were now footing it. Fortunately they had only a mile to walk. We took their baggage in our wagon and were soon at Colesburg Station, which consists of one house, all else having been burned. Here all was confusion—the ground full of teams; the rain pouring down in torrents; passengers going east hurrying their baggage from wagons to cars; passengers going west hurrying from cars to wagons. Getting help I soon had the coffins safe in the baggage car, in which I was also obliged to ride, although quite sick from my drenching and nausea. We reached Louisville in safety at 2 P.M., whence I shipped the coffins by Adams Express and felt greatly relieved. After getting dinner and drying my clothes, I went to see Joe McCann, an intimate friend of both Charlie and Frank, and stayed with him until it was time to take the omnibus for Jeffersonville.

It began to snow as we left Louisville on the 14th, and before I reached home we met snow thirteen inches deep at Crestline. We arrived in Pittsburg on the 16th, just eleven hours behind time. I expected the bodies by the next train, but they did not arrive, and on telegraphing to Cincinnati I learned that they had not arrived there yet. They finally reached here on Monday evening, the 19th. We opened, at the depot, the rough box and took out the metallic coffin. On removing the covering from the glass plate I found that Frank looked even more natural than when first put in the coffin. While in the snowstorm the body was no doubt frozen and had that appearance. We put the coffin in the hearse and took him home, but how unlike the return for which we had hoped!

We buried him the next day, in the afternoon. It was a rainy, sleeting day, horrible under foot. The military turned out, and the first notes of the "Dead March" from a full band made us more mournfully realize than before that we had seen him for the last time on earth. When about half way to the cemetery we passed the railroad depot where Frank was employed at the breaking out of the war. The flag was at half-mast, and quite a

procession of the workmen who knew him, and had worked there under him, joined the cortege at this point, and notwithstanding the dreadful weather, walked the whole distance. These men had left their work to show their respect for him, and it was a tribute that his friends appreciated more than any other shown his memory. The ceremonies at the grave were, like all other military funerals when well conducted, very impressive. The last salute, fired after we got back to the carriages, told us that all was now over.

Frank Biddle Ward was born December 1, 1842, in Pittsburg, Pa. From school he went into the employ of Clark & Company, the great railroad shippers, where he had been about three years. When the war broke out, he enlisted immediately as a private in the Duquesne Grays, Captain Kennedy, for the three months' service. At the end of that time he re-enlisted as private in the Anderson Troop, better known as Buell's Bodyguard, in which he soon became Orderly Sergeant. When the troop was raised to a Regiment, he was promoted to a Captaincy and afterward to Junior Major He was mortally wounded at the battle of Stone River, December 29, 1862, and died January 11, 1863, as true and gallant a soldier as ever rode to death.

Requiescat in pace!

AT NASHVILLE.

JOHN M. DAVIS, COMPANY B, PHILADELPHIA.

THE peculiar circumstances surrounding the organization of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry furnished some occasion for discontent. Enlistments were made under assurances that the Regiment was to be used as a bodyguard and for special service as orderlies and couriers, though just what sort of service this term implied was by no means clear to any member of the Regiment. These assurances, however, by the acting officers, who were non-commissioned officers and privates of the Anderson Troop detailed by General Buell under charge of Capt. W J. Palmer, were offered as a special inducement to enlist in a Regiment to be under the immediate eye and direction of the Commanding General of the Department.

It was unfortunate that so much emphasis was placed upon this inducement by the recruiting officers. Governor Curtin subsequently remarked that it was bad policy to take 1000 young men out of the State, each of whom presumably possessed the requisite qualifications to be a commissioned officer, and put them into one Regiment. It was with this understanding of special headquarter service that all enlistments were made.

The Regiment arrived at Nashville with former non-commissioned officers and privates of the original Anderson Troop temporarily in command. Captain Palmer was detained in Richmond, having been captured during the battle of Antietam. The chronic unrest which sometimes breaks out among volunteers manifested itself, and the Regiment, animated with a patriotic and warlike spirit, looked on its arrival at Nashville to its promised assignment to special headquarters duty. When it arrived there, December 24th, General Rosecrans, who had only recently superseded General Buell, was busily engaged with his plans for the movement of his army toward Murfreesboro, and the Regiment was ordered to the front on December 26th.

Immediately a spirit of "wanting to know" what they were to do, whether the specific understanding given at enlistment was to be observed and respected, manifested itself. The boys were totally unaware of the military situation or of the purpose of the rebel commander to make a stand at Stone River and fight. They merely knew they had arrived at the place where they were to be fully officered and assigned to special duty under the Commanding General. The regimental officers, knowing of the promises made to the Regiment and knowing the discontent existing, did nothing to reassure the men of the Regiment or calm its restive spirits.

The organization of the Regiment had been ordered by General Buell, not by General Rosecrans, and General Rosecrans was probably unaware of the special conditions under which the Regiment had been enlisted. A portion of the men conceived they had been deceived and misled by false assurances, and when the Regiment was ordered forward the crisis came. Captain Palmer was not there to say, "It's all right, boys; come on!" Had he been there he would probably have expressed such a sentiment, and the boys would have followed, but there was no one among the commissioned officers to speak the right word at this critical hour. The boys wanted the word spoken. Most of them were eager for battle. They were patriotic and wanted to distinguish themselves and make a proud record for their Regiment—a Regiment of men, as Governor Curtin said, "each of whom was fit to be an officer;" and the Governor was not far wrong, in the opinion of not a few military men who followed the course of the Regiment in its later glorious career.

A division of sentiment arose when the order to march was received. The order was discussed from tent to tent and Company to Company, and the outcome was that when the forward movement began a large part of the Regiment remained behind, waiting for some assurance from someone that they were to be assigned to specific duty, whatever that line of duty was. A day or two later about one-half of the remainder, under the command of Captain Atkinson, Assistant Adjutant General on staff of Brigadier-General Smith, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, Tenth Illinois Volunteers, marched forward. Meanwhile all the officers, except Lieut. Geo. S. Fobes, Quartermaster, and a detail to guard the

camp property, had gone forward, leaving the remainder of the Regiment without officers—an unfortunate matter.

Had one or a few officers remained with the boys, had they told them a battle was imminent, the result probably would have been that every man of them would have seized his carbine and belt and marched to the front. Two-thirds of the Regiment in two detachments—the first, under the command of Majors Ward and Rosengarten—did so; the second, under the command of Captain Atkinson and Colonel Wood, as stated. The remaining one-third being without officers, or a calm word of encouragement or assurance, were provided with temporary quarters in a large building, then known as the "smokehouse," where they were provided with rations until the affairs of the Regiment could be straightened out.

The boys, for boys they were, were not yet soldiers. They had been gathered from farms, countingrooms and colleges in July, August and September, and after drilling at Carlisle and participating in the battle of Antietam were hurried to Louisville, where they were mounted, and then took their long, weary ride through Kentucky and Tennessee without their regimental commander. Had the Regiment not been composed of 1000 men "fit to be officers," possibly the spirit of "wanting to know" might not have developed into a refusal of one-third to march until told a battle was being fought and of the remaining third to not march at all.

It was an unfortunate incident, but it was not cowardice that animated them. They were brave, and proved their bravery in many an hour of peril. Alone and unsupported, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry during the remaining thirty months of enlistment rode through Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, within the enemy's lines, most of the time scouting and fighting and acting as the eyes and ears of the Commanding General, who never in his long subsequent life ceased to speak in the highest terms of eulogy of the valiant, fighting Fifteenth.

After the battle of Stone River the two detachments, constituting about two-thirds of the Regiment, returned to the vicinity of Nashville. In February, 1863, Colonel Palmer, released from imprisonment, returned and took command, and removed the entire Regiment to Camp Garesche, near Murfreesboro, where reorganization followed, and when the Regiment was mounted and

entered upon the career of activity and independent scouting in which it earned a name and fame that made it known throughout the Army of the Cumberland for bravery, fearlessness and for its achievements along the front and flanks of the Army of the Cumberland.

A CLOSE CALL.

CORP. DARWIN E. PHELPS, COMPANY G, SPOKANE, WASH.

AFTER the battle of Stone River the Murfreesboro road became so cut up, from the heavy hauling of army supplies, as to render it almost impassable in places. Something had to be done to keep the line open.

I was relieved from acting as courier for General Mitchell, Post headquarters, Nashville. Comrade N. G. Pinney was with me, and we were both ordered to report to Capt. Harry Bruner, Chief Wagonmaster of the city. The Captain sent me down to the wharf at night to look after the teamsters engaged in hauling sanitary stores, they being in the habit of falling asleep and neglecting their duty. After having been thus employed for a few nights I was sent out on the Murfreesboro road to take charge of the repairs from Nashville to Lavergne. I had some thirty mule teams and forty negroes. A detachment of the Eighty-fifth Illinois Infantry was sent along to protect us, as it was death to any Yankee soldier captured working negroes, especially on the public roads. There was nothing more aggravating to a rebel than that our repairs were made by taking the rails from the fences along the route and laying them crosswise on the road; this made the bed good and solid. Where rails were scarce we cut down the cedar trees and used them in the same way. This, with earth shoveled over it, made a good road, although a little rough, hardly suitable for fast trotting.

About this time Pinney joined me, and I was glad to have him, for at night it was quite lonely camping in the cedars by myself. I camped near the darkies, as I wanted to be where I could keep an eye on them, as they were liable to stampede at any time, so terribly afraid were they of the rebels. Outside of that they seemed perfectly happy and contented.

One night I was awakened by the strangest sound. After listening some time, I made out that the darkies were having some sort

of a dance. From where I was it sounded not unlike the beating of a pheasant, only much louder. I decided to go and see what was up. I soon came to where they were congregated; every darkey was on hand. They had formed a large circle, with one of their number in the center—a darkey who was supposed to represent a sheep. All the darkies composing the circle kept up a constant thumping on the ground with the right foot, at the same time patting the knee with the hands. This made the queer sound I had heard. After this had been kept up for some time, a big buck sang out, in a deep bass voice, "Along come de wolf." The darkey inside the circle let a bellow out of him that sounded like the bleating of an old sheep and darted around the circle, as though frightened and trying to escape. Then there would be a rush, and in the confusion yells and laughter followed. I couldn't tell or see what became of the poor sheep, but after things got straightened out again and they were all in their places, there was a new sheep, and the fun would continue as before. After looking on for a time I became tired and slipped off to my blanket at the foot of a tree, and was soon fast asleep once more. I can't say how long they kept it up, but they seemed to enjoy it immensely.

At the time I was sent out to fix the road the Captain loaned me one of his favorite horses, a fine animal. I found one morning, when I went to clean her, that she had a cut on her back right under where the saddle pressed. I found, on further examination, that a tack in the seat was what had done the mischief. I decided to take her in at once before the wound became inflamed. I started in that evening. The Captain received me kindly and gave me another horse. He also furnished me with a lot of provisions and two Irishmen, armed with guns, to help boss the work and watch the darkies. He also sent a man with a light wagon to haul the two men and the provisions, our camp being then about five miles outside the pickets. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The weather was perfect.

We got along without incident until within about one-half mile of our destination, when one of the men, who had been walking ahead a little distance, came back terribly excited. He had got out of the wagon and was walking a short distance in front when, happening to look down into the ravine, he saw a man dodging from tree to tree. He called to me, "Look there! look there!" I

could see the man plainly, as the moonlight made objects quite distinct. I said, "Try him a shot." He fired, but the skulker got behind a large tree. We paid no more attention to him and continued on our way. I was satisfied that he was a bushwhacker. Almost immediately after three shots were heard in the direction of camp. The man who had charge of the wagon had become very much frightened by this time, so much so as to be of little use to us, and I concluded it was best to send him back with the team and the provisions. After distributing them around we found we could manage, so I told him he might go. He didn't wait for a second bidding. We could hear the rattle of the wagon far in the distance. One of the pickets who had been on post that night said they could hear him coming long before he arrived, and thought something serious had happened. They thought he was the worse scared man they had seen for quite a while.

We were within about half a mile of camp; the road led down into a dark ravine, where the cedars grew thickly, and after hearing the three shots I felt certain we would be attacked in the hollow. The two Irishmen behaved like old soldiers. We started ahead and were unmolested, arriving in camp in good time. I was curious to know what caused the firing we had heard, and was told that three mounted men had ridden up almost to the picket, posted on the ridge back of the camp, and fired three shots into the house occupied by the Colonel as his quarters. The picket snapped his gun at one of them twice, but it failed to go off, much to his chagrin. He said he couldn't possibly have missed, as they were so close. He was satisfied, by the way they acted, that they heard the snapping of his gun, and that was what caused them to leave in such a hurry.

Comrade Pinney was anxious to join me, so I wrote a note to the Captain, asking him if he would let Pinney come out. I was much pleased the next day to see Pinney coming into camp, mounted on a good horse. We were glad to meet once more and it helped to pass the time.

About a week after this the following incident occurred: Not far from where we were at work there stood a small cottage, set back from the roadside, with a clump of cedars close up to the rear. There were also a few trees standing around the front. We never saw anyone around or about this house excepting one man,

who seemed to be the sole occupant. Pinney was always quick at picking up acquaintances, and it was not long after his arrival that he and the proprietor were on speaking terms, which finally led to an invitation being extended to Pinney and myself to come over the next day and have dinner. At the same time the gentleman said he would like to treat us nice while in his neighborhood, and that he would have a couple of young lady friends on hand to help make the time pass pleasantly. Pinney informed me of all this, and, after thinking the matter over, we finally concluded to go, although with many misgivings.

I couldn't quite see how that fellow could have much love for us, engaged as we were every day tearing down his fences, converting his splendid cedar rails into roadbed and cutting down what little timber he had on his place, but we concluded to take the chances. We took the precaution of fully arming ourselves before going. We were not long getting to the residence of our friend, after mounting our horses, as the distance from the camp was short. We rode into the yard and tied our horses to one of the trees, and then proceeded to the door and knocked. The man appeared at once and invited us in.

My suspicions were aroused, the moment we entered the room, at finding seated there what I took to be a rebel Captain. He had a paper and pretended to be engaged in reading. He looked up and nodded. He was dressed in a smart-fitting butternut-brown suit, with pants inside his boots, and was rather goodlooking and well built. I forgot to notice whether or not he wore spurs, but he filled completely the bill for a regulation rebel officer. I felt satisfied that we were in a bad box. Our host didn't offer to introduce us, but led the way into the next room, where we found a table capable of seating about fifteen. There were at least that many plates on it. I was seated with my back to the door by which we had entered, Pinney was placed at my right, near the end of the table, while the man took his seat at the end. On a line with us was a door opening onto a small porch that led, as I supposed, to the kitchen and back part of the house. It was from this direction that I expected the attack would be made.

A girl took her seat directly opposite me and commenced waiting on us. She was black-eyed, cross-eyed and homely. She seemed slightly nervous, while at the same time trying to appear

calm. The man and the girl with Pinney and myself were all that sat down at the table. As soon as we were seated the girl commenced handing things to us. She seemed to want to keep us as busy as possible, and no sooner had she served us with one thing than she followed it quickly with another. All at once, Pinney, who could see the road from where he sat, through a small window, exclaimed, "Oh, look at the big drove of cattle!" Our host had his head down, seemingly very busy eating, but when Pinney spoke he seemed startled, jumped right up, at the same time saying, "A drove of cattle coming? excuse me, gentlemen, a moment," and started right out of the house over the little porch and in the direction of the kitchen or the cedars which grew close up. Pinney and I, seeing our chance, arose immediately, and leaving the lovely lady alone at the table went through the room by which we had entered. There was no rebel Captain there; he had vanished. We mounted our horses and away for camp. As soon as we reached there we called on the Colonel and told him of our adventure. He was angry with us for not having let him know, "for," said he, "there isn't a particle of doubt that the rebels were there, and I could easily have thrown a detachment around to the rear and captured the whole gang. You have had a narrow escape, young men; a narrow escape."

If they had attacked us, as they certainly intended, we would have given them as good a fight as possible. We had no intention of allowing them to capture us alive. The coming of the cattle undoubtedly saved us, as they always had a heavy guard with them, and any disturbance at the house would have attracted attention at once. Our being heavily armed was also a surprise they were not looking for. I have no recollection of seeing our friend or anyone else about the house after that. I think it had been used by bushwhackers as a sort of rendezvous for watching the road. It was but a short time afterward that we were recalled to the Regiment, the Colonel having sent word for all of us to rejoin him at Murfreesboro, where he had established a camp.

REORGANIZATION AND MIDDLE TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

LIEUT.-COL. CHAS. M. BETTS, PHILADELPHIA.

COLONEL PALMER returned from captivity February 7, 1863, and at once commenced a reorganization of the Regiment. On the 14th a portion of the command was sent forward from Nashville to the new camp on Lebanon pike, near Murfreesboro. It was named Camp Garesche. Instead of the former organization of ten companies, twelve were now formed, the members of the old companies being scattered throughout the new organization. Those in Nashville were sent forward in detachments of about seventy during March and assigned to various companies.

March 1st.—Colonel Palmer had the command drawn up in line after tattoo, and announced the appointment of officers for the various companies made by General Rosecrans, under authority of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. These officers were mainly from the old Troop (as we called it), and several of them had been serving in the same capacity since our enlistment. Captain Betts, Company F, was the senior Captain of those appointed from the Regiment proper. On the 3d, Company organizations were completed by the appointment of the non-commissioned officers, and on the 7th Lieut.-Col. Chas. B. Lamborn, having been commissioned, reported for duty. On the 11th of the month cavalry equipments were issued and 194 good horses arrived from Nashville for our use. Soon afterward mounted drill was taken up. On the 13th the command was paid up to December 31, 1862. The balance of March was taken up with drills (mounted and dismounted).

All the available mounted force of the Regiment, about 300 in number, left camp about noon on April 3d for a five days' scout with Gen. John M. Palmer's division of infantry and artillery, in the direction of Woodbury We arrived at Readyville at 4 P.M., and encamped there for the night.

The next morning at sunrise we marched in rear of infantry and artillery until Woodbury was reached, where our command was put in advance. About four miles beyond the command encountered a body of some 300 rebel cavalry, driving them four miles, when they made a stand, and a brisk skirmish was kept up for half an hour. The enemy fell back, and we were not allowed to follow them up, but remained in line as skirmishers until 4 P.M., when we returned to Woodbury and bivouacked about a mile beyond the town.

On the 5th we took up the line of march, at sunrise, toward McMinnville, on a byroad through the Short Mountains. The scenery en route was grand. After a twelve-mile march we neared a small town called Half Acre, where we captured an enrolling officer and eight or ten rebel soldiers, besides twenty-six boxes of tobacco and a number of horses. Stone River was followed to its source in the mountains. We returned to Woodbury about dark and occupied the same place as night previous.

April 6, 1863.—Colonel Palmer with Captain Lashell's battalion went on a scout, and the balance of our command accompanied General Palmer with two infantry regiments to the mountains—Companies E and F—under Captain Betts in advance. The command rescued four conscripts who had been in concealment for five months. About 8 P.M. we returned to our previous bivouac. The following morning at 9 started for Bradyville, marched six miles, when we came across some rebel pickets, charging them for two miles, capturing four. Then marched to the mountains, on top of which was an extensive tract of table-land, known as the "Barrens." At this place met a company of rebel cavalry, and, after a chase of three miles on the full run, captured eight. Returning, captured two more. We arrived at Bradyville soon after, marching over roads almost impassable, by single file, thence to Readyville, where we found our wagons, with blankets and provisions. The next day returned to our camp at Murfreesboro, where we found that over 300 new horses had arrived from Nashville. Private Woodwell, of Company F, was shot through the leg by a bullet from Hunter's carbine, which was discharged when the latter was thrown from his horse.

On Sunday afternoon, April 10th, our command was reviewed by Major-General Rosecrans, and everything passed off very

creditably The General remarked, "Boys, I have been waiting for you for some time, and I see you are nearly ready for me." When opposite Company F he remarked to Colonel Palmer, "Colonel, these fellows don't appear to have much white in their eyes." When passing in the rear of Company I he made the remark, "I have heard that with a Pennsylvania-Dutchman it is first his horse and then his wife; but I never believed it until now." On the 11th Private W. A. Heffley, of Company F, died of typhoid fever. He was on the last scout, fell sick on the second day out, and was buried on the 13th, at Union Cemetery, Murfreesboro, with military honors. Private Saml. Gass, saddler, Company F, died on the same date, and his remains were sent to his family, accompanied by Private A. L. Hawkins, of Company I. This is the same soldier who, in the war with Spain in 1898, took the Regiment he commanded, the Tenth Pennsylvania, to Manila, and participated in many of the engagements there. When taken sick and ordered home he refused to go, and said, "He would go home with the boys." He did go home with the boys, but they took him there in his coffin.

On the 20th, with a brigade of infantry and section of artillery, our command went on a scout toward Stone River, Jefferson, Las Casas and Fall Creek. Considerable picket firing occurred on the night of the 22d. April 23d one battalion of our regiment scouted in the direction of Milton, and in the afternoon reported to General Granger, who had command of a force which left Murfreesboro the day previous with rations for General Reynolds' command. We met them the following day, near Liberty, on their return from a scout to McMinnville, where they had captured 200 rebels, among them Maj. Richard McCann. They had also destroyed two factories, train of cars, depot and bridges.

Colonel Palmer with the other two battalions scouted to Cainsville and Statesville on the 24th, capturing some prisoners, and was joined by the other battalion on the 25th, on the way back to Murfreesboro. The following day we marched to Milton, Cainsville, Beard's Mill, and bivouacked at Stone River, returning to our camp on the 27th.

The command was busily engaged in drilling, target practice, etc., when not on other duty. There was much dissatisfaction among the line officers, mainly owing to their not having received

their commissions from Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and it culminated in the most of those appointed from the old Troop resigning in a body They were relieved from their commands on the 7th of May, by order of the Commanding General. Other officers were appointed to fill the vacancies, ranking as follows—as confirmed by orders issued June 22, 1863

Captains.

1. Chas. M. Betts.
2. Washington Airey.
3. Adam Kramer.
4. Wm. W Dewitt.
5. Wm. P. Rockhill, Jr.
6. Henry McAllister, Jr.
7. William Thompson.
8. Abram B. Garner.
9. Edward Sellers.
10. Geo. S. Clark.
11. William Wagner.

Lieutenants.

1. Geo. S. Fobes, Q. M.
2. Chas. S. Hinchman, Comy.
3. Comly J Mather.
4. Wm. F Colton, Adjutant.
5. Annesley N Morton.
6. Harvey S. Lingle.
7. James H. Lloyd.
8. Charles F Blight.
9. Harry K. Weand.
10. Charles H. Kirk.
11. George W. Hildebrand.
12. Stuart Logan.
13. Frank E. Remont.
14. William M. Field.
15. Anthony Taylor.

On the 21st of May the Regiment was ordered out on a scout, making a circuit of some twelve miles in front of the outer lines of our army, returning the same evening; and the next day all extra clothing was packed in boxes for storage at Nashville until the return of cold weather.

The command moved to a new camping ground on the 26th, called Camp Pennsylvania, on the Salem pike, one and a half miles south of Murfreesboro, where new shelter tents were received.

Orders were received on the evening of June 3d to prepare three days' rations and be ready to move at a moment's notice. Heavy cannonading was heard toward Shelbyville at intervals the next day. The day following the Regiment made a reconnoissance, about five miles to the left of Salem, without meeting the enemy

On June 7th the officers were mustered into the service, after taking the oath of allegiance, and the following day Companies

E and F established a courier line between Murfreesboro and Readville, Company F being relieved the next day by Company D.

Orders were received from department headquarters on the 13th for an escort to a flag of truce under Colonel McKibbin, and Captain Betts' battalion, of four companies, was detailed for this duty. On arrival at our army's outer picket they were halted, and Captain Betts and Lieutenant Kirk, with twenty men, escorted Colonel McKibbin with the flag of truce to the enemy's vedette, two miles beyond, and were allowed to continue one mile farther, where they awaited the arrival of the Confederate detail sent to meet them. This detail consisted of Colonel Webb, Major Dye, Lieutenant Street and two other Lieutenants, with escort, all from the Fifty-first Alabama. The object of this meeting was to deliver the personal effects of Colonel Williams (Confederate), who had been captured inside our lines, tried and shot as a spy at Franklin two days before. After two hours' pleasant chat with "our friends, the enemy," the command returned to camp.

On the afternoon of the 14th we received hurried orders, and in fifteen minutes the Regiment was in the saddle. After ten miles' march toward Nashville, scouted all night through the woods to the left, by lanes and bypaths, looking for a party of seventy guerrillas reported to be in the vicinity, without success, and returned to camp about 5 o'clock next morning.

A forward movement of the army was commenced early on the morning of June 24th. General McCook's corps, on the right, took the Shelbyville pike; General Thomas' corps, in the center, the Manchester pike, and the left, under General Crittenden, moved via Bradyville. Companies B, H and K were detailed at department headquarters as escort to General Rosecrans, commanding, and the remainder of the Regiment was employed for courier duty between the wings of the army, reporting the general topography of the country in advance of the army. This required untiring energy and constant activity both night and day. Companies E and L, under Captain Airey, while carrying dispatches to General Mitchell, at Rover, encountered a large force of the enemy, and by a vigorous charge drove in their pickets, killing two and capturing several, and got safely away—delivering the dispatches to General Mitchell at Versailles. They had only one man wounded in the fight.

As an evidence of the activity displayed on this campaign of six days from Murfreesboro to Tullahoma, the writer finds by his diary that he rode thirty-six miles on the 25th, twenty-eight on the 26th, thirty on the 27th, eighteen on the 29th—an average of twenty-eight miles daily, which probably represents the distances covered by most of the command during the same time.

Heavy skirmishing by the army with artillery occurred at Beech Grove, and Manchester was occupied on the 28th by our forces. Early on the following morning, at 1.30, orders were received from the department headquarters for a reconnoissance on the enemy's left, and Companies D, E, F, G, H and L, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, with one of Rosecrans' staff officers moved forward. After marching eight miles the advance guard, consisting of Adjutant Colton and five men from Company F, struck the enemy's cavalry picket, and according to instructions immediately charged, driving them back on their reserve picket of about fifty mounted men, who were drawn up in line on a slight elevation on the bank of a small stream. Company F, being in the advance, rushed forward with a yell on the reserves, who fired a scattered volley and fled.

Seven prisoners were overtaken and captured by our advance before striking their reserve. The case was kept up to within two miles of Tullahoma by Company F. The commanding officer, being mounted on a gray Kentucky bred, after discharging his two pistols without effect at the fleeing column gave rein to his horse, and when a few were overtaken with an empty pistol he compelled their surrender and turned them over as prisoners to the first of his men who came up. Twice this was done, the distance being greater each time between the pursuer and pursued. On the third heat, after riding on a run for about a mile on a level, wooded road without fences, he noticed a disposition on the part of the rebels to slacken their pace and feel for their guns. Looking back he was surprised to find none of his men in sight. His horse, entering into the spirit of the chase, was only halted by running him into a bank on the roadside. The first man to come up was Private Thos. B. Tucker, with pistol in hand, fully cocked, and while drawing in his reins Tucker involuntarily discharged his piece, the bullet whizzing in very close proximity to the officer s head.

When Companies E and G came up, a line was formed, on the

edge of a clearing, which extended over to the earthworks of the enemy at Tullahoma, and we waited for the attack we knew would come. The "long roll" sounded in the enemy's camps, and soon after a long line of rebel infantry, with one or two guns, came over the breastworks and advanced toward us. On the flanks of this force came a small force of cavalry A few shots only had been fired, when positive orders were received to fall back and join the balance of the command, which was done, and the whole force returned to Manchester, in a great downpour of rain.

[Several years ago, at a meeting of the Pennsylvania Commandery M. O. L. L. at the Union League, Philadelphia, Lieutenant Conaway and the writer met Col. A. C. Ducat, of Chicago, who was on the staff of General Rosecrans during this campaign. He told us he had been awakened about 1 o'clock in the night by the General, who said he was anxious to get information of the enemy's position at Tullahoma. The General ordered him to send the Anderson Cavalry, saying, "That is as many men as I can afford to lose;" so it is possible the command performed a work which was considered more hazardous than any of the officers or men knew of at the time.]

On June 30th Lieutenant Mather, Company F, with twenty men was detailed as guard to a wagon train to Murfreesboro, returning July 7th.

Tullahoma was occupied by our forces about 4 P.M., July 1st, it having been evacuated by the enemy early on the morning of that day. Three large siege guns had been abandoned, two being in the fortifications. There were also tents pitched that were sufficient to accommodate 3000 men. Captain Clark with his company (E) went to Shelbyville that day with dispatches to General Baird, and Company F had established a courier line from General McCook to headquarters of General Rosecrans at Tullahoma. On the 2d, a quantity of rebel shells caught fire and exploded, killing two men and wounding two. Private Biggert, Company D, of our Regiment, was badly wounded in the leg. On the 4th a national salute was fired by two battalions in honor of the day and for the victory at Gettysburg, Pa. Our command was on half rations from July 5th until the 8th, when trains arrived with supplies. On the 14th Company F was detailed at General Johnston's headquarters, and posted vedettes on

all the roads leading out of Tullahoma, and on the 16th Companies I and M arrived in camp from courier duty between Manchester and Murfreesboro.

Company C rejoined the command the following day, and on the 20th Colonel Palmer with Companies C and L, with wagons, moved on to Winchester with department headquarters, being followed the same day by Companies E, I and M, who had returned from Wartrace. About 8 P.M., private Isaac C. Davis, Company F, while a vedette, was shot by bushwhackers, necessitating the amputation of two fingers of his left hand. The command was paid off early in August, and the Company left at Tullahoma rejoined the Regiment on the 9th at Winchester. Several scouts had been made by that portion of the command, on one of which Private Requa, Company L, was killed by guerrillas, August 3d; and a few days after, in an attempt to capture the assassin, we captured a Captain Bean and six others.

August 10th Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, Captain Airey and Lieutenant Remont with several men started for Philadelphia for drafted men, to fill up the ranks of the Regiment, and on the 15th Captain Kramer and a detail arrived from Nashville with 100horses for us. Two days later Colonel Palmer with Companies C, D, E and F, and wagons containing company and regimental property, started for Stevenson, Ala., arriving there on the 19th. The roads on both sides of the Cumberland Mountains were extremely steep and rocky and it took us one and a half hours to lead our horses from the base to the top. We bivouacked on top of the mountains on the 17th, but the wagons did not reach us until the morning of the 18th, and on the same day we made the descent, over a very steep and rocky road. Company F was detailed to "hold back" each wagon as it passed down the worst places, as it was found that the wagon brakes, locked wheels and the two mules at the tongue, all combined, were not sufficient to prevent it from rushing down on the six mules which made up its team. Our train got down safely, and arrived at Stevenson, Ala., and encamped two miles from town, where in a few days the command was reunited.

A short rest was made at this place, while preparations were made to cross the Tennessee River, in our front, and to oust the enemy from Chattanooga, which was the objective point of our campaign.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT OF THE REGIMENT

REV. DAVID CLARK, COMPANY B, MARTINSBURG, IOWA.

IT would be difficult to get together as many people as belonged to the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, gathered from various places throughout the State, without having a good many Christians among them. The Regiment always made the boast of being a "select" company, and it is true that certain qualifications were required of all those whose names were placed upon the roll, but piety was not a condition of membership.

At the time the Regiment was recruited the Government was seeking soldiers, not Christians; yet if a man, in addition to his soldierly qualifications, happened to give evidence of piety, he was not thereby debarred from enrollment. It is not strange, therefore, that a number of Christians should have slipped in unawares —perhaps not enough to leaven the whole lump, but yet a respectable minority, whose influence was not wholly neutralized by the absence of great numbers. Those who delighted in the company of Christians had no occasion to live in solitude; while, on the other hand, men who "cared for none of these things" may have gone through their three years without having consciously met with a single one, for they were not out on dress parade.

Henry Ward Beecher, when speaking of Colonel Ingersoll, once was reported as saying: "When a raven starts out on a foraging expedition he looks for carrion, and carrion only He passes by everything else and goes on and on till his keen eye and keener scent have guided him to the object of his search. So," said he, "when Ingersoll goes to the Bible, he looks for carrion; he has no taste for anything else, and he soon finds, or thinks he finds, that for which he is looking." So is it with everybody. So was it with the boys of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry Each could find what he looked for. True, he might

occasionally stumble across a professing Christian, who didn't have the proper "earmarks," for they could be found in the army as well as at home.

While a part of the Regiment was at Chattanooga, on escort duty, one of the boys became very much interested in the subject of religion, during a protracted meeting conducted by the Chaplain of the post. This man, to use his own language, had become a Christian several times at home, but it "wouldn't stick." He now thought he had discovered the reason. He had never been properly baptized. Rejoicing in the conviction that he had at last found the truth, he went down to the river, in company with many others, and received baptism by immersion. Now in army parlance, this Comrade was an "M.D."—mule driver. After the immersion everything went well as long as the mules did, and the comrade seemed in the enjoyment of unalloyed happiness. But one day, in an unguarded moment, when the mules became obstreperous, he lost control of his temper, the old habit of profanity got the upper hand, and his piety took a greater retrograde movement than did the sun's shadow on the dial of Ahaz. After this slip, knowing that he had publicly disgraced his profession, he was heard to say that "a man couldn't be a Christian and drive mules, too, and he wouldn't try it any longer;" and then, as if all the pent-up oaths of the past few weeks were clamoring for an opportunity to give emphasis to the sentiment, he broke forth into such unrestrained profanity as is seldom heard in this wicked world. The general impression among his acquaintances was that it required a greater power than the waters of the Tennessee River to make his religion "stick." His case was an exception, and while a few others might have been found, their number was much less than that of those who became Christians while in the service.

From the time the boys rendezvoused at Carlisle Barracks till the day they were mustered out of the service there were not wanting instances to show that there were praying men in every company. Perhaps there was seldom a week, under ordinary circumstances, when we were in camp, that there was not a quiet little prayer meeting held.

When Major Ward fell mortally wounded at the battle of Stone River, and was carried back some distance to where the

Surgeon could examine him, he inquired after the nature of the wound, and on being told that it was mortal, he called for someone to pray for him. Now we had no Chaplain, but there were several private soldiers standing nearby, one of whom immediately knelt by the side of the wounded Major, there in the woods and within range of the enemy's guns, and prayed most fervently in his behalf—prayed not as if in his mind prayer was just for cases of emergency, but as if he were in daily communion with the Lord and needed no introduction.

Few formal religious services were held, not because they were not needed, nor because of any apprehension that the boys might not know how to deport themselves at such times; but whatever may have been the reason, both State and military authorities had neglected to make any provision for such services. When the Regiment was in camp at Murfreesboro, Tenn., some of the boys who were interested in the subject, feeling the need of public worship, invited a young comrade who, previous to his enlistment, had been engaged in evangelistic work, to preach for us on the following Sunday But a strange coincidence occurred. While we were arranging to provide for ourselves, the Colonel, becoming solicitous for our spiritual interests, borrowed a Chaplain from a neighboring infantry regiment, and had announcement made that said Chaplain would preach for us the very day and hour we had arranged for our comrade.

Now, whatever else we may have been, we were not discourteous, at least not intentionally; so we all fell in line at the call of the bugle and were marched to the Colonel's tent, in front of which was the borrowed Chaplain. It could hardly have been expected that he would prepare a brand-new discourse just for us, but we did think that from his large "stock in trade," he would give us something to think about, and he did. The good brother had evidently picked up the wrong manuscript, and while he gave us what was doubtless a good sermon for his home congregation—and was probably so marked on the margin—it lacked in appropriateness for us, as he discoursed learnedly though incidentally on the subject of infant baptism, and closed with an earnest exhortation to mothers to be faithful to their vows in regard to the little ones. We assumed no responsibility in the matter, but have been unable to forget the incident. Other

public provision may have been afterward made for the spiritual good of the Regiment, but they are not recalled.

Incidents do not come to the front in chronological order, but still they come, and while some of them may not be just to the point, they nevertheless tend to emphasize the lack that was felt in not having a Chaplain of our own. On one occasion our Regiment went from Chattanooga up to Knoxville, by rail, and, shortly after our arrival, took a little scout into the country. The first night our camp was about seven miles northeast of Knoxville, in the neighborhood of an old log church, where a protracted meeting was in progress. As the church was inside our picket line, many of the boys concluded to avail themselves of the opportunity of attending divine worship, and accordingly, at "early candlelight" they sallied forth in a body to the service, where a small congregation was assembled. Our numbers completely filled and even crowded the house. An old man was in the pulpit. The services were similar to those ordinarily held on such occasions. After the conclusion of the sermon, concerning which nothing is recalled, all interested were invited forward to the "mourners' bench." About a dozen promptly responded, and knelt with their backs to the audience. A hymn was announced, and the request made that someone would "pitch the tune." After considerable pause, an old lady who seemed to feel that the musical responsibility of the meeting devolved upon her made an attempt to comply with the request. She didn't have much of a tune to "pitch," but did the best she could and did it willingly. The tune, however, was exhausted before she reached the end of the second line of the first verse, and she completely subsided. Another tried it with a similar result.

In our Company was a quartet who sang a great deal in camp, and who on this occasion were seated together in about the middle of the church. When it became evident that something ought to be done to relieve the embarrassment, they started in with appropriate words, to the tune of "John Brown's Body, etc." The moment they began to sing the "mourners" raised their heads and looked back over their shoulders in apparent astonishment. When the chorus was reached the whole Regiment joined in, singing with great fervency, and then the "mourners" rose and sat facing the audience with mouth and eyes wide open.

When the time came for another hymn the preacher timidly rose, and leaning over the pulpit, inquired in a pleading voice if our "foreign brethren would please sing agin," and the "foreign brethren" did sing till the close of a service which continued till long after the sounding of "taps" in camp.

It has already been said, but it will bear repeating, that the man who wanted to find a prayer meeting could easily have been accommodated most any time during our three years of service. But such a thing as denominationalism had no place among us. Members of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry were not known by denominational names. They had such names at home, and doubtless resumed them after their return, but while in the service the only question was: "Is he a Christian?" Even if a man were devoid of the grace of charity for others and disposed to indulge himself in what he was pleased to call honest candor, there was always danger of getting one's self into an embarrassing position, if he allowed denominational pride to usurp the place of discretion.

While in the vicinity of Chattanooga, Comrade Foster invited Comrade Vance and the writer to go with him, a few miles into the country, to attend a neighborhood prayer meeting, to be held in a Methodist Church. We went, and after service were invited to take dinner with a family with whom Comrade Foster was acquainted. During the two or three hours that we were there our host regaled us with his views of the Baptists and Presbyterians. He gave it to them "hip and thigh." With a sharp two-edged sword he slashed right and left. Their creeds were ripped open from surface to center. Church polity was sliced up beyond recognition, and as for their precepts and practices, they were thought too abominable to receive the slightest consideration. The guests rather enjoyed the conversation, and only encouraged the old man by helping him occasionally to the pronunciation of some hard word over which he was stumbling. When we were taking our leave our host ventured the remark: "I didn't ax you, but I suppose, of course, you are all Methodist?" The writer, to whom a large share of the critic's conversation had been addressed, hastily replied: "That is just about the size of it—Brother Foster there is a Methodist, Vance is a Baptist and I am a Presbyterian." The old man, as Samantha

Allen would say, "sithed a tremendous sigh," and began to clear his throat in preparation, probably, for an inglorious retreat, but we, not wishing to witness his further embarrassment, gave spurs to our horses and were out of sight and hearing in a jiffy.

If a man has denominational pride, in the army or out of it, it is wiser and more discreet to attempt to build up the object of his affections on its own merits than on the demerits of others, however palpable the latter may be.

A spirit of reverence for sacred things was quite common in the Regiment, even on the part of those who laid no claim to piety themselves. A man was generally taken at his own valuation. If he claimed to be a Christian he was so regarded till, by his conduct, he had forfeited that claim.

It is not known how many of our Orderly Sergeants were Christians, but some of them were, and, like ordinary people, frequently met with obstacles and hindrances of various kinds in their Christian life. One of them, in speaking one day of the want of favorable opportunity for private devotions, said that he had fallen into the lazy habit of attending to that duty when he lay down on his couch at night. "But," said he, "that does not suit me; it is not sufficiently definite. I always know when I begin to pray, but never when I stop. Being in an unconscious condition, I can't tell next morning what I may have asked the Lord to do for me, and so shall never know whether the prayer was answered or not." It may have been because of this item in army life that many of the boys formed themselves into little squads and retired for devotional purposes daily, at some given hour, to the woods, where they could have perfect freedom and congenial company.

While ordinarily nothing ever marred the sacredness of these occasions, circumstances over which the parties had no control would occasionally intervene to render ludicrous what otherwise would have been sacred. In illustration let me recount one little incident of which public mention has before been made. On a certain occasion, in conformity with an established custom, a small party of us retired one hot evening to a little nook in the woods, clad as lightly "as the law would allow." In the midst of our devotions there were indications that a storm was rapidly

approaching, and that the services should be cut short, and most of them had given heed to the admonition. But it so happened that just as one long-winded brother had said "Let us pray," and all had knelt down by the side of an old rotten log which had formed our seat, the storm burst upon us in all its fury. Now, if there was one thing, in addition to the "Apostles' Creed," which that devout comrade held firmly to it was the doctrine of the "perseverance of the saints," rain or shine, and he proceeded forthwith to give us a fine illustration of the firm grip that doctrine had on him. As time advanced the rain came thicker and faster, and the claps of thunder were more terrific, but none of these things moved the good comrade to say "amen." Never was a man known to give such literal interpretation to the commands to "pray for all men" and "pray without ceasing" as was then and there given. It is, however, due all concerned to say that both prayer and storm were concluded that same evening, and that whatever may have been the opinion of the Regiment then or now of such a service, it could not justly be claimed of this particular one that it was not unnecessarily dry.

All things considered, in the absence of a Chaplain or any religious organization by which attention could be directed to the subject, the Christian sentiment of the boys was quite prevalent and found expression on all suitable occasions.

"L" AND "E" CARRYING A DISPATCH TO GENERAL MITCHELL, AT ROVER.

SERG. ADAM T. DRINKHOUSE, COMPANY L, FREDERICK, MD.

ON the morning of June 24, 1863, these two Companies were aroused before daylight, at our camp at Murfreesboro, Tenn., to fall in for duty. The force numbered eighty men, under command of Capt. Washington Airey, of Company L; Company E was commanded by Capt. George S. Clark and First Lieut. Charles H. Kirk.

It turned out that we were to carry a dispatch to General Mitchell, in command of a division of cavalry moving on the left of the army. General Mitchell had been at Rover and was supposed to be still there, but it turned out that Rover was occupied that day by the Sixth Georgia regiment of cavalry. The distance from our camp to Rover was about twenty miles.

Soon after the command started it commenced to rain and continued to rain nearly all day.

As we approached Rover our advance guard was fired upon by some pickets in the road. Thinking that a mistake had been made by our friends, Captain Airey ordered forward the guidon bearer of Company L. He was saluted by more shots. We knew then that the enemy were in our front. Captain Airey supposed that we had run into a band of guerrillas who had got in between us and Rover. Swinging his saber over his head, he shouted: "Boys, we must go into Rover! Forward, trot, charge!" and away we went for the enemy. We drove the pickets into their reserve, which, I believe, was about equal to our force. We halted within about 300 yards of this reserve, formed a line across the road and in a grove to the right of the road, and opened a carbine fire upon the enemy.

In a few minutes Captain Airey ordered another charge with the pistol, instructing Captain Clark to follow Company L at a short interval.

The enemy did not wait for us but turned and flew toward Rover at their best speed. The road was strewn with their blankets, hats and other paraphernalia.

I had singled out a burly Georgian and kept straight for him. The rebel paid no heed to loud shouts to surrender During the chase I fired two revolver shots at him, but, although within ten feet, I am glad to say I did not hit him. The second shot may have come very close to his ear, for he suddenly pulled off the road into the woods, his horse whirling around in a circle. Responding to an instant demand to surrender, he dropped his rifle. We pursued the enemy within the sound of the bugles of their regiment.

Our little force leisurely took the return march in search of General Mitchell. The enemy did not pursue us.

We marched back some miles, when Captain Airey was told by a negro that our cavalry was moving on the right. A crossroad was at hand, and we soon found General Mitchell sweeping along on a road at right angles to the crossroad. Captain Airey delivered the important dispatch.

We got back to Murfreesboro at 5 P.M., delivering our prisoners to the Provost.

MacDonald, who had been wounded in the hip, was sent to the hospital. This was our only casualty.

We found our camp of the morning deserted, the Regiment having moved to the front. After resting and eating our suppers we marched ten miles to join the Regiment. In all we had marched during the day at least fifty-five miles.

COURIER DUTY

CORP. JAMES W. OVER, COMPANY G, PITTSBURG, PA.

DURING the Tullahoma and Chickamauga campaigns our Regiment, with the exception of three companies attached to the department headquarters, was used for special scouting and courier duty. In these campaigns the wings of the army were frequently so far separated that the courier line was forty or fifty miles in length. Five or six men would be stationed at posts at intervals of six or eight miles, one always being ready, night and day, to mount and receive the dispatch from the approaching courier and carry it at a gallop or trot, as might be indicated on the envelope, to the next post. Most of the dispatches were sent from the different headquarters in the evening, and the couriers had many exciting and dangerous rides across mountains, through forests and country infested with rebel guerrillas, when the nights were so dark they could not see the road and had to depend upon their horses to follow it.

A courier's imagination was apt to be very vivid when he was riding by himself on a dark night, with revolver drawn, and expecting every minute that the enemy would pounce upon him. It is not surprising that we sometimes imagined stumps or fallen timber to be Confederate cavalry, and put spurs to our horses to escape the imaginary foe.

I recollect one very dark night, when carrying a dispatch at a fast trot on a lonely, rough mountain road through the forest on the top of Lookout Mountain, that I saw what I supposed was a body of cavalry on the road in front of me. I halted as soon as possible, ready for flight, but seeing no indication of an advance I hailed with all the assurance I could command: "Halt! Who comes there?" There being no reply, I approached cautiously and discovered some horses, which had strayed from a farm, occupying the road. While the shock to my nerves was in

the first instance very great, it was excelled by my relief in discovering there was no danger.

Small detachments of rebel cavalry would occasionally give the courier an exciting chase, and bushwhackers from some convenient hiding places sent their compliments in way of a leaden messenger. We never knew when this might occur, and consequently were always on the alert. Our duties as couriers were especially arduous and important during the week preceding the battle of Chickamauga.

The line extended from Crittenden's headquarters on the left, in the Chickamauga Valley, to Thomas' in the center; across Lookout Mountain, up Lookout Valley, and across the mountains again to McCook's headquarters on the right, in McLemore's Cove, a distance of about fifty miles. The army was in a precarious situation, General Rosecrans and his subordinates depending almost entirely on our courier line to keep in communication with each other. Dispatches came thick and fast, nearly all marked "gallop," and the couriers and their poor horses had but little rest. We have the satisfaction of knowing that the faithful and intelligent manner in which our couriers performed their arduous duties contributed much to the successful concentration of our army prior to the battle.

MEMORIES MUSICAL OF CAMP FIRES.

WM. L. BRATTON, COMPANY A, NEW YORK.

WHEN our Regiment was first assembled at Carlisle, Pa., to be put under drill by the regulars, the men, from different parts of the State, strangers to one another, soon became acquainted, and the incidents of camp life were the source of many a lasting intimacy. Between retreat and taps the boys would gather in different groups and around camp fires. At that time the cook's fire was the general rendezvous of those who were inclined to be merry, and in a short time those who had what is generally called singing voices made it a point to meet whenever opportunity afforded and practice many different songs. There was considerable talent among the boys in that direction. They gave two very successful concerts in the Carlisle Theater, and a still more successful one in Louisville, Ky., proved that they were capable and appreciated. They gave amusement to many, and helped to while away the many hours of camp life which otherwise would have become very monotonous. Our Regiment was not composed of card-playing, gambling men, and very little drinking was indulged in. In fact, those who did drink moderately were made conspicuous by the fact that the great majority did not indulge at all. Our singers were of different types—sentimental, patriotic and comic. Most prominent in the sentimental line was our blonde, curly-haired, good-natured Comrade, Al. Price, who, by his rendering of "Backward, Turn Backward, Oh, Time, in Your Flight!" "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Juanita" and other songs, was generally regarded as the leader of the singers and most pleasing of voice.

The next in prominence and fine voice was the tenor, "Kent" Pierce, whose selection of songs belonged to that line of melody which tenors in those days affected. His "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" with McGinley whose baritone bass was often heard in their good selections, was very favorably regarded. Al. Rihl was

the deep bass of the Regiment. These four would join in singing such songs as "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" and the choruses of "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," "Nellie Was a Lady," "The Poor Old Slave," or they would make the welkin ring with the "Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "Rally Round The Flag." It would not only be most impressive, but its skillful performance would be recognized frequently by hand-clapping and cheers by the boys, who appreciated the melody and the sentiment. Some of them would sing with banjo and guitar accompaniments.

There were others in the Regiment who could sing besides the four mentioned above. One little mess in old Company H, composed of "Billy" Moore, "Billy" Brown, Dan Henderson and Sam Chadwick, were gifted with fairly good voices, and amused their company comrades in no small measure. Captain Lloyd and his First Sergeant, afterward Lieut. Geo. M. Petty, had several specialties which they sang as duets, quite effectively Our Scotch comrade, Alex. Milne, often gave his rendition of "Annie Laurie," as only a Scotchman can sing it. "Jim" Conaway also had a good voice, and helped to swell the volume of sound in most of the choruses sung around the camp fire. There were several comic singers in the Regiment. The most prominent was "Bog Hole Smith." He had several selections, the best of which were "The Goose Hangs High" and the "Old Bog Hole." "Charley" Jenkins was another comic singer, as well as an actor, and he often amused the boys with "Teddy O'Ran" and "Shamus O'Brien." He also had one or two specialties which he would sing, and in some parts of the song he would interpolate recitations, which were very good.

Some of our boys were quite good instrumental musicians. Ned. Spang, with his violin, was most excellent. Sergeant Lingle, with his cornet, could do fine work. John Gulden, with his banjo and negro songs, was always well received. Schomacker, although at that time not knowing a note of music, could perform wonderfully well on the piano. His performance of the "Maiden's Prayer," which was very popular at that time, was considered a beautiful rendition. The comrade who composed "We're All Bound for New York," adding to it several parts of different choruses, undoubtedly created the most popular song generally

sung in the Regiment. It was the tuneful rhythm, more than the merit of the words, that caused the song to be so popular with the boys of the Regiment, and to this day it is frequently asked for at our reunions.

Among the special songs that attracted attention was "Eighty Years Ago," when sung, as it usually was, by Howard Buzby. He had a peculiarly penetrating voice, with a little of the Yankee nasal twang, which gave it far-reaching range, and when he enunciated its patriotic sentiments every guard around the camp could locate "Buz." He held the record as the long-distance singer.

Buzby had for a messmate Samuel Lewis, who was a quiet, educated man, a good soldier and in every sense of the word a gentleman. The two had a mutual liking for each other, but Lewis had not spoken one word in appreciation of the other's singing, and Buzby rather hungered for it. One day, when alone together, Howard determined to make the other speak. He sang with all the vigor that a good voice could give, but Lewis was not moved. Buzby tried the sentimental ones and added all the fervor and passion he was capable of, but still Lewis did not speak. Then he tried the operatic, and to the tune added his stock of histrionic talent to make it effective, and then, not receiving the applause he craved, said: "Sam, you don't like singing, do you?" "Yes," Lewis replied; "I am passionately fond of it, but I don't like this d——d hollering."

Among the natural musical talent of the regiment the colored element must not be ignored. Nearly every negro servant was a slave at one time, and some of their melodies, rendered in the plantation style, frequently accompanied by certain shuffling and movement of feet, was very tuneful. Perhaps the most prominent of the negro boys was one called "Sandy," of Company A. This little darkey had one of the most unique negro faces, which, with his large eyes and big mouth ornamented with an unusually fine set of teeth, presented a correct picture of a negro boy, such as is often delineated at minstrel shows. His thick lips being very red, the width of his mouth was much magnified, and its size would have struck terror to a "Delmonico" caterer With a clapping of his hands on his knees and a movement of foot work this "Sandy" would accompany himself to a song called "Get

Along, Lida Jane!" The words, to the best of my recollection, were as follows:

I went down to the mountain
To gib my horn a blow;
Thought I heard Miss Lida
Say, yonder comes my beau!

CHORUS.

Get along, Lida, Lida!
Get along, Lida Jane!
Get along, Lida, my own true luv,
Till I come back again!

The war inspired many beautifully worded ballads, which were sung by different members of our singing band, the most prominent of which were: "Noble Republic," "The Vacant Chair," "When This Cruel War is Over," "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die," "Flag of the Free," "Mother, When the War is Over," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." Some of the songs are not only remarkably sympathetic in tune, but also admit of being recited with good effect, and add no small part to American poesy.

Some of the situations of our camps admitted of the Regiment being able to listen to martial music by regimental, brigade or division bands in nearby camps. This was considered a musical treat, and very often when the bands played such tunes as "Old Hundred," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "John Brown," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "The Star Spangled Banner," and some other patriotic tunes and songs, the whole Regiment would follow the tune with the words of the song, and a volume of melody would swell on the air in a gigantic wave of grand harmony that was most impressive. Sometimes the effect would be most decidedly thrilling, and at the conclusion the boys would yell and cheer, in approving acclaim.

I well remember one night in the spring of 1863, when we were in camp just outside of Murfreesboro. It was a still, pleasant night, and the spirit of song was so strong that our camp was harmonious with the music we furnished. Just a short distance away was the 19th Ohio regiment which possessed an unusually fine band. When we finished a piece the applause they gave us followed, and then the band played its sweetest song and we applauded, and

so we alternated, one after the other, until the far-off taps sounded at some division headquarters warned us that our concert was near an end. Then, someone started that grand old doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Everyone joined in, and fully 800 voices sang "Old Hundred" with a fervor and pathos never excelled. The spirit of the prayer seemed to thrill each singer and filled us with a holiness which could only come from the eternal Father of us all.

THE ESCORT COMPANIES AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

SERG. T. H. SMITH, COMPANY K, PHILADELPHIA.

NEXT to the patriotic feeling which prompted us to enlist in the defence of our country in the dark period of the summer of 1862, many, if not all of us, were elated with the thought of joining a battalion, which grew into a regiment of twelve companies, that was enlisted for special service, and that was to be an Escort for the Commanding General and to be attached to army headquarters.

When we were fully organized and equipped these promises were carried out, and during our term of service it is probable that at some time or other every man was called on to perform some duty which is ordinarily entrusted to an officer of some General's staff; so that the remark, so frequently heard from other regiments, that the "Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry ran the Army of the Cumberland" had a shadow of truth in it. It was the good fortune of the escort to be engaged in a continuous work of this character for seventeen months during the period it was attached to headquarters. Each one of the men saw sufficient of the varied phases of army life and had experiences which if collected would make a book in itself.

The Army of the Cumberland, under the command of General Rosecrans, started on what was known as the Tullahoma campaign on June 23, 1863. Two days afterwards Companies B and K, under Capts. Wm. Wagner and A. B. Garner, were detailed for duty at headquarters. On August 9th Company H, under Capt. Edw. Sellers, at Winchester, Tenn., was added to the detachment. While on our escort service we were under two Major-Generals who commanded the army—Wm. S. Rosecrans and Geo. H. Thomas—and were with the army in all its movements. It was an exceedingly interesting duty. Few soldiers are cognizant of

facts except those which transpire in his own immediate view, and even their vision is limited. Our outlook took in the movements of the whole army, for no important event took place in any part without some escort man happening to be there on some duty or other. We carried dispatches to corps, division and brigade headquarters, and soon got to know all the prominent Commanders who served with us.

One of our duties was to inform ourselves and keep posted on the positions held by all our troops at all times, in camp or on the march. Our duties covered a wide scope, from acting as ordinary soldiers on the skirmish line to riding in state behind the General who commanded the army. When members of the General's staff were sent to inspect fortifications, defenses or bridges, details for escort duty were always made from our command, and we learned the topography of the country over which the army moved. These details were frequent, day or night, and some of our men were in readiness with horses saddled at any hour, so that no time was lost in getting ready. To keep the escort in the highest state of efficiency the quartermaster department was always ready to supply our needs, even if there was a shortage for the rest of the army.

The army had moved out from Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 23d, on the campaign against Chattanooga, and the detachment found headquarters in the field, eight miles south of Murfreesboro, on the Manchester turnpike. Our duties were ascertained to be the furnishing of a number of orderlies daily, the remainder constituting the escort proper of the General commanding.

The detachment participated in the battle of Hoover's Gap, and entered Manchester on the 27th of June. Headquarters were established at Tullahoma, July 1st. On the 5th General Rosecrans, accompanied only by his escort, made a tour of inspection of the army as far as Elk River bridge and Estelle Spring. At the latter place the detachment stopped for the night, and furnished a camp guard and did picket duty. Next morning they returned to Tullahoma.

July 13th headquarters were removed to Winchester, Tenn., where it was maintained three weeks. While at this place the army was reviewed by General Rosecrans; our detachment turned out on four occasions and each time was highly complimented by the General on its soldierly appearance.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE "ESCORT" IN CHATTANOOGA

Lieut. Wm. M. Field
Com. Chas. S. Hinchman
Maj. Wm. Wagner
Maj. A. B. Garner
Lieut. Stuart Logan
Capt. Edw. Sellers

Headquarters were removed from Winchester to Stevenson, Ala., early in August, where it remained until September 5th.

On Sept. 4th the detachment crossed the pontoon bridge at Caperton's Ferry, being the first troops to cross, and scouted the country for twelve miles south of the Tennessee River. It returned the same day to Stevenson, having marched thirty-four miles. Next day the army crossed the river, and our detachment moved with General Rosecrans to Trenton, Ga., where it remained on the 6th, when intelligence being received of the evacuation of Chattanooga, headquarters moved there immediately. Next day they moved down the valley to General Thomas' headquarters, and on the following morning moved to Crawfish Springs.

Headquarters of the army were at this place when the battle of Chickamauga began. The detachment was actively engaged during the whole of this memorable fight, remaining almost constantly saddled. Dispatches of the most vital importance were entrusted to the men by the Commanding General, his staff not being able to take all the messages; all of which were promptly delivered, under circumstances of appalling danger. When the charge was made by the enemy on the 19th, which lost to our army the position in front of Widow Glenn's house, the General commanding, accompanied by the detachment, rode rapidly toward the broken lines of our infantry, and upon coming up to them he ordered sabers to be drawn to force back the stragglers to their places, in the endeavor to re-form the line. The order was obeyed until the effort proved to be useless, the tide becoming every instant stronger and stronger, until the detachment was obliged to fall back, being borne to the rear by the surging crowd of retreating soldiers.

On the next day (20th) the detachment was again exposed to a galling fire, and lost six or eight horses, three of which were instantly killed. The men dismounted by these casualties took to their carbines, fought gallantly on foot, contesting every inch of the ground and vieing with the best of our infantry. Running out of carbine ammunition they picked up muskets, and stood up to their work till the army reached Chattanooga. Happily, none of these were injured except Corp. Jacob H. Isett, of Company K, who was hurt by his horse falling on him when shot, but who continued to fight on foot notwithstanding. He and Serg. Robert Sowersby. of Company H, particularly distinguished themselves.

The others are unfortunately not remembered. The detachment received the very high compliment of being the only body of cavalry mentioned, in the Commanding General's official report of this bloody battle, for distinguished gallantry and prompt obedience.

After the battle of Chickamauga Major-General Rosecrans was relieved from the command of the army, and was succeeded by Major-General Thomas, who, fully appreciating the usefulness of the detachment, continued them on duty at headquarters. The town was then closely besieged, and forage became so scarce that all but ten of the horses of the escort died from starvation. These ten were on duty during the battle of Mission Ridge, their riders acting as orderlies to Generals Grant and Thomas. A long period of inaction followed, during which nothing of interest occurred.

On the 28th of April, 1864, at the urgent solicitation of Colonel Palmer, Company B was relieved from duty at department headquarters and returned to the Regiment, which was then stationed at Rossville, Ga. Companies H and K remained, and being thoroughly re-equipped and remounted, started with the headquarters' wagon trains for Ringgold, Ga., on the 2d of May, the army being about to commence the campaign against Atlanta.

On the 6th of May they encamped at Tunnel Hill, Ga. At this place six mounted orderlies were furnished to General Sherman. Some of these men were afterward regularly detached and accompanied General Sherman on the great march; one of them, Private Walter, of Company K, being with the General in every battle from Tunnel Hill, Ga., to Bentonville, N C.

On the 14th the detachment participated in the assault on Resaca, and was subjected to a severe artillery and musketry fire for over eight hours.

May 27th, the army having started on a flank movement around Allatoona, and the main roads being very much crowded with troops and trains, General Thomas sent his headquarters' train to Dallas on a byroad, upon which there were no troops, under escort of a regiment of infantry, Companies H and K, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Company L, of the First Ohio Cavalry, with Brigadier-General Whipple, Assistant Adjutant General, in command. When within two miles of Dallas they came upon the pickets of the enemy, who opened quite a sharp fire upon the de-

tachment, which was in advance. The fire was returned with spirit. Captain Garner immediately deployed his cavalry as skirmishers, and pushed forward about half a mile from where the enemy was first met, skirmishing all the way. General Whipple, finding such determined resistance, concluded to withdraw Heavy cannonading was now heard on the left, and the train was put in motion to the rear, several miles away, where it was left, under guard of the infantry and Ohio cavalry The General pushed some three miles up Pumpkin Vine Creek, with the detachment of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, when they met the flank of General Hooker's corps, heavily engaged with what was afterward ascertained to have been the bulk of the rebel army. General Thomas came up in the night, and headquarters were established in the rear of Hooker's corps, a position from which it was shelled at daylight next morning.

The detachment continued on the march down as far as Kennesaw Mountain without incident, except that while at Big Shanty Captain Garner was appointed Acting Assistant Quartermaster on the staff of General Thomas. At Kennesaw Mountain the detachment participated in the assault, and on the 4th of July moved into Marietta, Ga.

On the 6th they arrived at Vining's Station, where headquarters were established for several weeks, until the enemy withdrew from the south bank of the Chattahoochee River, when the command passed over, and, after assisting in the battle, encamped on Peach Tree Creek.

The siege of Atlanta now commenced, during which forage became very scarce, on account of raids by guerrillas and rebel cavalry on the communications, and it was found necessary to forage as much as possible on the country This could only be done on the extreme flanks of the army. This ground was common to the foragers of both armies, and the detachment had frequent little skirmishes with small parties of the enemy's cavalry who were out on similar errands. The detachment moved, with Generals Sherman and Thomas, to the rear of Atlanta, and were actively engaged at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga. It entered Atlanta, September 8, 1864, and remained until October 28th.

In the meantime General Thomas was ordered to Nashville to organize the forces north of the Tennessee River, and the detach-

ment was placed under the orders of Major-General Slocum, commanding the post. While subject to these orders they accompanied three large foraging expeditions to Yellow and South Rivers, Georgia, the expeditions being under the command of Major-General Geary. They also performed picket duty at Atlanta, the latter being incessant and hard, as the men were on duty every other day. On the 25th of October orders were received to guard the train belonging to department headquarters back to Chattanooga, Tenn., the detachment arriving at Chattanooga on the 4th of November, and shortly after rejoined the Regiment near Wauhatchie, after an absence on separate duty of over seventeen months.

It will be seen that during a portion of the time they were absent from the Regiment the detachment was ingloriously inactive while on duty at established headquarters and in garrisoned posts, but when on the move, which occupied the greater part of the time—for it is a matter of history that the army of the Southwest kept moving and moving, and that, too, nearly always *in the right direction*—it was exposed to as much danger and performed as much field duty as any other portion of the army of equal numbers.

HOW I BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH GEN P H. SHERIDAN

JOHN M. ZOLL, COMPANY K, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOME time after the battle of Stone River, when the Army of the Cumberland was on the move, with temporary headquarters at Tullahoma, I was detailed early one morning as escort to a native Union guide and scout, with orders to deliver him to General Thomas, then far in the advance.

Accordingly, I saddled up, drew my rations and started for my destination, accompanied by my Tennessee friend. He was mounted on a large mule, was dressed in butternut clothing and had large saddlebags well supplied with corn bread and other delicacies.

The guide had a very suspicious look to me, so I accordingly watched him very closely, and had my pistol handy for any emergency But, fortunately, he was what he represented himself to be, and no trouble occurred.

We rode nearly all day up and down mountains, chatting and eating, without finding the headquarters of any general officer.

Just before dark, however, we reached the headquarters of Gen. P H. Sheridan, who was then commanding a division.

We halted, and I made inquiries as to the location of General Thomas' command.

General Sheridan, who was present, inquired why I wished to see General Thomas. I told him I was ordered to deliver the guide and scout to him and then return to department headquarters with General Thomas' receipt.

General Sheridan said he did not know General Thomas' location exactly, but that he himself badly needed a competent guide and scout, and would, therefore, take charge of him and give me *his* receipt. I told General Sheridan my instructions were to deliver the guide to General Thomas, but Sheridan insisted on taking

charge of him, and assured me that his receipt would hold me blameless, so I was obliged to yield to superior authority

It was then quite dark, so General Sheridan ordered the Captain of his escort to take charge of the guide and myself and our horses, to give us supper and a tent to sleep in, and breakfast the next morning. He ordered me to report to him before leaving and get the receipt for the guide. He then left us.

The Captain also left us shortly afterward and entirely neglected us. So we went to bed supperless; neither had we any breakfast.

It seems the Captain had a card party on hand that night, with plenty of whisky and cigars, and evidently thought of nothing else but his own pleasure.

However, the next morning early, I saddled up, reported to General Sheridan, told him I was ready to return and asked for his receipt.

He replied, "All right," and inquired if I had my breakfast. I told him I had not.

"Did you have supper last night?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"What!" thundered the General; "no supper and no breakfast? "Orderly!" exclaimed the General, "tell Captain Williams to report to me at once."

In a short time the Captain reported—half asleep, unwashed, uncombed and red-eyed from the effects of too much whisky the previous night.

As soon as the General saw him he said: "Captain Williams, did I not order you last night to take charge of this cavalryman and the guide and give them supper and breakfast?"

"Yes, sir," falteringly replied the Captain.

"Then, why did you not do as I ordered? I have a notion to tear off your shoulder straps and put you under arrest."

The General then gave the Captain the severest tongue lashing that I have ever heard, before or since, making the morning air actually blue.

That was the first time I understood the meaning of the expression, "He swears like a trooper."

When the General commenced disciplining the Captain, being a modest young man, I naturally started to walk away, but Sheridan insisted that I should remain and hear the conversation.

After the storm had somewhat blown over Sheridan again ordered the Captain to take charge of the guide and myself; and it is needless to say that the Captain gave us the best breakfast we had had for a long time and filled our haversacks to overflowing.

I then reported to General Sheridan, when he asked me my name and Regiment, gave me my receipt and ordered me to return to headquarters.

Thus ended my first acquaintance with General Sheridan.

ON THE COURIER LINE.

HENRY CHALMERS, COMPANY E, AKRON, OHIO.

THE courier has many and varied experiences in his line of duty. Some are pleasant, but all are more or less hazardous and dangerous. While Company E was on duty at Gen. George H. Thomas' headquarters at Elk River, during the campaign from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, the frequent heavy rains had swollen the river to such an extent as to render it unfordable.

General Thomas desired to send a dispatch across the river. He called for a courier from his escort, Company A, First Ohio Cavalry, but not a man was willing to run the risk of being drowned. The General said: "I know who will take it—some of those Fifteenth Pennsylvania boys." Comrade Charles P Sellers, with the worst mount in Company E, took the dispatch, entered the ford and swam his horse, but, in endeavoring to make the opposite landing, his horse was struck by a log which threw Sellers into the river. He recovered himself, swam ashore, bringing his horse with him, delivered the dispatch to another Company E man, who carried it to the next post. I do not know whether Comrade Sellers received the United States medal for meritorious conduct or not, but I am sure that he richly deserved it. Being an extremely modest young man he probably never applied for it.

While General Wood had his headquarters at Pelham and I was on the line between Pelham and General Crittenden's headquarters, a dispatch was given me for General Crittenden it was late in the afternoon. The road led to a ford across a stream about seventy-five feet wide; I never learned its name. I reached the ford all right, crossed the stream, which was about three feet deep. I noticed a mill to my right. The road led in a winding way through the woods. It was sundown when I delivered my dispatch. I received another for General Wood. As I started to return a drizzling rain began to fall; when I entered the woods

it became dark. I rode down the road to where it forked and I took the left fork. I had not gone very far when I was halted by "Who goes there?" I began to think it might be a Johnnie, so putting on a bold front I answered "friend," and demanded "What regiment is that?" The reply came, the "Michigan." Realizing that it was one of our pickets I felt assured, and riding up to the picket inquired the way to the mill. He told me to go back to the forks of the road and take the other fork. I thanked him, bade him good-night, retraced my way, took the other road, and after a while found myself not at the ford, but up against the mill race. I pulled a quick rein, for in a moment more I would have been in the race. I turned back toward the ford, which I soon found, and rode my horse into the water. It was so dark I could see nothing, and my horse was blind in one eye. All was suspense. I strained eyes and ears in a vain effort to see my way across the stream. Suddenly my horse made a spring, I grabbed his mane, and gave him the spur. We found ourselves up against a fence, and my horse's hind foot was slipping down the bank. I brought him alongside the fence, patted his neck to quiet him, dismounted, tied him and reconnoitered. I found that the fence ran to the edge of the stream in either direction. I threw down the rails, led my horse into a stubble field and again reconnoitered. To the right was another field; to the left were trees with a tangle of prickly vines. There was nothing to do but wait.

Taking three fence rails and putting the ends on a rail of the fence and the other ends on the ground, I lay down to rest till the moon would rise, which would be about 2 A.M. But there was no rest on account of the mosquitoes. A soldier has above all things to cultivate patience. When the moon was up so that I could see my surroundings I mounted and reconnoitered. I crossed the field to my right to a road which paralleled the road I should have taken; then I struck a road running at right angles, was soon on the right track, and in a short time I was at our post, when the courier in waiting took the dispatch to General Wood.

I always thought my dispatch contained the news of the fall of Vicksburg and the victory at Gettysburg, for after I left General Crittenden's headquarters a salute was fired.

CARRYING DISPATCHES FROM GENERAL ROSECRANS TO GENERAL STANLEY

A. D. FRANKENBERRY, COMPANY K, POINT MARION, PA.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1863, the escort companies of General Rosecrans were in camp at Stevenson, Ala. That day reveille was at 4 A.M., and at once "the general" was sounded. Soon General Rosecrans with staff, orderlies, and escort moved to Bridgeport, Ala. The dust was terrible and the ride was one of the most disagreeable I ever made. We crossed the Tennessee River on a combined pontoon and trestle bridge, and went into camp at Cave Spring, Ala.

About 10 A.M., Saturday, September 5, 1863, Serg. N W Sample said to me: "Frankenberry, have you a good horse—one able to stand a hard ride?" Eagerly I said "yes." "Report with three days' rations for yourself and horse at once at the General's tent." I was ready in a few minutes and at the General's tent. General Garfield, Major Bond and a Lieutenant were present. I was given dispatches to be delivered to Major-General Stanley at not later than 10 A.M. of next day, Sunday, September 6th. I was to take the road over the mountains to Trenton, Ga., where I would find General Negley, for whom I had an order to furnish me a guard of seventy-five mounted men. I was told that General Stanley was likely to be found on a line south of Trenton and west of Rome, Ga., and that I must allow nothing to delay me, but must travel all night and reach the General at time indicated. The Lieutenant of cavalry was to travel with me, but I was to be responsible for the delivery of the dispatches.

I left at once, and on reaching the mountains dismounted and led my horse up the steep road. I soon threw away all the forage for my horse and most of my own rations, believing that I could find food for both. I did not want to burden my horse with the extra weight. The road up the mountain was well filled with the train of the Second Division of Cavalry and the road down on

the Trenton side with the train of the Third Division of the Twentieth Corps. There was as much difficulty in moving the train down on the steep grade as there was in moving it up the grade on the opposite side. The Lieutenant did not seem disposed to save his horse, but rode all the time up mountain and down mountain.

In due time I reached General Negley's headquarters at Trenton, Ga., only to find that the General had no mounted men to guard me through to Stanley that night, but that he expected a regiment of mounted infantry to reach him during the early hours of next day. As the enemy was in some force on the road south, there was nothing to do but wait for the guard to arrive. General Negley sent a dispatch to General Rosecrans informing him of my delay and the reason for it.

Early next morning I was ready, and soon the guard reached me—seventy-five men of the Thirty-ninth Indiana Mounted Infantry. General Negley instructed the commander of the guard that he and his men were to travel as fast as I wished to go, and in that respect I was to have command, but if there was any fighting, which was to be avoided if possible, the officer was to command. The important matter was to get me to General Stanley's lines as rapidly as possible.

We moved at a rapid rate. Soon the day became intensely hot. Near noon we halted at a fine spring and rested men and horses, feeding the horses and getting some dinner of corn bread and milk, for which I paid twenty-five cents. During the march we were fired on often, and the men were very bitter because they were not permitted to return the fire. After a short rest we mounted and pushed on till we reached the cavalry pickets and I was inside of General Stanley's lines, when I dismissed the guard and pushed on alone, and at 2.30 P.M. reached General Stanley's headquarters and delivered the dispatch, four and one-half hours late.

At once the General read the important dispatch, the "general" was sounded by his bugler, and at once "boots and saddles," and soon the command moved, except his sick and disabled. Seeing something was not right with me, the General asked me what was the matter and if I was sick. I told him I never had been sick, and did not know what it was to be sick. He sent his old Sur-

geon to see me, gave me some medicine, and told me to remain quiet. I lay down under an apple tree and slept some. It transpired that I had overworked myself; that the intense desire to reach General Stanley with the dispatches in safety had been the great exciting cause that had kept me up, but when the end was accomplished the excitement died away and I was in a very serious condition. General Stanley's old Surgeon knew more than I credited him with, and it would have been my duty to myself to have obeyed him.

Next day. Monday, I was not able to be up, seemed to have no life in me, and did not want anybody to speak to me. The Surgeon gave me some medicine, which I as promptly threw away. I slept much of the day Late in the evening I learned that the way back to Trenton was occupied by our troops, and I determined to go back, as I learned that General Rosecrans was there; so at an early hour I was up, fed my horse and soon left, and reached General Rosecrans at Trenton and reported. The General and General Garfield asked many questions as to my trip, and directed that I be excused from duty for three days. As we left Trenton for Chattanooga on September 10th, I did not enjoy three days' rest.

This trip brought on a disability which developed September 10, 1862, soon after we reached Chattanooga, and from which I still constantly suffer. The executing of the orders contained in the dispatches to General Stanley was one of the main causes of the evacuation of Chattanooga by Bragg, and this, while it did not save us defeat at the battle of Chickamauga, was the real object of the wonderful campaign.

THE CHICKAMAUGA CAMPAIGN

CAPT. WILLIAM F. COLTON, COMPANY A, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE story of this campaign and the part taken by the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry in the battle of Chickamauga can be better understood by a brief description of the physical characteristics of the country traversed, showing the difficulties to be surmounted and the dominating position of the city of Chattanooga, the possession of which was the object of the campaign.

The railroads radiated from that city northeast toward the Cumberland Gap and Virginia, south to Atlanta and west to the Mississippi River Owing to the peculiar topography and geology of its vicinity, its occupation by either side would control the fertile valleys of east Tennessee and threaten or protect Kentucky and western Tennessee, as well as Georgia, while closing or opening the way to Virginia.

Looking eastward from Winchester, Tullahoma and McMinnville, the Cumberland Mountains or plateau loomed up as a serious obstacle. The stratas here are horizontal—sandstone being uppermost, underlaid by limestone. The harder stratum above protected the softer beneath, and resulted in cliff walls and steep slopes at the edges of the rolling surface of the plateau. This condition is most marked on its eastern edges, presenting a very serious barrier to the movements of armies.

East of the Cumberland plateau there lie the somewhat broken and rich valleys of the Tennessee River, which flows southwesterly until near the southern boundary of Tennessee, when it breaks through the plateau by a gorge below and west of Chattanooga, and winding between Raccoon Mountain and Walden's Ridge, passes into the trough of Sequatchie Valley, which it follows for about fifty miles before again breaking through the plateau in Alabama. This gorge is approached and followed by the railroad, which passes over the mountain at Cowan by an easily defended pass, but one not difficult to flank to the north and south.

Beyond the towns of Stevenson and Bridgeport, in the Sequat-

chie trough, rises Sand or Raccoon Mountain, beyond which and separated from it by the Trenton or Lookout Valleys is Lookout Mountain, whose narrow, plateau-like summit is 1000 feet above the river. This could be crossed by artillery and supply trains only by widely separated roads or trails.

Beyond this mountain and parallel with its general northeast and southwest trend are ridges and small valleys, among which that of Chickamauga Creek carries its waters to the Tennessee River, above Chattanooga. A cursory glance at the maps of this region will show that a series of formidable obstacles lay in the path of our army in its efforts to drive the enemy from Chattanooga and hold that key to the military situation.

The problem then presented to General Rosecrans was to force Bragg out of Chattanooga by a series of flanking movements so planned as to minimize, during their progress, the danger of destruction to the isolated units of the army and to bring these units together before a general engagement. But history records how he accomplished it and how the prize—Chattanooga—fell to us.

It remains to tell the story of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry in this memorable campaign and battle. Campaign B, H and K, under Captain Garner, served as escort to the Commanding General.

The movement of the army began August 16th, on which day the Regiment had its usual Sunday mounted inspection. On the 17th we marched at sunrise, reached the foot of the mountain at 8 30, passed on up to the summit and camped in the woods, about one and a half miles beyond. The ascent of the mountains was very steep and rocky, making it necessary for detachments of our own and other regiments to be posted along the road to help up the artillery and wagons by pushing and with ropes. Some wagons consumed five hours in ascending one mile. Lieutenant Kirk was in charge of our wagon guard, which only got as far as the foot of the mountain.

On the 18th we went down the mountain five miles and camped in Sinking Cove. Company E was sent back to help the wagons up the mountain, and with Companies C and F helped them down the descent.

August 19th.—Marched at 6.45 A.M. and arrived at Stevenson at noon—this town being the junction of the Memphis and Chatta-

nooga and Nashville and Chattanooga Railroads. Companies C, D and E assisted wagons to the foot of the mountain. Passing a cedar ridge from Sinking Cove, it took fifteen men five hours with axes to clear the timber blockade, and we then marched down Little Crow Creek to Big Crow Creek, which we forded, and so on eight miles to Stevenson, where we camped at the base of a mountain, about one and a half miles north of the town and three miles from the Tennessee River. In this fertile valley we found roasting ears plenty, but the corn was hardly ripe enough for our horses. Before the movement began one man from each company had been selected whose business it was, when on scouting duty, to sketch the roads to be marched over. The sketches were to include the names of all residents, the crossroads, creeks, general character and appearance of the country, water, forage, etc. From this camp parties were sent out on the different roads from day to day to make these sketches, and these, and many others made later, were exceedingly useful.

August 20th.—Companies G, I, L and M arrived with the headquarters and other wagon trains. During the day the Regiment escorted General Rosecrans to Caperton's Ferry, and found rebel pickets on the opposite side of the river. Rosecrans had a talk with them, and they said: "That Dutchman Rosecrans is a pretty good man, but Bragg would turn out all right yet."

The weather was now bright and dry, hot in the daytime and cold at night, and the corn was ripening rapidly, so that we could soon begin feeding it to our animals.

August 22d.—Captain DeWitt with Companies D and I was out making a reconnoissance.

August 23d.—The Adjutant with a small party was sent down to the river, at the mouth of Crow Creek, to reconnoiter for a pontoon bridge, and made a favorable report.

August 24th.—Companies D, F and I escorted General Rosecrans again to the river, and at 5 P.M. Companies E, G, L and M, under Captain Kramer, scouted toward Jasper and returned on the 26th.

August 25th.—Rosecrans visited Bridgeport at noon, and started toward Jasper, going as far as Nickajack Ferry, where the rebels had works for the extraction of saltpeter from the earth deposits in caves.

August 29th.—Part of our forces commenced crossing the river on a pontoon bridge at Big Cove (or Crow) Creek, and General Rosecrans with our Regiment went across and returned, only two shots being fired.

August 30th.—Preaching in camp. Our troops are now crossing the river in large numbers.

August 31st.—The Regiment was mustered and inspected by Captain Harbert according to army regulations.

September 1st.—Company E forded the river, and built a small bridge on one of the roads going up Sand Mountain.

September 2d.—Mounted inspection in the afternoon. Our Commissary laid in rations for twenty-four days.

September 4th.—Marched at 7 o'clock. Our wagons crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, opposite Stevenson, but the Regiment forded the river about four miles further up stream, the men removing their boots and stockings and crossing in column of fours, finding the water about four feet deep. Passed on up Island Creek to Cave Spring, near the house of a Mr. Edwards, who was a Union guide. General Rosecrans arrived at 6 o'clock and camped near us. Company I was detailed as rear guard to our wagon train and the headquarters' train, and found some of the wagons so badly strained and weakened by their mountain experience that they broke down and were abandoned. On this date we established a courier line between Stevenson and Bridgeport, with fifteen men from one of the escort companies, placing posts at Widow's Creek (Big Spring) and Beaver's Mill. At 1.15 P.M. a courier line of eight and a half miles was also established from Cave Spring to Bridgeport, with posts at Edwards' and Clubfoot Moore's. Sergeant Beck was in charge at Bridgeport.

September 5th.—The Regiment went on with General Rosecrans about four miles to the foot of the mountain, and found the road blocked with wagons. Several Companies were out to-day, reconnoitering roads and making sketch maps.

September 6th.—In camp until 11 A.M. Many of our men visited Hill's Cave, and during a visit to this cave by General Rosecrans and staff, the General's rather bulky form became wedged in a narrow passage, and for a few minutes it was a question whether the campaign might not have to be continued under the next senior General.

Parties of our men were again sent out to report on roads. Company F went to Whitesides to communicate with Crittenden and establish a courier line, which was on the 9th extended to Chattanooga.

At 11 o'clock the Regiment marched twelve miles up, across and down Sand Mountain to a camp, at 4 o'clock, beyond Trenton, nineteen miles from Chattanooga.

Two couriers from Company A were sent north, with dispatches for General Burnside at Knoxville. We have also a courier line to Jasper.

September 7th.—Colonel Palmer, with the Adjutant, four men and a guide, reconnoitered up the eastern side of the valley six miles to Nickajack Trace, an old Indian trail from Shellmound, and the same day the Regiment moved camp nearer to Trenton, where it was discovered that a canteen of whisky could be had for fifty cents.

A courier post was established about three miles from Trenton, on the Chattanooga road, to connect with Crittenden, and at 5 o'clock, Captain Betts, with Company F, was ordered to extend his line to Whitesides and take through some dispatches to the nearest telegraph operator. Lieutenant Mather and Sergeant Marshall with five men halted at Van Cleve's headquarters, but Captain Betts with four men pushed on, via Shellmound, to Bridgeport, and delivered the dispatches to the operator there on the 8th and rejoined the Regiment on the 9th.

September 8th.—Captain McAllister with a small party examined the region down the valley while Captain Clark with four men examined another road up Lookout Mountain. Lieutenant Logan had charge of the pickets toward Nickajack and McKaig Traces, and Commissary Hinchman went out with a party for forage. At midnight Companies L and G were sent out to form a courier line, of twenty-five miles, from Trenton, to communicate with McCook at Winston. On this date the center of the army was at or near Trenton, and Crittenden's headquarters were near Whitesides, six miles north. On the 8th, 9th and 10th Company I was sent out without rations—living on the country—scouting the mountains toward Bridgeport and Caperton's Ferry.

September 9th.—Crittenden entered Chattanooga with music and colors flying, the Ninety-second Illinois being the first Regi-

ment to enter the town. A good many details for courier and other duties left very few of our Regiment in camp.

September 10th.—The Regiment marched at 3 o'clock in the morning, Company E guarding the wagons. The march was very slow, but at half past nine we entered Chattanooga with General Rosecrans. Thomas is now crossing at Steven's Gap, and McCook twenty-five miles farther south. At this time we had but two companies and our wagon train with us. At 2 o clock in the afternoon, under orders from Colonel Goddard, we moved southward six miles up Chattanooga Valley, and camped at Hick's place, where there was good water and forage, but at half past ten at night Colonel Palmer brought out orders from Chattanooga for us to cautiously break camp and return to Chattanooga, as the enemy's pickets were only a short distance south, and four companies of our infantry had been captured near there.

September 11th.—The Regiment—four companies, including Company I—marched to Lee & Gordon's mill, on a reconnoisance with Harker's brigade, and skirmished with the rebel cavalry We reached the mill at dusk, and returned by another road.

Soon after passing General Harker's pickets there came a challenge from the darkness in front "Halt! who goes there?" As none of our troops were in that direction a few men from the advance company charged the enemy, who fired a few shots and then ran. The column continued its march and at each house we came to an officer was sent to question its inmates as to name, roads, and other information necessary for our Colonel to compile a map for the use of the Army At one place at a house on our right, in answer to the inquiries who lived there, the answer came "Widow Toe," and all the preliminary maps used in that campaign were so marked. Later it was found that the "widow" was a man named Vidito, one of a Swiss colony, who had settled there and the later maps bore his name.

Arrived in camp 3 o'clock in the morning. On that day and the next considerable fighting was going on along Bragg's rear, about fourteen miles south of Chattanooga, in which Company C was engaged, without loss. On this day General Crittenden reported that Captain McCook met a company of the Anderson Cavalry at Rossville, and sent them in pursuit of a party of about twenty-

three rebel cavalry who had attacked him. Afterward firing was heard in that direction.

September 13th.—Marched at 11.30 A.M., Company I in advance, and with General Rosecrans and staff passed up the mountain road to the summit of Lookout Mountain, then along the plateau and down by Cooper's Gap to General Thomas headquarters, near Steven's Gap, where we camped at 11 P.M., keeping our horses saddled ready for any move to the front.

September 14th.—Company E reported to Major Bond for duty Tom Gitt, of Company C, was shot to-day while carrying a dispatch. He got on the wrong road, and coming to the place where he supposed our courier post was, found no one there. Starting back, to report the post captured, he was shot and wounded severely, but not dangerously It is supposed he was shot by one of Wilder's men. Company I on courier duty from General Thomas' headquarters to Gordon s mill, fourteen miles.

September 15th.—Marched at 2 P.M. up Chattanooga Valley, and camped eleven miles from Chattanooga and five miles south of Hick's place, from which we had so suddenly withdrawn on the night of the 10th. One of our men had his horse shot to-day Our courier line between Trenton and Chattanooga was withdrawn. Lieutenant Kirk and ten men were sent to establish a line to Crittenden, who was supposed to be at Lee & Gordon s mill, but he had withdrawn and moved down the Crawfish road. On the 16th a post was established at his headquarters, at Cave Spring. Afterward Kirk received orders to bring his men to Pond Spring and make a post near to D. Dickey's. This order was soon countermanded. Captain DeWitt should have established a courier post at Pond Spring, but failed to do so, and this threw the courier line into confusion. About midnight five men from Company M established a post from Pond Spring to Singleton. Captain Clark with Company E returned from a trip on the mountain.

On the same day the Regiment marched east four miles, to Crawfish Spring—a very large and beautiful spring, the stream from which is about 200 feet wide. Missionary Ridge was now in our rear and the enemy east of Pigeon Mountain. Pond Spring is six miles south of Crawfish Spring, and to our right were the infantry and cavalry, as far as Steven's Gap. We had but one company at regimental headquarters here, but our courier lines

having been contracted and two companies of the Ninety-second Illinois Mounted Infantry being assigned to Colonel Palmer for courier duty, by the 18th all our nine companies were in camp. Of the three companies attached to department headquarters, one has been sent back to Chattanooga with our wagon train.

September 17th.—Generals Thomas and McCook arrived and made camp near Pond Spring. General Rousseau's regulars marched by A small detachment of the Regiment under Col. Palmer scouted to Lee & Gordon's mill. Company F escorted General Morton outside the pickets in front of Van Cleve's division, and about one mile beyond ran into the rebel pickets, driving them back half a mile, and then retired.

September 18th.—The weather was now cool and pleasant. Kirk's courier post was relieved by mounted infantry, and on his way back to our camp stopped at Serg. J. C Reiff's post, where he found the Sergeant s horse dying from a rifle wound which he had shortly before received from rebel infantry in an attempt to secure a map of the country in which we were operating. Mr. Abercrombie, who lived nearby, had told Reiff that such a map could be found at Mr Childer's house, just across the Chickamauga, and not more than three-quarters of a mile from his post. Knowing its importance, Reiff took two men and went in haste for it. They reached the stream, which was crossed by a bridge, and just beyond, surrounded by trees and bushes, was Childer's house. Leaving one man on guard he started to cross, and had just got on the bridge when they received a volley of musketry from the rebels, who were concealed in the bushes around Childer's house. Neither was hit. Both turned and ran, but Reiff's horse caught its hoof in the planking of the bridge, and before he could get it loose the rebels fired again, but only hit the horse.

Company I arrived at Crawfish Spring about dusk from the courier post at Pond Spring, and left soon after with important orders from headquarters to Colonel Minty, who, with about 6000 cavalry, was at Blue Bird Gap of Pigeon Mountain, about twenty miles south. During the night camp fires along the front of the army were maintained, but behind them, in the darkness, our troops were all night changing position to the left. Company I suddenly came upon a solid mass of our infantry marching northward. The surprise was mutual and full of danger. Our men

heard the click of thousands of muskets, and in a moment would have been wiped out of existence had not their character been rapidly explained. Minty was found, and at sunrise carried out his orders by closing up on the right of our army, while Company I rejoined the Regiment about noon.

Severe skirmishing and heavy cannonading were going on nearly all day, and all reports and movements indicated that the enemy was concentrating opposite our left. Our horses remained saddled, and each man was supplied with forty rounds of carbine and eighteen of pistol ammunition and half rations for six days.

September 19th, Saturday.—First day of battle of Chickamauga. Reveille at 3 o'clock in the morning. Our Regiment was in line of battle all day. At about 10 o'clock, when the fog lifted, the enemy attacked the left wing and left center of the army in great force. At the same hour General Rosecrans moved his headquarters with our Regiment to Widow Glenn's house, on the Dry Valley road, about three and a half miles northeast of Crawfish Spring, and immediately in rear of the point of attack.

From this position but little could be seen of the fighting lines, but the smoke and dust of the conflict and bursting of shells could plainly be seen above the trees. Here the General, with a common blue overcoat about his shoulders and with a light-colored felt hat on his head, paced up and down, glass in hand, directing his troops and receiving reports. Orderlies and couriers and staff officers were continually coming and going with orders and reports from the line. Officers were riding up and going off at full speed with verbal orders. Messages flashed over the field telegraph from general officers reporting the varying phases of the battle. It was a scene of great interest and intensity. Now the musketry would be terrific, far exceeding, it was said, that of the seven days' fight on the Peninsula. Now the sound of battle would move nearer, the artillery firing increasing in force, and the General would hurry off a courier here and a courier there, his eyes sparkling, his questions quick and earnest, his orders brief. Then the noise of the conflict would recede, and the Commander's pacing would be resumed.

General Morton, of the Engineers, with maps and compass, was near by at a table, noting by ear and from reports the localities of the various waves of conflict. General Garfield, Chief of Staff,

and the Assistant Adjutant General, with other members of the staff, were at hand sending off the General's orders as they were given. It was a dramatic picture rarely witnessed, and long to be remembered.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, massing his columns, pressed General Davis sorely driving him some distance, but General Negley, that fine soldier, coming up with his division at dusk, on the double quick, drove the rebels back—this being just to the left and in front of headquarters. To the right of headquarters General John M. Palmer was similarly pressed, with great loss, but Sheridan came up to his relief and he held the ground.

So night closed in on the scene. We held the field, but many slain lay silent there, and there were thousands of wounded; while, weary and worn, our brave soldiers rested on their arms in line of battle, to sleep during the damp and chilly night. The wounded who could walk, for a long time kept passing by to the rear to the ambulances and temporary hospitals.

During the day our Regiment was detained at headquarters—"I may need you," Rosecrans said—but many of our men were on the fighting line, and rendered very efficient service, carrying dispatches and messages. Captain Kramer with Companies L and M were thrown out to the rear as skirmishers, to prevent a surprise by rebel cavalry, and at night we also put out strong vedettes in the same direction. Early in the night the Fifteenth went to the rear for water, but did not find it, and later many details were made to build fires on the front, behind which many corrections of the line were made. All night our horses remained saddled, with the men before them, ready for instant service.

September 20th, Sunday.—Early in the foggy morning we went about two and a half miles to the rear for water and corn, and returned to the battlefield at about 10 o'clock, when the battle was again raging fiercely. We halted in the rear of headquarters* to feed our horses. General Rosecrans had moved from Widow

* On that spot, on November 13, 1897, with appropriate ceremonies was dedicated a monument to mark the position occupied by the Regiment. On that interesting occasion eighty-one survivors of the Fifteenth were present, and a full account of the ceremonies was published in "Pennsylvania at Chickamauga and Chattanooga," pp. 341-366.

Glenn s early in the morning with our escort companies, and established himself on a slight eminence, near the Dyer house, about one mile further north. One of our men wrote: "Here the shell flew about us briskly. I was orderly and had to be near the General, ready to carry dispatches. Two of us were sent down to drive back stragglers, who now commenced to fall to the rear. One man had his hand bound up and said he was shot through the hand, but I made him take off the bandage and found he was not touched. Next I carried a dispatch to General McCook, whom I found down on the field. I heard him read the dispatch to bring up two brigades to support the center, but it was too late; our center gave way and the troops came flying from the field in great disorder. This was between 11.30 and 12 o'clock. Captain Garner, commanding the escort, had his horse shot, and Lieutenant Field was cut slightly in the head with a piece of shell. General Rosecrans had to mount in a hurry to avoid capture. At this juncture a regiment came to the rescue, running up in fine style and cheering. They met the rebels at the top of the hill, and in a moment came running back, completely scattered."

The notes of the writer (who was then Adjutant) as to this phase of the battle, made shortly after the battle, are as follows: "While our horses were feeding, my attention was attracted by flocks of small birds flying among us and over our heads from the battle line. The sight was so unusual that I went to the brow of the hill, and looking over the field, at the instant when Longstreet made his fatal charge, saw our lines broken. I then mounted, rode up the hill, and asked Colonel Palmer, who was at headquarters, if he had any orders. 'Draw the Regiment up in line just behind this hill,' he said. I cast a glance to the front as I turned and saw the two lines belching fire and smoke at each other—dark, irregular lines—but could not see much. When I got down the hill Captain Betts was about placing the Regiment in the position indicated by the Colonel.

"Just as the Regiment got in line the storm burst on us. The right center of our army was broken, and two divisions were fleeing in a panic in a storm of grape, canister and musketry Helter-skelter they came, rushing over and around the hill, with the enemy hard upon their heels, yelling like demons. The escort mounted, the General and staff mounted, and the General's only

orders to Colonel Palmer were, 'Stop those stragglers!' Bullets and shells now flew around our heads freely, one man of Company C being wounded and several horses shot. With saber in hand we did what we could to induce the panic-stricken men to rally around a flag which was pointed out to them with scarce a dozen men around its sacred folds. Colonel Palmer then took the Regiment farther to the rear, and deployed there to stop as many stragglers as possible, and General Rosecrans and his staff were warmly engaged in the same effort. When I left the open field our Regiment had passed out of sight to the rear, and to avoid capture I passed into the woods toward the ridge, but could not find the Regiment, so I wandered near the front, because I thought General Rosecrans would be somewhere there.

"In about an hour I went south toward Crawfish Spring, finding Wilder's dismounted men in line of battle, and then I turned north again toward Widow Glenn's, having meanwhile picked up Frank Hinngard, one of our guides. Near the Glenn house a section of howitzers, supported by rebel infantry, fired at us, and as the service of their guns was too good for comfort, we fell back over the hill to the west, and soon afterward found the Regiment on its way to Chattanooga Valley, whither it had been ordered, to protect the rear of a large train of wagons en route to Chattanooga."

E. W Anderson, Sergeant Company M, said at the Twenty-second Banquet "On Sunday, a little before the line was broken, General Rosecrans sent one of his staff out to the left to see if he could get the location of Longstreet, and I, with others, was detailed to escort him out there. All below we could see Wood's division in line of battle. We halted about ten minutes, when we saw that division move by fours to the left, leaving a gap in the line of 100 or 200 yards, and the enemy immediately took advantage of it. The Aide (I don't know who he was) turned to me and said: 'That is Longstreet's corps.' He hardly had the words out of his mouth before I saw the advance and the soldiers running. I saw the capture of Lilly's battery of six guns, and then we started for headquarters."

S. L. Wilson said at the Twenty-third Banquet: "At the time our line was broken the first sound Bugler Miller gave was 'forward!' They forgot all about 'preparing to mount.' They

mounted then, and Colonel Lamborn commanded 'fours right!' The next command was 'draw saber' and then 'column left,' and then we were on the ridge, keeping the stragglers back."

Late on that memorable afternoon, following our broken brigades, our Regiment, under orders from General Sheridan, passed into Chattanooga Valley, and there, during part of the night, sent out scouting parties toward Pond Spring and Steven's Gap and picketed the valley, as a protection to the batteries and wagon trains of the army. We fed our weary, hungry horses, not neglecting the proper use of the half rations issued at Crawfish Springs, and later, being relieved by General Mitchell, went on to our old camping ground on Cameron Hill, in Chattanooga, arriving there about 10 o'clock. Company L had been sent ten miles out on Lookout Mountain to watch the movements of the enemy, and was cut off, but later succeeded in making its way through the lines and rejoined the Regiment.

It is proper to state here that General Rosecrans, in his official report of the campaign, recorded the following recognition of the services of the Regiment:

"It is my duty to notice the services of those faithful officers who have none but myself to mention them:

"Col. William J. Palmer, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and his command, have rendered very valuable services in keeping open communications and watching the movements of the enemy which deserve my warmest thanks.

"Captain Garner and the escort deserve mention for untiring energy in carrying orders."

And this narrative would be incomplete without recording that at a later date Capt. Anthony Taylor received the Congressional Medal of Honor "for meritorious services on the battlefield of Chattanooga."

From incomplete data, it appears that our casualties in this campaign were as follows: Lieutenant Field wounded, two enlisted men wounded and three enlisted men captured or missing. Our effective force reports were as follows:

September 10.—25 officers, 450 enlisted men and horses.
September 20.—27 officers, 411 enlisted men and horses.
September 28.—27 officers, 414 enlisted men and horses.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., October 2, 1863.

General Orders No. 227

Army of the Cumberland:

You have made a grand and successful campaign.

You have driven the rebels from middle Tennessee.

You have crossed a great mountain range, placed yourself on the banks of a broad river, crossed it in the face of a powerful opposing army, and crossed two other great mountain ranges at the only practicable passes, some forty miles between extremes.

You concentrated in the face of superior numbers, fought the army of Bragg, which you drove from Shelbyville and Tullahoma, combined with that of Johnston s from Mississippi and the tried veterans of Longstreet's corps, and for two days held them at bay, giving them blow for blow, with heavy interest. When the day closed you held the field, from which you withdrew in the face of overpowering numbers to occupy the point for which you set out—Chattanooga!

You have accomplished the great work of the campaign. You hold the key of East Tennessee, of Northern Georgia and of the enemy's mines of coal and niter.

Let these achievements console you for the regret you experience that arrivals of fresh hostile troops forbade your remaining on the field to renew the battle for the right of burying your gallant dead and caring for your brave companions who lay wounded on the field. The losses you have sustained, though heavy, are comparatively slight, considering the odds against you and the stake you have won. You hold in your hands the substantial fruits of a victory, and deserve and will receive the honor and plaudits of a grateful nation, which asks nothing, even of those who have been fighting us, but obedience to the constitution and laws established for our common benefit.

The General commanding earnestly begs every officer and soldier of this army to unite with him in thanking Almighty God for his favors to us. He presents his hearty thanks and congratu-

lations to all the officers and soldiers of this command for their energy, patience and perseverance and for the undaunted courage displayed by those who fought with such unflinching resolution. Neither the history of this war nor probably the annals of any battle furnish a loftier example of obstinate bravery and enduring resistance to superior numbers, when troops, having exhausted their ammunition, resorted to the bayonet so many times to hold their position against such odds, as did our left and center, comprising troops from all the corps, on the afternoon of the 20th of September, at the battle of Chickamauga.

By command of Major-General Rosecrans.

C. GODDARD,
Assistant Adjutant General.

And so closed that eventful campaign, which, so far as this Regiment was concerned, is not to be measured by losses on the field of battle, but by the effective, intelligent service of its officers and men in scouting and reconnoitering on the flanks and in the face of the enemy, in forming courier lines, in bearing dispatches in unfamiliar and dangerous regions by night and day, in gathering data for local maps and in furnishing adequate escort and protection for the Commanding General.

Time has dulled our memories of many details of the service performed more than forty years ago. Happily much of the discomforts and hardships and sufferings have faded from our minds. But time cannot dull the satisfaction of having done our best in that campaign, much of which we saw and part of which we were.

We can congratulate ourselves on such a record; we can be proud that our General so handsomely recognized us in his official report; and we have the undying memory that we were of that famous army to which he addressed his General Order No. 227.

INCIDENTS DURING THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

JOHN M. DAVIS, COMPANY B, PHILADELPHIA.

IT was my good fortune to be detailed as orderly to General Rosecrans during the Chickamauga campaign in 1863. After forty years most of the events are dim, and but a few occurrences are as vivid to-day as then. General Rosecrans established his headquarters at the Widow Glenn's house. The battle of Chickamauga was fought on Saturday and Sunday Our supply wagons could not keep up, and that battle was fought with empty haversacks. General Rosecrans and staff were no better off. I remember being detailed by Colonel Palmer. who was with General Rosecrans, about 11 o'clock Saturday night with a squad of four to go to Crawfish Springs on our extreme right, perhaps some two miles distant, but which seemed like six miles, with a small keg across the pommel of my saddle, to obtain water for coffee for headquarters. Everything was burning that could burn, to deceive the rebels as to our movements. We reached Crawfish Springs about midnight. I dipped my keg into the spring and returned to headquarters, reaching there, perhaps, about 1 o'clock. Coffee was made for the officers, and a few strips of bacon and a few scattered crackers constituted their rations for about forty hours, if I remember correctly

During the hottest part of the fight on Saturday afternoon I was sent with a dispatch to a staff officer on the firing line. Galloping to the indicated point I found myself within the rebel lines, a Confederate charge having just been made—in fact, it was at that moment in progress. Our forces in front of Widow Glenn's house were making a countercharge, and in less time than it takes to tell it some 200 or 300 Confederates found themselves enveloped by our advancing lines on our right and left. For a moment I was at loss to know whether I was captured or whether the Confederates were captured. I quickly solved the uncertainty

by spurring my horse and galloping into their midst and yelling, at the top of my voice, "Surrender, you devils! surrender!" It was a most ridiculous thing to do, perhaps, in the roar and smoke of battle, with charge and countercharge going on all around, but there was nothing else to do. I saw our lines rushing forward on our right and left and knew the Confederates were virtually captured. To my great surprise and immense relief the Confederates dropped their arms, even the officers—some of them, at least. Taking courage from my brilliant achievement, I shouted "Fall in line!" and to my surprise the entire 200 or 300 men and officers quickly formed and started after me.

Under the excitement of the moment I kept my horse moving at a good pace. Before going far the Confederates called out to me: "Say, Yank, can't you go slower? We can't walk so fast."

Realizing the fact I immediately slowed up, and taking advantage of the opportunity and enjoying for the moment my self-importance, I looked back over the line of men. I remember to this day the stamp of American nobility on their blanched faces. They were as anxious to get to where I was taking them (General Rosecrans' headquarters) as I was to get them there, as the rain of Confederate bullets kept whistling around us. After some little time I reached headquarters, and Colonel Palmer immediately came out and looked at the line of men, who were glad to halt.

"Take them to Colonel Pinkerton," said Colonel Palmer, and there they were taken.

Another incident showing the fierceness of the conflict occurred Saturday afternoon, when the Confederates made a terrific onslaught on our immediate front and General Rosecrans ordered his entire staff to mount and be ready to retreat. Every officer and man instantly mounted, while the Confederate column swept on toward us, excepting General Rosecrans himself and Colonel Palmer. Their eyes and the eyes of everyone were riveted on the advancing column of Confederates and our retreating and scattered line. The enemy came very close, but recoiled through exhaustion, our scattered line re-formed and advanced, and General Rosecrans and staff returned to the porch.

Another incident that made an indelible impression on my

mind occurred on Saturday afternoon while I was carrying a dispatch to an officer on the firing line whose name I do not recall. Galloping through the underbrush I heard terrific yells, and looking in the direction from which they came I saw a stalwart soldier of our side lying bleeding. He had pulled off his trousers in his vain attempt to stop the flow of blood from an ugly wound on the side of his thigh. His piercing entreaties induced me to stop a moment, but I called to him, "I can't stop." I galloped to the firing line, found the officer I was after, delivered the dispatch, and galloped back to where I found the soldiers whose duty it was to bear off the wounded. I asked two or three of them to go to a point I indicated and bring in the bleeding soldier. I have often wondered what became of him. We had no field hospital, if I rightly recall it, and the Surgeons had no facilities during that battle for rendering assistance to the wounded. I may possibly be wrong in this.

I distinctly recall a scene on Sunday afternoon which occurred during the rout of our infantry, artillery, ammunition and supply wagons, and everything else. All went tearing pell-mell through fields, woods, underbrush and through fences, on their way to Chattanooga. General McCook had gathered a score or more of officers together after having in vain tried to stem the tide of retreat. He had found a citizen, and I heard the General say to him, with his revolver almost under the man's nose: "If you guide us into the rebel lines I will blow your head off." The General used some additional adjectives. Confederates seemed to be all around us, but the citizen piloted us out safely, and toward evening we reached Chattanooga, hearing all the time the thunder of "Pap" Thomas' infantry that stood like a stone wall on our left checking the advance of Hood and Longstreet.

Another incident of the rout occurred Saturday afternoon. Capt. Garner had gathered a few of us together, some thirty or forty probably, and attempted to stop as many of our fleeing infantry as he could. A bullet struck his horse between his eyes and he dropped, but the Captain soon found one of the many horses rushing aimlessly about without riders. My horse was shot about the same time.

Some months afterward my duties took me to the battlefield of Chickamauga. The War Department gives our losses at that

battle at 17,851, which was the bloodiest battle of the war, not even excepting Gettysburg or Cold Harbor for the numbers engaged. As far as my eye could reach I could see lines of graves with here and there heads and feet sticking out. They had been uncovered by the rains. I traced with my eye a white zigzag line on the ground running through the woods and fields. I examined it. It was made up of bits of chewed-off paper of the ends of cartridges which General Thomas' soldiers threw at their feet as they stood there that hot September afternoon, hour after hour, grimly meeting the onslaughts of Hood and dying there by the hundreds, to remain unburied for months.

AT HEADQUARTERS DURING THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

JOHN E. BROWN, COMPANY H, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE escort was in bivouac at Crawfish Springs on the morning of the first day's fight at Chickamauga. Reveille sounded about 4 o'clock, and John Lingerfield, our Commissary Sergeant, issued to us some excellent beef which we cooked over our fires, and with it and good hard-tack made our breakfast. All signs indicated that the dates of our next meals were uncertain, and the thoughtful ones made up sandwiches of beef and hard-tack, which were stored in their haversacks for future use.

Out in front, along our whole line, the skirmishers of each army were popping away at each other except away over on our left, where Gen. George H. Thomas was, the heavy volleys of musketry told of more serious work being done. We were all saddled up and standing "to horse" when General Rosecrans and staff passed us on the way to Widow Glenn's house, in and around which was his headquarters the first day, and the escort fell in behind the staff and followed.

The movements of the troops and the near sound of battle are always an exhilaration, but at times gloomy thoughts flitted through my brain—why, I did not know. Our General was one of the finest who ever commanded an army, and it was an army that had never been defeated. Vague rumors were flying of a heavy concentration of Confederates to crush us, and it may be that these had something to do with the feeling I could not throw off that this was the time that the old Army of the Cumberland would not come out on top as it had always done before.

Just before we reached Widow Glenn's house I was sent with a dispatch to the officer in command of the troops at Lee & Gordon's mill, with orders to "ride hard." I was well mounted on a pacer that had belonged to our Quartermaster. Lieutenant

George S. Fobes, who liked a sedate animal with a good walk. This one was very fast and gay, so we traded. He was very intelligent, seemed to know what I said to him and at my command would lie down. It was a mutual love affair between us. It did not take me long to deliver the dispatch, and within fifteen minutes the battle opened furiously on that part of the line where they had only been skirmishing before, and I felt a growing importance in having done something to start the fight.

It is hard to recall more than a few of the many incidents that happened in the next two days during the battle. We were kept on the go continually, carrying messages, acting as orderlies to staff officers, and at night building fires at places where no troops were, to deceive our enemies. Very early in the morning of the second day's fight I was sent with a verbal message to General Thomas by General Rosecrans. The very words he uttered have been engraved on my memory and to this day I cannot help repeating them just as I did on my ride so that I would not forget them: "Orderly," he said, "ride to General Thomas on our left and tell him, with my compliments, that there are a number of pieces of artillery in front and to the left of Glenn s house that seem to have no owners, and to see that they are taken in and cared for; also to hold the Chattanooga road."

It was about 6 o clock in the morning when I got to General Thomas. He was sitting on his horse as calm as a summer's day, and no man could have fathomed his thoughts at that moment, for he appeared to me no different from other occasions when I had carried dispatches to him which were of minor importance. There had been heavy fighting right here where he was, as dead men lay scattered around, and I noticed the flaps of their cartridge boxes were all open, the survivors having transferred their contents to their own depleted boxes. General Thomas made use of no unnecessary words and impressed one with the fact that he meant to do what he said. The message he returned was: "Give my compliments to General Rosecrans, and tell him I will take care of the cannon and will hold the road at all hazards." With this word I started back to Widow Glenn's and reported it to General Rosecrans.

A little later I was sent out as orderly to Major Seys, Assistant Medical Inspector of the army We went out just behind the

firing line to superintend the proper placing of the wounded in the ambulances, which were drawn up ready to receive their human freight when brought in by the stretcher bearers. He was a gallant officer and did not have much fear in his composition, but I thought at the time that he could have got through his work a little faster, and not left me under a hot musketry fire, with two spirited horses to hold and not even a tree with which to protect myself. It was enough to demoralize a better man, or rather boy, than I was at that time. Both horses were slightly wounded but I never got a scratch. It is very hard on one's nerves to be under fire and not doing anything to injure those who are trying to injure you. I would rather be on the front line any time than hold horses just back of it. It gives some foundation for some very bad dreams all the rest of one's life. After an hour of this mental torture the Major was relieved and we went back to headquarters, and I thanked my heavenly Father that I was still in the land of the living.

Just a little while after came that massed charge of Longstreet's Corps, of the Virginia army, which struck our line of battle at its weakest spot, the division that had been holding it having just moved away in response to an order to reinforce General Thomas on the left which should never have been given, and would never have been given had the situation pending at that point been known. It came just in front of headquarters, and General McCook, who held the field to the right of us, had to fall back in such a hurry that he lost nearly everything on wheels. Some very desperate fighting took place right here, but it was impossible to make headway against the heavy force of the enemy or even hold what we had. A part of our force fell back up the Missionary Ridge, but the greater part went to General Thomas and reinforced that "Rock of Chickamauga" which Longstreet's veterans could not split. The last I saw of General Rosecrans he was riding the line, endeavoring to get a new position which he could hold, but, seeing the futility of such a course, he hurried to Chattanooga and, gathering what men he could, fortified it so that it was impregnable to Bragg's assaults.

I have no idea what became of the escort when the break occurred. They were nearly all off on some duty, and I had not yet left Major Seys, but hung on to him with the feeling that he

would be my salvation. I just discovered that my horse had cast a shoe, and I tried to calculate how many more miles were in her before she became too lame to go farther, when all around us it was, as some one expressed it, "Hell let loose." The "rebel yell" predominated, which sent the cold chills down one's back, especially when under a cloud, as we were just at present.

The infantrymen straggled along, and when told to stop and fight, said: "It's no use, Mister; they're too many for us." It seemed to me that if someone could exercise the proper authority and in a commanding way that these men could be gathered together and formed into line, but none of the officers in our party—and they were all officers except myself—took it on themselves to do it, so I plucked up courage and turned to Major Seys and said "Major, why can't this straggling be stopped?" He looked at me and said: "Can you stop them?" "I'll try," was my answer. He said: "Go ahead."

So far as my uniform was concerned it looked as well as that of any officer I wore one of those gay jackets that were first issued to us, trimmed with orange braid, dark blue trousers and those high-topped "Dickerman" boots, which were better and finer than many of our Major-Generals had, and over all I had a cavalry cape lined with yellow These are trifles, but if I was going to act an officer's part I knew I could do it better if I looked like one. We were part way up the crest of Missionary Ridge now, when I drew my saber and shouted to a group of men going to the rear: "Halt! fall in!" A tall Sergeant, carrying the colors of his regiment, was the first man to respond, and I can see his big blue eyes yet, with not a very cheerful look in them, as he replied "Halt! it is," and then planted the colors in the ground. I knew then it was all right. "Fall in on colors!" was my next command, and they did it in good style, and when the officers saw what my individual efforts were accomplishing, they came to my aid and we succeeded in getting quite a command together.

That was one of my proud moments—a private in the Anderson Cavalry commanding a good-sized regiment on the battlefield of Chickamauga! for I did not give up my position as Commander until we were joined by Col. Tom. Harrison with a regiment of Wilder's mounted infantry. They came dashing up,

well mounted, and armed with Spencer rifles that fired seven times before you had to load again. In the meantime the rebels were close at hand, and with that fiendish yell of theirs hoped to drive us off the field, but our men had grit and reinforced as we were would do no more retreating. After a short tussle it was our enemy who retreated.

We were not molested again during our ride to Rossville, where I stayed all night with Colonel Harrison's men and the next day went into Chattanooga. My improvised command had scattered by this time.

EXPERIENCES OF A COURIER AT CHICKAMAUGA.

WILLIAM L. BRATTON, COMPANY A, NEW YORK.

OUR Company was lined up a little to the left and the rear of what was the General's headquarters at Widow Glenn's. Messages were being dispatched, and our boys were flying over all sections of the field of conflict. The writer was leaning over the pommel of his saddle and endeavoring to ease his position as well as that of his very strong and faithful horse, when a Sergeant of the company galloped up and exclaimed: "Bratton, we've just sent Branthover with a message to General Wood and we sent him in the wrong direction. He was directed to the left of the field and he should have gone to the right. We want you to find him and bring him back. Now ride 'hell-to-split' after him and be sure you get him."

On receiving these orders I immediately started my horse off on a gallop, going nearly directly south of the position, but in a direction pointed out by the Sergeant when he gave his orders. Singular to say I passed very few troops, and in less than two minutes found myself in a field apparently unploughed and bordered with young sapplings and shrubbery, and with quite a heavy woods in the background from the point I viewed it. Looking around to see if I could discover any trace of mounted men, I was much surprised to find myself in close proximity to a butternut-clothed soldier who was so attentive to his business as not to notice me, although I was within thirty feet of him.

I saw that he apparently was the extreme left skirmisher of a company deployed by our foes, and I felt as though I would certainly soon be held up or shot. As I was on a dead "lope" and continued on my course I passed numerous "Graybacks" and butternut-clothed men, some of whom were escorting to the rear a number of our troops who had been made prisoners. They seemed full of enthusiasm and excitement, and possibly it was good for me that they were, for they didn't take any notice of me, which I have always accounted for by the fact that I wore a gray

felt hat. I soon reached the woods and found them full of soldiers, and directed my horse where I saw they were not so numerous. I gradually made a circle and came out of the woods in a short time without a word being said to me by anyone.

The course I took brought me out at nearly the exact point I had entered, and as I saw the enemy's skirmishers were deployed, made a detour more to the left and came out apparently on their extreme left of the regimental line, where I found a big butternut soldier, with his gun held by both hands, so intently interested in watching in front that I rode up within three or four feet of him where I could reach over and let him feel the muzzle of my Colt's revolver on his cheek. He was taken completely by surprise, handed me his gun and exclaimed, "My God! are we surrounded?" I told him to run straight forward, which he did. The skirmisher next to him on the right, discovering something was wrong, banged away at me but did not hit me; but the report of the gun and the whir of the bullet were so decided and came so near that the prisoner thought I must have shot at him, for he turned around and said: "For God's sake! don't shoot me in cold blood." I told him to "run for his life as fast as he could or he would be shot," and being a very lusty personage as well as a long-legged, strapping big fellow, he made such good time that my horse was on a pretty fast "lope" to keep up with him.

In a short time I came across several of our army ambulances with Surgeons attending to the wounded and dying, and I was very glad to find that I was inside of our lines again. Knowing the direction of headquarters I escorted my prisoner to where our company was in line of battle, awaiting orders, and turned him over to the Provost Marshal, who was at headquarters. The prisoner turned out to be one of the Sixth Arkansas Confederate regiment, and I was told he gave valuable information to our officers which, accompanied with my report of the break in the lines where I rode through, led to the gap being filled up by some of the troops. I did not "bring back" Branthover, and must confess I felt very happy to find myself again with the boys, as I then realized that I had run a great risk.

I camped with the boys that night near headquarters. In the morning when I awoke I found that some discriminating judge of horseflesh had substituted a very thin and skinny bay horse

for my exceptionally good cavalry mount. This led to another incident on the following day when our line was broken in the center and a great number of our soldiers "skedaddled." I do not know, of course, who took my horse, but it happened on the night that Negley's division was removed from the extreme right to the extreme left of our line of battle, and many stragglers belonging to different parts of the army passed through our camps. I tried to console myself with the hope that the horse might be serving someone who could make better use of him than I could. I felt convinced that no matter how good a fellow the "confiscator" might be he certainly would have received a token of my regards in the shape of lead balls, for I was so mad that even the blue uniform would not have saved the "good judge of horseflesh" had I ran across him. My horse had no U. S. mark on him, and was an available animal if you wanted to make a good trade.

The thing called a horse which had been exchanged for mine was a very weak animal, and I resolved to try and get another one. There was only one way to do it and that was to get immediately to the fighting front and watch my chances. I followed up the line of heavy firing and soon found myself among a thin line of our men who apparently had been suffering from a heavy fire, for very many men were being carried to the rear. The artillery fire as well as the musketry was very regular, and the damage it inflicted must have been great. I found, a short time after I reached there, that the Confederate fire had apparently been expended, for there was a lull in the noise and the "music" that generally accompanies the bullet, the shell and the cannon ball. I was obliged to dismount, for my horse stumbled, and when I dismounted I found that he had been wounded in the leg and he limped very badly. Our troops were being re-formed, and I led my horse to the extreme left of one of our regiments, when a heavy yell in front told us that the Confederate signal had been given and a charge was being made. Our boys delivered a very withering fire, apparently, for the Confederates retreated, but again re-formed and charged in a heavier body. Our boys had to give way and retreated to a slightly higher position on the field and made a temporary stand. Evidently the Confederates had been reinforced, for they came on in a much heavier body. It was here that a streak of luck enabled me to get an-

other mount. A Confederate officer, who had been acting very gallantly and was very conspicuous, mounted on a dappled gray horse, was shot, and as he was leading his men at the time his horse galloped right into our lines and came close to me. I sprang forward and after a slight tussle led him to where I had left my horse, and retreating to what I considered a fairly safe place I changed saddles in quick order. I had mounted my "find" when I was addressed by an officer who, with the aid of a private of infantry, was assisting a wounded Major who asked me if I would "carry the officer off the field." I said, "yes," but as I had the lame horse saddled they placed the officer on it and he rode away into the woods, being led by the private soldier. The officer who had assisted the wounded one returned apparently to his command. I stood there bewildered, not knowing which way to go, when I found that our troops were flying from the field in a panic and were seeking the shelter of the woods. It was here that I saw one of our regiment who endeavored to rally a number of the fleeing troops actually gather some 200 of them in such a way as to have some order in them for a time, and they delivered several volleys. He seized the colors of one of the regiments and rode up and down in front of them. I always thought it was one of the best things I saw any of our Regiment do, and I also thought I recognized the party who did it, and believe it was no other than Arthur Carrier In the excitement among the panic-stricken soldiers they must have seen that it would be useless with the great number of soldiers before them to do anything practical unless they were protected by the woods, which were several hundred feet back of their position. I recollect seeing the soldier, who I think was Arthur Carrier, giving some orders and acting as if he were an officer, but he had given the flag back to the color bearer or made someone act as color bearer. What position this party of soldiers got in the woods I do not know, for when I reached the woods I found one of the most gallant little soldiers that ever straddled a horse riding up and down in front of the woods on a gray animal, very conspicuously giving orders to men who were behind the first line of trees, and who belonged, I found out later, to Wilder's Hatchet Brigade. I saw the officer and rode up to him, greeted him in a most cordial way for I recognized in him a schoolmate, George

B. Thatcher, and his regiment was the Ninety-eighth Illinois. He informed me that he was "an Adjutant of Wilder's regiment." I told him that I "belonged to Rosecrans' headquarters" and asked him in what direction it was. He told me that Rosecrans and all his headquarters had gone to Chattanooga. While we were talking the rebels made another charge, but the Hatchet Brigade had Spencer rifles and all the Confederate efforts on the first charge were futile. I turned my horse in the direction of what I supposed to be Chattanooga, but found that I had gone to the right in such a way that in a short time I was at Thomas' headquarters. As I had taken many a dispatch to "Old Slow Trot" I was not "backward in riding forward" and reporting personally to him what had occurred.

Asking his permission to stay with his troops I was told curtly that my "duty was at my headquarters." By inquiry I soon found the road that led to Chattanooga, and late in the afternoon found our company encamped a short distance from where Rosecrans had made his Chattanooga headquarters I greeted my messmates with a spirit of thankfulness, for they had built a fire and had plenty of hot water to make coffee, which, with hard-tack, was most acceptable.

The Confederate horse I secured we named "Chickamauga," and he has frequently been referred to by George P Franklin, Sep. Knight, and others of my messmates, for he lasted me quite a while. In Sequatchie Valley he did a great deal of courier duty very acceptably Frequently he accompanied some of the boys on midnight tours looking up dainties in the shape of chickens, geese, pone, hogs, etc., to replenish our stock of eatables.

The writer may add that in his career as a soldier he had quite a number of horses. One large powerful dark-brown horse was named by himself and messmates "Beautiful Dreamer" This horse must have had a musical soul, for after the rider had been to the North on a furlough and brought a new song of that name to the regiment he taught it to the boys. We used to sing it while going on different expeditions. This song being sung, fast or slow, the horse kept time on the easy lope that he had, in perfect rhythm to the tune, and as we altered the time purposely he would alter his gait accordingly. His name, of course, occasioned comment among the boys, but he was a good animal and did good service.

WITH GENERAL GARFIELD AT CHICKAMAUGA.

SERG. T. J. MCCALL, COMPANY K, PITTSBURG, PA.

ON September 9, 1863, General Rosecrans rode into Chattanooga, the rebels having evacuated during the night previous, and we found our General Wagner in command. On the morning of the 11th "Old Rosey," as we called him, with staff and accompanied by the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Companies B, H and K being his escort, left Chattanooga for McLemore's Cove, via Lookout Mountain. My memory is not clear as to what happened between the time that we arrived at the Cove and the 17th, on the afternoon of which we arrived at Crawfish Springs.

I very distinctly remember that J. G. Henvis, during a short halt, laid in a supply of green peanuts, which he pulled up in a field. I suppose he lived on them when rations were scarce.

Headquarters were pitched about 125 yards below the spring, on the northeast side of the stream, which at that point was from 200 to 300 feet wide and in places ten feet deep. The Fourteenth Corps were pushing to the front and forming in line of battle, its left near Reed's bridge.

On Friday, the 18th, there was occasional firing along the picket line. In the afternoon I went with General Garfield, Chief of Staff, to Lee & Gordon's mills, on the Chickamauga River. While we were dismounted and the General was talking to General Sheridan I was looking around to see what the place was like. The rebel sharpshooters were annoying a battery that was posted above the mill. Opposite there was a field about 500 yards long and 300 yards wide. On the farther end and two sides were thick woods, the ground being covered with underbrush so dense that you could not see men in it. There was a pile of rails about 100 yards from the end of the field next to the woods and about centrally located from the sides. While standing there I noticed a man run out of the woods to the rail pile, then another

and another, until six or seven of them reached it, and then opened up pretty lively on the battery The Captain trained a gun on the rails. The first shot went over; the next struck the pile fairly in the center, the end being next to us. It threw the rails in every direction and our boys cheered lustily Out of the six or seven men I only saw two run away We mounted and rode down to the Brotherton house and returned to headquarters, convinced that we had a battle ahead of us. Those of us who are living to-day will never forget that awful, bloody battle of Saturday.

Headquarters had been established at Widow Glenn's house about 8 A.M. At about 9.30 a brisk skirmish fire began on our extreme left, and ran clear down to our right, followed by a roar of musketry along the whole line. The artillery fire was very heavy on our left, but, owing to the ground being flat from the center to the right, the artillery fire was not so heavy on that part of the field. It continued without cessation until 6 P.M. and then stopped suddenly, as though it was all over. But, oh, what a day! We who carried dispatches on the field saw some of its terrible effects. There were streams of wounded, some being carried back and some in ambulances. The groans and cries of the poor fellows touched our hearts, but we had our duty to perform, and rode at a gallop wherever we were sent. The dead were left on the field where they fell.

On Sunday morning a white frost covered the ground, everything was white, the grass was stiff and we were all cold. Field headquarters were moved from Widow Glenn's to the hill south of and a little to the rear of the Dyer house, in front of a thicket. A road had been cut through the thicket for artillery None of the saplings was over fifteen to eighteen feet high then. On visiting that place in September of 1895 I found the trees fifty feet or more high, and from one to one and a half feet through. This was just thirty-two years after our first visit.

We dismounted and everything was as silent as the grave. The sun came out warm and bright. There we waited, during that awe-inspiring silence, for over an hour. We asked each other, "Will the fight begin?" Someone said that General Rosecrans would not begin the fight on Sunday. Our lines were in the woods, where the undergrowth was very thick. Staff officers and dispatch orderlies were the only ones who appeared to be moving.

The ammunition train was in a corn field just to the left and a little to the front of the Dyer house. About 10.20 A.M., if my memory is correct, the firing began at the left of the line—a light volley—then a deafening roll of musketry came down the line like a great ocean wave. It was like a hurricane. The cannon shots sounded like thunder and the lines could be traced by the smoke. A few minutes after the battle started you could see the wounded coming to the rear. The hospital corps were busy Thus it continued until about 11 A.M., when Wood's division was withdrawn to reinforce Thomas, and the men began to retreat. Just then the ammunition train started to move to the rear. A battery rushed out of the woods into the corn field, where a reserve force of Van Cleve s division lay in front of the ammunition train, throwing it into disorder Then our whole line from there to the right was forced into a rout, followed by the rebels.

General Rosecrans and staff, with orderlies, mounted. The General sat a minute, looked over the field, then rode through the gap. Colonel Palmer rode up to him and asked him if he should charge with his Regiment. The General said, "No," and ordered him to go to the left and rear with him. Ever after that my confidence in Colonel Palmer as a brave and farseeing soldier was unalterably fixed—I trusted his judgment. Had he had four regiments that knew him as well as we did, and charged then, we could have caused a panic among the enemy as bad as our men were in then.

Being a dispatch orderly I was in the rear, and looking over the field as far as I could see I felt that the rebels, in their anxiety to catch our men, were so scattered that we could have ridden them down before they could have formed a line. We went back to the Glenn house just in time to meet McCook with Davis' and Sheridan's divisions, utterly demoralized. They could not be stopped. I saw the battery at the Glenn house captured, and our guns were turned on us as we rode up the ridge to the rear. They threw canister and shrapnel all around us, and the shells crashed through the trees. General Rosecrans, after giving orders to the officers, turned and rode down, obliquely to the left and front, into Dry Valley and up to McFarland's Gap. There the wagons filled the gap. About 100 yards below the gap a Johnnie had got so close to where we passed that when he fired at us the wad of his gun

burned the hair off the side of Maj. Frank Bond's chestnut mare, and she nearly threw him.

My horse stumbled and fell, throwing me on my head and shoulders, but I got him up, and mounted. The rebels cheered when he fell, but I had the laugh afterward.

We could not get to General Thomas by way of the ridge, as the Johnnies got between us and that wing. We then crossed the ridge, into Chattanooga Valley, and rode down opposite to Rossville, and halted. After General Rosecrans and General Garfield had talked matters over, General Garfield took two of us orderlies and Captain Gaw, of General Thomas' staff, and went by way of Rossville Gap to the Lafayette road. We tried to overtake Major-General Granger with the reserve corps, he having left Rossville to go to General Thomas' relief. We pressed on. Not noticing that they had turned off the road at the Cloud house, we rode on down the Lafayette road, and were going at a good lope when, within 200 yards of the rebel lines, which crossed the road at an angle near the road leading to Reid's bridge, a rebel fired at us. We jumped our horses up the bank and over the fence. Captain Gaw's horse fell on the bank. The Captain thought the horse was shot, and hopped over the fence and pretty nearly outran the horses. He commanded me to give him my horse. I appealed to General Garfield, and he told me to let him have the horse and go and get the Captain's horse, which had run back toward the Cloud house. We were then inside Col. Dan. McCook's skirmish line.

I gave him my horse very reluctantly and struck across the field into the woods. Near the Cloud house I met Chaplain Sanders, of an Illinois regiment, mounted on the horse. I told him that I was after that horse. At first he refused to give him up, but finally, seeing that I was determined to take him, he asked me if there was anything about the horse by which I could identify him. I told him that there was a saber without a scabbard fastened to the pommel of the saddle. He at once dismounted. I then started toward where the firing was very heavy, and rode through one of the hottest places I was ever in for about 500 yards, to the rear of our line. I kept on and rode right up to General Granger's field headquarters, in a ravine, about forty yards in the rear of the line of battle.

General Garfield and the other orderly were there, but Captain

Gaw was not there. I went to General Garfield and asked about the Captain. He told me that he had gone to General Thomas and that he would be back soon. After waiting some time I went up to General Garfield, where he was sitting on a log talking to General Granger, and asked permission to go to General Thomas' headquarters. I wanted my horse, as the Captain's was a plug and mine a No. 1. When over near the field headquarters of General Thomas I met him, riding at his usual gate, a walk, and only about seventy yards in the rear of our line. On the ridge the air seemed to be full of bullets, but old "Pap" never noticed them. Our line was then all heavily engaged, except Dan. McCook's brigade, which had formed on our extreme left. General Thomas held the line till after dark, and then the battery, just to the left of General Granger's headquarters, fired the signal to fall back; it was six shots, one-half minute apart. Then we fell back, and the line formed on Missionary Ridge.

The headquarters for the night was the old Ross house, at Rossville. There I saw the Captain and got my horse back after some trouble. On the 21st, with General Garfield and some others, I went into Chattanooga.

THE BREAK AT CHICKAMAUGA AND THE RIDE IT COST ME.

GENERAL WILMON W BLACKMAR, FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY K, BOSTON, MASS.

I WAS First Sergeant of Company K, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, at that time, and we were on escort duty with General Rosecrans.

The battle of Chickamauga began in earnest Saturday morning, September 19, 1863, and we more than held the enemy that day, although the fighting was terrible and the slaughter on both sides something awful. We took many prisoners that day. I make this extract from my diary: "Saturday, September 19, 1863. The ball is opened in earnest—cannon and musketry rattling like hail against us. We are only holding our own. Many prisoners coming in. A fine-looking young man from Springfield, Mass., a Captain commanding a Texas regiment, was among the number. The wounded are passing in squads. Musketry terrific. Old soldiers say they never saw such a number of wounded in so short a time."

I remember perfectly how bitterly I felt toward this young rebel Captain from Springfield, Mass. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, because he had been born and educated in Massachusetts, and hence knew better than to be fighting in such a wicked cause as a rebel against his country.

The heavy fighting ceased about dark, both armies being terribly worn and many regiments on both sides having been shattered in the deadly conflict. We had almost no fighting during the night, but both armies lay on their arms, in close contact. There was an ominous silence in the morning, both giants making changes and preparations for the death grapple which was soon to begin.

About 9 A.M. Sunday, September 20th, the battle opened again, and if possible more fiercely than on the day before. General Longstreet with his fresh corps, right from the cars on which

they had arrived from Lee's army to reinforce Bragg, succeeded in breaking through our line of battle. Again I quote from my diary: "Longstreet's men broke our line, and then, oh, my God! what a sight! The General (Rosecrans) hated to move back. He ordered us (the escort) to try to rally the retreating infantry. He tried by personal daring to turn the tide as he did at Stone River, but it was no use. He was right in a cloud of bullets."

General Rosecrans' Adjutant General, Colonel Goddard, called to me, saying, "Sergeant Blackmar, which is the best horse in the escort?" With all a cavalryman's pride in his horse, I answered, "I am riding him, sir." "Well, pick out the two next best horses. The General desires the three best mounted men in the escort to ride for their lives and not spare their horses. Find General Granger, in command of the reserves; tell him what has happened here, as you see it. It is the General's order that he move up as rapidly as possible and cover our rear. General Granger is off here somewhere," pointing to our left.

I knew I had already lost five good horses from my Company, but I knew both men and horses perfectly, and calling to Sergs. John Lingerfield and Chris. Miller to follow me, I dashed off in the direction in which Adjutant-General Goddard had pointed. After riding at breakneck speed several miles we came to an old dirt road leading in the general direction we were trying to follow, and after riding along on this a few miles farther we reached the top of a small hill, where the road forked. One road led straight ahead in the direction we were riding, the other led down the hill considerably to our right. We pulled up for a moment, for consultation, and decided that the road bearing to the right was probably the one leading to General Granger's position.

Just at that moment we saw quite a number of Johnnies step into this road at the foot of the hill, but they did not notice us, as their attention was directed to the fields in front of them, where heavy firing could be heard. I said to my companions: "Miller, you ride straight ahead, and if you find General Granger deliver our message to him, as you heard it from Colonel Goddard. Lingerfield, our duty is to ride down this other road. One of us must get by those Johnnies and deliver our order to Granger."

We got off our panting horses, looked to straps, tightened our girths, remounted and started quietly down the hill. I told Linger-

FIRST SERGT. WILMON W. BLACKMAR

Promoted an Officer in the Army of the Potomac
National Commander Grand Army of the Republic in 1904

field we would pretend to surrender, we would parley, we would do almost anything except get off our horses, and when they threatened to or began to shoot we must give our horses the spur and one of us must ride through or over them. We rode toward them slowly, to save our horses for the final dash, but what was our astonishment and relief, when we reached them, to find that they were citizens and negroes, dressed in gray and butternut, following in the rear of the rebel army. We had actually ridden round the left flank of the rebel army and were then in the rear of it.

We asked the negroes where the Yankees were, and they told us the situation and where we were. They said there were Yankee troops up there—pointing in the direction in which I had sent Sergeant Miller—and they showed us a short cut to the road Miller had taken, so we lost no time in riding to find it.

We rode into General Thomas' lines before long, and found that Sergeant Miller had delivered his message to General Granger, who, hearing the heavy firing indicating the desperate fighting in his front, had not waited for orders, but had pushed forward and joined the "Rock of Chickamauga," in time to help him hold our left.

I have always supposed that the order we bore from Rosecrans to Granger was the last he gave on the battlefield of Chickamauga.

ORDERLY DUTY AT HEADQUARTERS DURING BATTLE.

HOWARD A. BUZBY, COMPANY E, GERMANTOWN, PA.

THE Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry is immortalized by a large boulder, weighing in the neighborhood of twenty tons, with an appropriate inscription and the figure of a cavalryman mounted, with a dispatch in his belt. The Pennsylvania Legislature appropriated the money, and General Palmer, Colonel Betts, John F Conaway, John Tweedale, of the War Department, and Judge Over, of Pittsburg—all of them "Andersons"—saw that it was well done and set up on the exact spot where the Regiment stood at the critical moment of the battle of Chickamauga.

The ten days previous to the opening of that battle were very anxious ones to everyone in the Army of the Cumberland, and Colonel Palmer with his Regiment was intrusted with important work. First, they were to find out where the enemy was, and second, keep up communication with the different corps of our army commanded by Generals Thomas, McCook and Crittenden. To get General Bragg out of Chattanooga it was necessary to distribute our army over a great deal of territory; so General Thomas crossed over Lookout Mountain fourteen miles below Bragg, at Chattanooga, and McCook was thirty-five miles still farther southward. This and the purpose of permitting Longstreet's Corps from Lee's Army to effect a junction with him caused him to retire from Chattanooga, and Crittenden marched in and took the place. The Fifteenth had to carry all the messages between these parts of our army, and when Rosecrans found that he had to get his army together it was pretty hard work for us, but we carried safely all the messages and the army was barely concentrated in time.

The night before the battle several privates, of whom the writer was one, were detailed from the Company for special service as

orderlies. The duties were the same as those of a messenger in a bank in times of peace. No command, no responsibility, but merely to safely deliver the dispatches and orders that are given. The opportunities for seeing and hearing were great. On account of the excitement and roar of cannon, the rattle of the musketry, the loud "hurrah" of our side, the yelling of the other, the anxiety and the strain on the nervous system becomes intense. The rider must not think. "We'll win" is all he must know. The first day everything went well with us. Every charge was met and countercharges made, and some ground was gained, and when night closed on the scene our General and army were sure we would be in Dalton, Ga., in the early morning.

It was 3 o'clock the next morning when the General mounted his horse, and with the staff officers, orderlies and couriers visited the different parts of our line of battle. Lieut. Anthony Taylor carried under his arm a big roll of maps, which were carefully examined from time to time and compared with the field in front. The infantrymen were all in line, and as "Old Rosey" was recognized he was cheered to the echo, to which he replied with little speeches "to hold fast, as reinforcements were coming." After visiting all his Generals he rode back to a little eminence overlooking the field. This was about a half mile from where his headquarters, at Widow Glenn's, had been the day before. Soon the booming of cannon over to our left, where General Thomas was, told that they were at it again, and the firing gradually extended down toward our center. It was about 11 o'clock when it seemed that all the furies had been let loose. Longstreet's Corps had been massed, and just in front of where we were, charged our lines. Our brave men, composed of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and other Western troops, did their best, but had to fall back. General Rosecrans rode in among them, to encourage by his presence and his words of cheer.

Colonel Palmer sent for our Regiment, and what was left of those who were not away on some special duty were formed in line by its commanding officer. The first battalion was under Capt. Chas. M. Betts; Capt. Adam Kramer had the second, and Capt. Wagner the third. They were ordered to draw sabers. The writer watched them closely. He was a Pennsylvanian and a Philadelphian, and so were they. He knew the stuff they were made of,

and in his simplicity thought the tide of battle would be turned. The order ran down the line to encourage the infantry to stick to it, as General Granger with 10,000 fresh men would soon be up. Colonel Palmer, seeing all was hopeless, turned his attention to saving the artillery and wagon train, a purpose he accomplished to a great degree.

Colonel Palmer with the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, in good order, crossed the field under a shower of shot and shell to a road running into Chattanooga, which was jammed for over a mile with artillery and wagon trains, all in confusion. I do not mention the fact of anyone getting hit, maybe because I was not hit myself, but there were some hit in every kind of manner. Many thousand were hit in an area of a few acres. One was hit close beside the writer, and in the excitement hardly knew it till the blood went streaming down his arm. My attention was called to him, but he kept his horse. He must have suffered great pain, as he fairly groaned at times. It was General St. Clair Morton, of the Engineer Corps, and I did not know, what I have since learned, that he was a resident of Germantown, Phila.

The Regiment crossed the road where the wagons and artillery were blocked. The wounded General and the writer also crossed it and went up into a woods, but had not gone 300 or 400 yards before they came suddenly on General McCook and his staff. General Morton was game. He wanted McCook to make a stand right there and rally his corps, but McCook said it was no use. While the Generals were talking together I was talking to McCook's orderly. I asked him for the cause of the break, for an orderly is the best authority. I was one myself. He told me they had been fighting the Army of Virginia and Bragg's army for two days, and now had but two good regiments left out of their whole corps of 15,000 men. This attack was made on our right, but where General Thomas was, on the left of our army, they had none of it. The rebels could not follow us and leave Thomas there, and now they began to move up to clear him out. Many of our broken brigades and divisions moved up that way to his aid, and with these he held on to his position.

The round shot and shell flew over our heads, tearing off the tree tops, when General McCook said, "On to Chattanooga!" and "on" was the word. We took to the fields, keeping parallel with

the road, and as we passed along I looked down on the road on the artillery and wagons jammed there, and saw my own gallant Regiment, with their sabers glistening in the sun, trying to keep the teamsters on their mules, for they were being shelled to some purpose. Now and then a wagon would be struck, and you could see our fellows dismounting to throw it out of the way, to keep the train in motion. They could be distinguished from all the rest by their nobby caps, and the peculiar cut of their jackets made by Rockhill & Wilson, of Philadelphia, but now in the last stages of goneness.

We arrived at Chattanooga, and found that Rosecrans had got there ahead of us. Anxious faces were those we looked into around headquarters. General Morton, now looking very pale and weak from the loss of blood, said, "Come with me!" and we rode straight to the river. Every scow boat and everything that could carry a man he ordered to the other side. Returning to headquarters, where a surgeon was waiting to dress his wounds, he passed into a side room, and I saw him no more.

No man could have been interviewed more persistently than I was. We had been the latest arrivals from the battlefield, and everyone wanted to know what was going on there. General Rosecrans and his staff and about one company from the Fifteenth came out of headquarters, mounted their horses and rode directly over to the foot of Lookout Mountain. Riding through the field around Chattanooga to a fort on a little ridge, a Fifteenth man was stationed about every half or quarter of a mile. Wagons were scurrying out, loaded with picks and shovels, and a part of Granger's Corps, which had been our reserve, had formed a line along the line the General had laid out and picketed with our men. The hundreds of stragglers who had lost their regiments were stopped right here. Picks and shovels were put in their hands, for they were about to do some "sewer work." The General rode back into Chattanooga. The writer did, too, and went into the yard, took the bit out of his horse's mouth, stole some oats out of a headquarters' wagon for him, and then lay down at his feet and in a minute was asleep.

I didn't even keep a diary, so I don't know if it was this night or the next that I was awakened by a gentle shake on the shoulder, and looking up saw a staff officer. We had seen each other often

during the last few days and something seemed to bind us together. "Saddle up and come with me," said he, and we were soon riding through and out of Chattanooga. On the way he told me much that has since gone down in history. We were going on a certain road. Thomas was falling back, and he was to await our coming with instructions. A change had come over the face of things. Since I had been out there, a few hours before, a dark mound of earth had been thrown up, stretching from the foot of Lookout Mountain all around Chattanooga. Men were still busy throwing out the dirt, and a certain stillness reigned, most distressing. The sound of our voices as we went chatting along was the most we heard. We passed the entrenchments out on a road some three-quarters of a mile, when the officer suddenly halted, saying, "This is the place." We dismounted and sat on the fence, with bridle reins in hands, thinking of what had passed and what was to come.

Soon that "thud" upon the earth familiar to the ears of men awaiting the approach of troops was heard. "Here they come!" and we both mounted. The officer challenged them. A mounted orderly came forward with the countersign. The word "Forward!" rang out on the still night. The yellow martingales and the trappings of a General's horse came into view, as did a large dark figure with a slouch hat and a blue mantle. It was General Thomas. He and the staff officer had a conversation in an undertone, when several officers were sent off with orders. General Thomas gave directions how to place the divisions and brigades, right and left, inside and back of the mounds of earth which made our entrenchments; then with his staff he rode straight into Chattanooga.

The writer having been told he was at liberty to see the troops file in, concluded he would. A clear voice rang out in the stillness of the night, "First brigade, second division, forward!" and on they came, looking like spectres in the darkness. Then again, "Column to the left!" and when the last of the first brigade was inside the entrenchment and in position the word came sharp and quick, "Halt!" and the thud of several thousand muskets was heard upon the ground. In this way brigade after brigade filed past until I got tired of looking at them, and feeling that nature was giving out, rode toward headquarters at a gallop and soon arrived there.

It was not yet daylight, but Generals and staff officers were coming and going. Determined faces were seen on every side, and as I rode into the yard some of my acquaintances in the Fifteenth cried out, "Where have you been?" I told them that Thomas and his Corps were safe inside the entrenchments. "We'll win! we'll win!" they cried, and we did. Tying my horse to the nearest hitch, I lifted the saddle from his poor, tired back and took the bit from his mouth—he had done his work for the last three days without the saddle being removed. Although having seen the wreck of our right wing, the falling back of our left under General Thomas, worn out with the excitement of the last three days I spread my blanket on mother earth, and with faith in the Army of the Cumberland was soon asleep.

A WILD RIDE BY A COURIER AT CHICKAMAUGA.

CHAS. M. BROUGH, COMPANY A, OGDEN, UTAH.

IT was not often that "soft things" fell to my lot during my service in the various campaigns in which the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry took a prominent part, but finally one came that I specially liked.

I was assigned to courier duty at the headquarters of General Rosecrans at Chattanooga, and felt that here I might in some way so distinguish myself as to deserve a promotion, but, alas! it never came. When the forward movement out of Chattanooga began, resulting in the great battle of Chickamauga, I was among those selected to carry messages from the Commanding General to the various corps and division Commanders. When the engagement was on in earnest and headquarters were established at the Widow Glenn's house all of us were kept on the go with orders. All old soldiers recognize the extra-hazardous nature of the duty.

Among the very last messages, if not *the* last, sent by the Commanding General on that eventful day at Chickamauga was that carried by me. I had explicit instructions from "Old Rosey" himself to find Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, a division Commander in General Crittenden's Corps, and to deliver to him personally the message I was given and to lose no time, as it was of the very greatest importance.

I knew that General Davis' division should be on the extreme right of General Crittenden's Twenty-first Army Corps, so I set out as fast as my faithful old sorrel would carry me. Amid flying minie balls, grape and canister and other missiles poured in by Longstreet's Virginians, who had arrived fresh from Lee's army, I made my way to find General Davis. Before reaching my objective point I was informed that General Davis and his division had been transferred during the night to the extreme left, so I was obliged to retrace my way toward the place directed by one of General Thomas' staff.

In a little while I struck General Van Cleve s Division, just in time to see them break in the terrible onslaught made by Longstreet's fresh troops. The old General, with tears streaming down his face, begged his men to stand, but it was not in the make-up of human nature to withstand the awful charge of the boys in gray, who outnumbered our boys two to one. Of course, the confusion of retreat and rout, the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying all tended to make a scene that was indelibly impressed upon my memory

As we were carried onward by the rush to the rear I learned that General Davis with his division had, at daylight that morning, returned to his old position and assumed his place on the extreme right of our line of battle, so I wheeled about, and between our lines of artillery in the background and our infantry now reformed in the front I made my way, at breakneck speed, to my original destination. Speeding along I felt a minie tear the forefinger and knuckle of my bridle hand, and as I saw the blood spurting from the wound, and heard the roar and thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry all around and about me, I wondered whether General Davis would ever see the important message I carried. A little farther along old sorrel stopped a minie in his throat, cutting the throatlatch of his bridle, but missing by a thread only his windpipe. That made him mad, and he just flew over the ground, bleeding like a stuck hog, his nostrils distended and his eyes flashing fire. He didn't go any too fast for me, and I was glad when at last I came in sight of a place which but a few minutes before had been occupied by General Davis' Division, but which his troops had abandoned, forced back by the impetuous Longstreet and his splendid troops.

Just then Gen. Phil. Sheridan and his staff rode up, with his grand division of veterans at his heels. They were already in line, and as they went into the fray it looked to me as though the rebels could not possibly stand before that terrific fire, followed up by a charge and a yell that always sends the blood coursing a little faster through a soldier's veins; but Longstreet, swinging on a pivot, as it were, threw a division of fresh troops to the aid of Bragg's regulars, and by virtue of overwhelming numbers forced our boys back. This movement gradually and finally resulted in a general rout.

As soon as I could decide what to do I rode up to General Sheridan and informed him I had a dispatch for General Davis and wanted to know where to find him. He replied, "I don't know, my boy; but it's too late. Let me see it." He tore it open and read it, saying, "Too late! too late!"

His staff officers tried to rally the broken troops, and General Sheridan himself grasped the flag from his standard bearer and waving it, rode among them, begging his men to halt and re-form; but it availed nothing, and turning to everybody around him, said, "It's time for all of us to get away from here."

Nothing that was human could stand before that hail of shot and shell. I have often wondered how it was that anybody ever escaped at all, and why it was that men didn't lose their senses in the confusion and uproar of retreat and rout.

I followed General Sheridan and his staff as they galloped after the troops which had broken, and as soon as I got within sight of headquarters, rejoined my comrades and told the story of how I delivered General Davis' message to General Sheridan.

My hand and finger carried a bandage for several weeks, although I reported for duty every day, and to this day a big scar can be seen where the bullet tore the flesh away—a silent testimony, to the truth of my story

I never had anything, except my wife and children, that I loved more than I did my old sorrel, and many and many a time I "swiped" some delicacy for him denying myself. His throat never got altogether well while we were companions in the service.

Last winter, while spending a few months in Mississippi, I met and became acquainted with Capt. Wm. Lewis, of the Mississippi College Rifles, who was in the Chickamauga campaign as senior Captain in command of the regiment that led the charge of Longstreet's troops on the eventful day that Davis' and Sheridan s Divisions were repulsed. He told me that while they captured our positions and drove our boys helter-skelter from the field, yet they suffered fearfully in killed and wounded, losing many of their bravest officers and men, and were mighty glad when our troops retreated first. He himself was badly wounded, and was laid up for repairs for a period of six or eight months.

CHICKAMAUGA'S STRICKEN FIELD.

BY LIEUTENANT CHARLES S. HINCHMAN, PHILADELPHIA.

IT was in the afternoon of the first day's fight at Chickamauga, on September 19, 1863, when General Rosecrans' headquarters were at Widow Glenn's house, that a Captain of Confederate infantry was captured and brought into our headquarters from the fighting lines for examination, and on being questioned by Col. W. J. Palmer, answered that his regiment was a part of Longstreet's Corps, and that all but Pickett's Division of the corps was there, giving when asked, the names of several regimental, brigade and division Commanders, when they left Virginia, time occupied in cars in transit, and that they had just arrived (thus solving our wonderment at the number of locomotive whistles we had heard the preceding day and night, evidently bringing up reinforcements), and that as soon as unloaded they were given their rations and ammunition and placed in position.

We had obtained the information that Longstreet was coming a couple of days before the battle began, through a reconnaissance of the enemy's front, made by Colonel Palmer and part of our regiment, when several prisoners were captured, who being at once questioned by the Colonel were found to belong to Longstreet's command which was already arriving in our front, who said that Longstreet and his corps had been sent to Bragg to help recapture Chattanooga. We think this gave the first information to General Rosecrans that induced him to hasten the closing up to the left of our long expanded line, an expansion found necessary to draw Bragg's army out of Chattanooga and enable us to take that highly strategic point, which was never afterward retaken by the enemy. The report was not then fully credited, but set down as possibly the boastful talk of prisoners. Realizing the importance of this Confederate Captain's confirming statement, Colonel Palmer immediately reported it to General Rosecrans, who asked that the Captain be brought to him. I remember well General Rosecrans' examination and his effort to trip the Captain up by sharply

asking the names of the different Confederate Commanders in reverse order to those first given, and noted the flush in the Captain's face when he thought his word was doubted, and saw the lines of care deepen on our General's face as the doubt changed into conviction that in addition to Bragg's army already reinforced by Maj. Gen'l W. H. T Walker's Reserve Corps, mainly from Mississippi, he was also facing General Longstreet with the greater part of his fighting corps from the Army of Northern Virginia. General Rosecrans, after dismissing the prisoner and his guard, remarked that he "had the assurance of the authorities at Washington that such movements of the Army of the Potomac would be ordered in Virginia as would prevent Lee from detaching any part of his army to help Bragg," and after a pause said he "could not understand why this had not been done." One of the prisoners of the lot taken with the Captain told us they had been unloading all night close in rear of their line of battle, and held in readiness to be put in where most needed.

It was a severe blow to General Rosecrans to feel that he had this added force to fight. He had been Longstreet's classmate at West Point, and well knew his ability as a skilful and determined fighter, and evidently felt that Longstreet's Corps was rushed through by rail from Virginia to make Bragg strong enough to defeat us, when he (Rosecrans) had every reason to expect such movements would have been made in Virginia as would have kept Longstreet's Corps there.

The orders already given to the several Corps Commanders of our army showed that concentration of our long thin strategic line, from right to left, covering Chattanooga, was considered necessary, and additonal orders were sent to hurry the closing up.

Sunday morning the last of General Negley's Division, which had been ordered up from Crawfish Springs, passed Widow Glenn's house, and without halting his marching troops, General Negley had his pioneers and escort clear a way through the garden fence to General Rosecrans' headquarters to ask for latest orders. Just then the sun, which had risen over the tree-tops, shone through the folds of his silk headquarter flag, as General Negley's standard bearer uncased and shook it out. It seemed to us like a glorious omen of success. General Negley, superbly mounted, checked his horse close to General Rosecrans, and saluting asked,

"Any further orders, General?" Rosecrans impetuously strode toward Negley, saying rapidly: "General, I shall expect a good account from you today," to which Negley replied, "You shall have it, General," and saluting, with the single command, "forward!" joined his marching command until it was placed in position whence the continuous roar of musketry fire from both lines of battle and the sound of shrieking and exploding shells overhead showed all that the battle was again on in earnest.

During the cold night between the two days battle, while the respective lines lay on their arms, Colonel Palmer courteously suggested putting our blankets together, and endeavoring to get a little needed rest, and yet to be ready for instant call by making our bed at the foot of a tree nearby the headquarter house, whilst General Rosecrans, in his old army overcoat with some hardtack in his pockets and a soldier's canteen full of cold tea, strung over his shoulder, paced back and forth alongside of and between our blankets and the house where some of his staff rested. The night being cold and frosty and the responsibility great, he kept awake and alert for news from all parts of the army, munching hardtack and taking an occasional drink of cold tea as he walked.

Before noon of the second day's fight headquarters were moved to Dyer's Hill, about a mile toward the left from Widow Glenn's, and while there a gap was made in our line of battle by the movement of General Wood's Division out of line, whilst a charging column of the enemy was in motion from the rebel lines to endeavor to pierce our ranks; this gap enabled them to push through our line of battle and overwhelm our troops at that point; they became panic-stricken on being fired on in flank and rear. All previous orders had been written in the headquarters' order book, and sent by our couriers and orderlies, but as the men came running back toward the hill on which headquarters then stood, General Rosecrans' Chief of Staff asked Colonel Palmer to give him a well-mounted officer, and on Colonel Palmer calling me, the verbal order was given to find General McCook and tell him that the General commanding desired him to throw his whole corps into this gap "in column of divisions doubled on the center." It took but a moment to swing into the saddle of my gallant little gray, and to put her on a dead run to where General McCook was supposed to be between Widow Glenn's and Crawfish Springs. En

route and near Widow Glenn's house I found General McCook's Chief of Staff and gave him the order, and emphasized the need for haste in execution. He said he was already doing all he could to close up, and would do all he could to carry out General Rosecrans' orders. Upon asking him where General McCook could be found, as I wanted to give him also the order in person, this staff officer replied "God only knows; I don't," but thought "the General might be found between there and Crawfish Springs." Continuing down the Crawfish Springs road, I left it only when satisfied, by soldiers I met, that General McCook was not there. My mare being then pretty well winded, I took a slower gait returning to give her needed rest, and on nearing the Widow Glen's house the sound of distant firing from Thomas' front and a rather ominous stillness around was noticeable, and the troops and retreating men I saw on my way down had disappeared, although signs of heavy shelling were still all around the house, in dismounted guns and caissons, and dead horses and men, and the house knocked to pieces. Surprised in not finding any of our troops in sight, I rode up onto the top of one of the eastern side spurs of Missionary Ridge to take observations, but seeing nothing visible on either side I then turned to make a short cut through the woods toward the road leading to Bloody Pond and to Dyer's whence I had started, and just before I reached it, I found myself so close in front of a marching column of "Confederates feeling their way" that the whites of their eyes could be plainly seen. Their officer's call of "Surrender! we've got you," I heard distinctly as soon as I saw them, and realized that I had ridden into them between their flanking skirmishers who began a cross-fire immediately. It must have looked to them like a sure capture; but not relishing the invitation to surrender, I swung my little gray around and put both spurs in and dashed up the hill, hearing plainly their cries of "Halt, you Yankee —— —— —— ——, we'll kill you!" accentuated by the ping of their rifle-balls as they whizzed by, and the thuds as they struck the ground and raised small puffs of dust where they struck around and under my mare's feet. I knew I was taking desperate chances, and have never understood why they did not kill my mare and self, both making an easy mark, unless, feeling oversure of capturing us, they did not aim carefully

and wanted to get the mare for themselves. Reaching a point where the brown-leaved bushes and trees gave us some cover, I made over the ridge, and soon found, just before dark, on a wood road leading to the Dry Valley road, General Wilder's mounted infantry brigade, and riding up to him I offered to guide him and his men across or around the ridge, in order to get in rear of the rebel force from which I had just escaped, so that he could bag and take them in with his brigade. His reply to this offer and as to where headquarters or General Rosecrans could be found, as near as I can remember was, "Young man, we've had enough of it for to-day. I am going to take my command into Chattanooga if I can, and would advise you to try to get there," which was acted upon until I found some of our own command near Rossville.

A few years after, meeting one of the Confederate Generals who fought at Chickamauga (or Dead Man's River, as its Indian name so appropriately signifies), he was asked why they did not follow up their advantage and attempt to drive us into the Tennessee River on the evening of that memorable day, and he replied "We wanted to bad enough, but were so near used up we could not."

HOW TWO OF US GOT LOST AFTER CHICKAMAUGA.

ENOCH W MARPLE, COMPANY E, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

SOME time during the morning of September 20, 1863, while Company E was near headquarters during the battle of Chickamauga, we were ordered to take the bits out of the mouths of our horses and feed them some corn on the cob which we had carried with us. Before the horses had time to eat more than two or three mouthfuls our infantry lines were broken, and the company was at once sent to assist the balance of the Regiment in the effort to stop the retreat.

Company E was placed on the right of the line and Gabe McCahan and myself on the extreme left, McCahan being the last man on the line. After staying in this position for a long time—everything in our neighborhood becoming very quiet, no stragglers and not a soul in sight—McCahan suggested that I go up the hill which was between my post and the next man to my left, and ask how long we were to stay there. I did so, and much to my surprise found no one there, the Regiment evidently having been called in and the man over the top of the hill neglecting to pass the word to us. How long we had been there alone we never found out.

We were in a quandary, as we could not find anyone who knew anything about the whereabouts of the Regiment. We wandered over to the main road, and there saw the never-to-be-forgotten sight of the demoralized and scattered portion of the army in retreat. It was an awful sight, which the writer is entirely unable to adequately describe. The road and adjoining woods and fields were crowded with baggage and ammunition wagons, with and without drivers. Some were stuck in the woods, with their mules still hitched to them. There were parts of batteries of artillery. One had two horses, one gun and a few men, which they said was all they had left. We saw all kinds of stragglers, any number of wounded men and horses, and, in fact, every part of the army seemed to be represented. We met about twenty mounted men who were lost. We held a sort of council of war, and finally

decided to go down the road toward the battlefield and see what was there. We went only about half a mile, when we ran into and were fired on by rebel cavalry pickets or an advance guard just around a turn in the road. Of course we fell back rather hastily, and so did everything that could move along the road, as far as we could see. There was no stopping to ask what was the matter, but at the first shot the whole business got about as lively a move on as possible. Some more teams got stuck in the woods, their drivers leaving them and going with the crowd. This lasted for a few minutes, when everything quieted down again, and McCahan and myself started toward Chattanooga to try and find our Regiment.

We made a number of very close escapes from being captured. One time, hearing firing, we went to the top of a hill in the woods and saw some rebel cavalry capture a small wagon train on the other side of the hill. Another time we were going down a road to see some cavalry in the woods, thinking it might be our Regiment, when we were informed by a native that they were rebels, and he kindly took us out through the back of his lot into the woods. We finally landed, about dark, in a log house which the family had left. We were so tired that we unsaddled and stayed there all night, regardless of the prospect of being picked up before morning, thinking our chances were no worse there than to be wandering around in the dark. In the morning the family returned, and treated us so well that we would like to have stayed longer until a party came and told us the rebels were half a mile down the road, and coming our way, so we had to light out.

We wandered around all that day looking for the Regiment, chasing up a lot of clues, and finally reached Chattanooga some time after dark without further incident, except seeing several regiments made up of stragglers from different commands. Finally we went into a yard, where we unsaddled and went to sleep on the ground.

Early the next morning hearing the familiar bugle call right over the hill from where we were, we at once saddled up and followed the sound, found the Regiment and were about to be put under arrest for straggling by Sergeant Burton when our explanation made the matter all right, and we were excused.

This was certainly a unique experience, but I hardly think it was appreciated at the time.

BRINGING IN THE CHICKAMAUGA WOUNDED.

L. R. METZGAR, COMPANY B, SANTA ANA, CAL.

I HAD the honor of serving as one of the orderlies for General Rosecrans and General Garfield, his Chief of Staff, on special duty at headquarters, during and after the battle of Chickamauga. I was present on Saturday of the battle, when headquarters were on a big fallen tree at Crawfish Springs. I saw the first two prisoners brought in. They belonged to Longstreet's Corps, and thus showed that he had reinforced Bragg. These prisoners acknowledged themselves as Longstreet's men, and were full of swagger and braggadocio, saying that their corps was here and that they would surely "give you hell to-morrow." I regret to say that their threat was literally made good. It seemed to me that right there General Rosecrans lost heart as well as confidence in his ability to achieve victory in the then raging contest.

The next day, that memorable Sunday, our army was falling back on Chattanooga, except General Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," who, after his gallant and heroic stand, followed later. The Army of the Cumberland, scarcely recognizing defeat, entrenched itself at Chattanooga, leaving almost all its wounded lying, mingled with the dead, on the bloody field and in the hands of the enemy. Arrangements were made to bring in our wounded, that they might have such care and attention as was impossible to get from the Confederates, however willing.

I was one of the three detailed to superintend this duty We three took position at 7 A.M. between the lines of the outpost pickets of both armies, under the protection of a flag of truce. In our rear were over 600 vehicles, of all varieties, hastily gathered up for the occasion—poor conveyances, indeed, to carry noble, wounded and dying heroes, but the best we could get. The pickets on both sides, recognizing the "white flag," kindly abstained from shooting at each other in our immediate vicinity The drivers of our vehicles turned them over to those of the Confederates who

received them, and in due time they returned them laden with our wounded, dying and some who died "in transit," promiscuously piled in, under and over each other, as best it could be done in the necessary haste.

All day and night long and until noon next day, in a cold, drizzling fall rain, the anxious, dismal, heartrending work went on. We three, without a fire to make even a little black coffee, kept our saddles, munched our hard-tack from our haversacks and drank water from our canteens, occasionally indulging from a smaller one filled with apple-jack tainted with quinine, to ward off chills and fever.

This duty done, and back again in Chattanooga, I once more rode with our loved "Rosey," who, mounted on that superb speckled charger "Blue John," paced a gait that kept an orderly on a gallop, as he visited the entire line of hastily built breast-works. He spoke to and encouraged "the men behind the guns"—men who, on two crackers and one ear of corn per day, were expected to hurl back the pursuing and eager enemy or die in the trenches. "Be cool! men. Wait until you see the whites of their eyes, shoot low and make every shot count" were the General's orders, responded to with deafening cheers. How well these orders were obeyed is a part of our country's history. Such were some of the incidents of our soldier life and the work of our gallant Regiment, whose toil and duties were most varied, arduous and responsible.

OUR TEAMSTERS.

JAMES M. WILEY, COMPANY M, ELMWOOD, ILL.

ONCE there was a rather vain but skillful organist in a church, who boasted, to the man who pumped the air in the organ, of how the congregation had waited after being dismissed just to hear him play. To this the pumper did not agree, as he said he had as much to do with holding them as the other had, but the organist dismissed such a suggestion with just contempt. At the next service in the church both occupied their usual positions. The organist began by pulling out the necessary stops, and then delicately pressed the keys, but no sweet notes responded. "Blow up! blow up!" he called, in a loud whisper, and just then the man who pumped the air came around the corner of the organ and inquired, "Say, is it I or we who's doing this?" That's the teamster's case. We did the hard work of the army, but the other fellows got all the praise. If it had not been for what we did to feed them and keep up supplies of ammunition, no battles would have been fought. We did lots of things which should have entitled us to medals, but instead of getting them most of those who write on the grand tactics of war blame us for some of their own shortcomings; nor were we ever in a position that we could talk through an official report coming from us.

I was not always a teamster. Up to August, 1863, I served with my Company and tried to do my duty, and it may be on this account that Lieut. Harry Weand, of my company, when we were at Stevenson, Ala., detailed me temporarily, as he told me, to act until he could get someone else to take it, but he never found the other fellow, and I took charge of Company M team. Soon after the army moved, and my first day's march was over the pontoon bridge across the Tennessee River, and the way the bridge swayed and shook under me as I crossed it sent my heart up near my mouth, and it was some time after we got on solid earth before I was all right again.

We stopped at Nickajack Cave for a day or two, and then got on the move again and tried to cross Sand Mountain, but got blocked up with the trains and had to stay on the mountain all night, away from the Regiment. We did not mind this part at all. It was the boys in camp who were put out, for we carried the provisions and those little things they needed most; and I acknowledge it, now that the war is over, that we teamsters never suffered from a shortage of rations so long as any were carried in the wagons, and if we did have some hard and dirty work, we helped ourselves liberally to the crackers, pork, sugar and coffee we carried. We always made room in our wagons to carry skillets, coffee pots and any other cooking utensils we wanted, while the majority of the boys on the march only had a cup to cook coffee in, and to toast pork had to hold it on a stick over the fire. Yet with all these inducements we never had a rush, in our Regiment, of those who wanted to drive a team.

Just at this time the Regiment was better supplied with teams than it was at any period of its service, and I don't think it could have been excelled by that of any regimental train in the whole Army of the Cumberland. This was due to our most capable and efficient wagon master, Sam Black, who was a rough customer, with an extra-good knowledge of what was required in wagoning, and a most excellent horse thief. In the society in which we then lived this was an accomplishment; the only disgrace was in being caught, and Black could show off his stock and tell how the best of them had been culled from other trains, and was proud of his achievements.

Black was especially good in handling a train on the march, when from five to ten miles were covered by the trains of the army. It was the post of honor to be near the advance, as that meant getting into camp in good season and more time to rest. The wagons belonging to Rosecrans' headquarters had the right of way and the others had to move aside and let them pass ahead. In the Chattanooga campaign Black did a good deal of bluffing the wagon masters ahead of us by claiming that ours was part of the headquarters' train, and in most cases he won.

The day we got into Chattanooga we had a very hard march. We left camp at Trenton, Ga., about 3 A.M., and went about 100 yards, and then waited for an hour or two before we started again.

It was a pretty steady pull all the rest of the day. About dusk we got to Lookout Mountain, and with the usual amount of trouble got across it about 10 o clock at night. Instead of turning to the left and going into Chattanooga, we turned to the right and went down the valley a couple of miles and went into camp. About an hour after we were quietly wakened up and told to get out and to make no noise about it, as we were close to a large rebel force. But we were not molested, and some time in the early morning hours we stopped behind our troops in Chattanooga, tired out, but safe.

It was on this day's march that our Quartermaster, Lieut. Geo. S. Fobes, took his first lesson in swearing. He was a good, kind man, respected by all and loved by many He was always ready to assist those in distress, but his good nature and the qualities of the mules did not assimilate, and neither of them appreciated the other. He was with the train as usual, and some time during the march some kind of a muss was kicked up in one of the teams, which Fobes, being near at hand, had helped to straighten out. Mules are perverse animals, and do many things for fun which we look on seriously as a grievous fault, and so the more that Fobes tried, the worse the tangle was with the mules and their harness. At last he lost his temper and showed it. Sam Black, who was nearby, said to him, soothingly, "Don't swear, Quartermaster," who instantly retorted, "They make me so mad, I will swear. Consarn the mules!"

At the time of the battle of Chickamauga our wagon train had a very nice camp at Crawfish Spring, but we were routed out of it by some officers, who yelled to us to get out, as the rebels were coming. Then we went back to Chattanooga, and had hardly got our teams unhitched when Sheridan's Division of infantry came through our camp and began to dig up the ground and build entrenchments. They did not tell us to get out, but simply and good-naturedly went ahead with the work they had to do, and to get the peace and quiet that mule teams crave we had to go somewhere else. After this corn for animals got very scarce and necessitated our crossing the Tennessee River, on a shaky bridge, to get at the big fields of it on the other side. The first place we went to was down the river, toward Moccasin Point, where we found splendid corn, but had hardly got to work filling our wagons

when the rebels opened fire on us from across the river and made it so hot that we had to light out. After that we gathered the crops in the Tennessee Valley, but in a week or two had eaten up everything within fifteen miles of Chattanooga.

Captain Clark's Company E, being out on a hunt for forage and finding it scarce in our valley, crossed over Waldon's Ridge into Sequatchie Valley and found it so rich in everything that was needed by our army in Chattanooga that other trains were sent there for supplies. Captain McAllister took the second one and my team went along. We crossed the ridge on the road that came down at Poe's tavern—that was the name only, for the tavern didn't have a bar, and no liquor was on hand—and afterward a long, hard pull up the mountain, and then ten miles across it to where the descent took us into Sequatchie. We got there late in the afternoon and went into camp. We heard that the rebels were farther up the valley, and a darkey who spent the night with us said General Wheeler wasn't far away. We were having plenty to eat, and as the officers in command didn't seem to be worried about it, we couldn't see any cause to be, and turned in and got a good night's rest.

The next morning the rebels came down on us in such a hurry that several of the teamsters were captured. They were the fellows who take a little longer to do anything than the others, for the two minutes' notice we had was sufficient for most of us. When it was seen the rebels were coming, Sam Black yelled to us "to get out the best we could." I had time to unhitch my saddle mule, jump on him and get away Sam Black got caught, too. His horse was saddled and bridled, but was hitched to a post with one of our lariat ropes, about twenty feet long. Sam forgot to unhitch, and when he jumped on and started off at a run he only got twenty feet away, when his horse went heels over head, and before Sam could get up from the ground he was a prisoner. I kept on down the valley to Anderson's crossroads, where a road led up over Waldon's Ridge, and where there was a large supply train of several hundred wagons filled with provisions that our boys needed badly over in Chattanooga. The drivers would not believe Wheeler was in the valley, and before I got half way up the mountain I could see the rebels capturing and burning the wagons. They made short work of it.

Soon after this our regiment came into Sequatchie valley, and except those who went up to East Tennessee, in December, stayed there until the following spring. We soon got other teams from the ammunition train, and had several months of very hard work, as we had to haul supplies to the camp from Bridgeport, Ala. We were also kept hauling corn over to the army in Chattanooga. After the fall rains set in the roads were in a fearful condition, which was very destructive to mules and wagons. Before we were through with this work I believe there were enough dead mules and broken wagons which, if placed end to end, would have reached from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, over sixty miles.

I have a very vivid recollection of one trip we made to Bridgeport for supplies. There were only four teams and we had a guard of ten men, under Lieutenant Logan. We got our supplies and had crossed Battle Creek, near Jasper, when we broke an axletree. We were in a fix, and had to stop at an old barn for the night. Snow was on the ground. General Steadman's troops were near and so also was his wagon train, and we concluded to borrow one of his axles without asking, as we were afraid he would refuse, and we felt that we must have it. We did it that night, and after we got it in place and were on our way again thought it was a good joke we had played on them. But we forgot our tracks, and soon a Corporal and six men came and arrested us and took us to Steadman's headquarters. The only excuse Lieutenant Logan could make to the General for the theft was that we had broken down, and that he borrowed it just for a little while and intended returning it on our next trip. This did not suit the General, who said "he would teach us not to borrow in that way," and had us all in the guardhouse overnight. The next morning he sent for our Lieutenant, and told him that if he would surrender the ones who did the stealing the others could go, and when we heard this two of the boys volunteered to bear the blame and the rest of us were turned loose. We patched up our broken axle and started again. We were soon joined by our "two thieves," who I believe had nothing to do with it. They told us that General Steadman had told them to "go and sin no more."

When the Regiment went up into East Tennessee, the next fall, the trains were left at Calhoun, Ga., but soon General Hood swung around from Atlanta, and we were moved back to Resaca and

went into camp on the bank of the river. The rebels had followed us up and began shelling us, and we had to get out, and moved back to the railroad bridge. We thought it a safe place until they began to shell us again and knocked one of our wagons all to pieces. This was a good thing for the officers who were in command of companies and were accountable to the Government for stores, for each one claimed his were on the wagon destroyed, and they accounted for the loss in that way. I was told that there was enough material claimed to have been lost in that one wagon to have filled a half dozen.

Later on in the war the company team was dispensed with, and to a great part the regimental train also. Their place was taken by pack mules, and about the only thing carried was ammunition. It was not correct to call the man who had charge of pack mules a teamster, but I fail to see why they dubbed us "the Apostles," for that is what we were called by the boys.

COMPANY L ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

CORP SMITH D. COZENS, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

IT was the night of September 19, 1863. The first day of that awful conflict at Chickamauga or "Dead Man's River" had passed into history—a bloody page. The contending armies, mutually exhausted, sank down among the dead in those dark forests to snatch a few hours' rest ere the sun should light them again to the murderous work of battle.

Company L, under command of Lieut. Annesley N. Morton, had moved out in the morning from Crawfish Spring with the headquarters' train, and since 3 P.M. had been "standing to horse" toward the extreme left, a little east of the Rossville road. We could hear the crash and roar of the battle, the yell of the charge and the cheer of the repulse, but we could see nothing of the troops except the stragglers or the wounded soldiers seeking a Surgeon. The ambulances rolled by constantly, filled with their freight of human suffering. Toward evening Minty's splendid brigade of horsemen trotted past, in the direction of Rossville, to meet the enemy's cavalry in our rear.

Now that night had fallen and the fight had died away, the result of the battle being doubtful, we began to grow exceedingly restive. Only those who have experienced the feeling can know the misery of inactivity on the field of battle. Our Commander rode uneasily up and down in front of us. He evidently shared our anxiety, and at the sound of rapid hoofs coming down the road mounted the command in a twinkling. It was a courier bringing orders for us to make all haste to Chattanooga. The Lieutenant had the command off in a flash, and a wild and breathless ride ensued. The road was inches deep with dust, and a trooper could hardly see the man before him. Occasionally a little breeze wafted the dust clouds away showing a hazy moon and along on our left the low dark outline of Missionary Ridge, overshadowed by the lofty range of Lookout. We overtook thou-

sands of stragglers, many of them wounded, and picked our way through miles of wagons, falling back on Chattanooga. We passed Gen. Gordon Granger's and Gen. J. B. Steadman's troops resting on their arms and ready to move into the fight the next morning. We reached Chattanooga about midnight, utterly worn out, for we had been unusually active on the courier line, and for four days had not unsaddled. Men and beasts threw themselves on the ground at the railroad depot and slept.

Sunday morning found us up at daybreak. We breakfasted on the remains of our rations, issued three days before, and then drew rations for the next two days. A very scant supply it was, too. That memorable starving time which is so well known to those who served in the Army of the Cumberland had commenced.

For the horses' feed we were compelled to cross the pontoons to the other side of the Tennessee River, and rummage some miles through a well-gleaned country before we could find a little fodder for them.

Returning to the town Lieutenant Morton received orders to take the company up on Lookout Mountain, scout the approaches to the summit from the other side and guard the signal station, the flag of which we could plainly see fluttering to and fro in the air. It was highly important to retain such a splendid position as long as possible, in view of the occupation of Chattanooga by our forces and the consequent advance of Bragg's army We had a mile or so to go from where we started to reach the road that led up the mountain, and as we rode quietly along the foot of it, our little guidon, fluttering in the breeze and borne by that gallant soldier, Sergeant Vandling, Company L, never looked better. We numbered about thirty-four men, all well armed and equipped, though tired out by the hard service of the past few weeks. All were in good condition except my old friend Charlie Bowyer, who was a sick man and ought not to have been with us.

Shall I mention a few of the old boys as they fall under my eye as we go along? There were Jimmy Gay, Jack Strebig, Dan Scull, Horatio Oliver, Neddy Pohl, Jack Williams, Sam Jamison, Warren Supplee, Davy Holmes, Al. Rihl, Bert Price, Ike White, Harry Myers, Ned Engle, Joe Bontempts, Al. Hopkins, Bobby Hall, Geo. Shields, Joe Overholt. They were a goodly company.

We reached the road up the mountain about noon, dismounted,

and leading our well-worn animals with our arms through the bridles, commenced the ascent. Oh, that weary, panting, exhausting ascent of Lookout Mountain!—leading, almost dragging our weak-legged horses, and sinking down in our tracks every ten minutes to rest and gasp for breath. Not the magnificent view that stretched far away below us, nor the significant boom of artillery that occasionally came up, nor the portentous clouds of dust that hovered over Missionary Ridge, clearly indicating the approach of the enemy, could rouse our senses from the lethargy of fatigue. Mechanically we toiled onward and upward for several hours, and when, near the close of the afternoon, we dragged ourselves and our played-out horses to the upper level of the mountain, the entire party sank, gasping and quivering, upon the rocks.

After resting some time we recovered sufficiently to reach the village of Summertown, at the highest peak of the mountain. This was a handsome little place, a noted resort of the chivalry, and contained an immense hotel, in which we unceremoniously bestowed ourselves. Evidences of hasty evacuation were visible on all sides, but we found scattered through the big rooms almost every comfort commonly kept in hotels. There were pianos, sofas, chairs, bedsteads, beds, statuettes, books, crockery ware and cooking utensils in abundance, but not a morsel of anything to eat. The village was utterly deserted save by two women and some children, who peered from the windows in great alarm, but finding that no attempt was made to molest them or to appropriate their little store of cornmeal, they soon became friendly and communicative. The signal officer with his corps of three men was stationed on a projecting rock, now familiarly known as Table Rock, a little distance above the hotel, and the position afforded a visual sweep that seemed to take in the whole South.

It had now grown dark, but there was no rest for the weary cavalrymen, for the roads were to be picketed and forage must be found. Leaving a small guard at the station, off we started down the ridge. How longingly we looked back at the comfortable hotel, with its cheery fire and beds enough for the whole party, while we groped our way in the pitchy darkness until we came to the forks of the road, about seven miles from the station!

I quote my old friend Jack Williams' experience that night:

GROUP OF CO. "L" ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Lieut. A. N. Morton John P. Strebig
A. M. Price C. P. Bechtel J. B. Kreider

"For the rest of the night we picketed the roads leading up from east to south. It was my fate to be placed at the farthest outpost, on the southern road, over a mile from the reserve. By this road it was almost certain the enemy would make his approach—whether that night or another was the only question. Oh, the interminable length of those "wee sma hours," when Rudolph Birnbaum and I "stood to horse" just inside the thickets—cold, weary, half-starved and half-asleep—awaiting the tardy dawn! We expected every moment to hear the sound of hostile hoofs. It seemed as if daylight would never come; nor was it the least part of our misery to see our poor brute companions gnawing the bushes around them in the extremity of their hunger. When at last the welcome sun gilded the tree tops above us and brought a recall we returned, sore and famished, to our no less suffering comrades."

Poor Charlie Bowyer was so sick that night that he could not ride. He had a raging fever, and the Lieutenant was compelled to leave him at a house near the reserve post. Nobody was at home but a woman and child, and they promised to take care of him. But the enemy found him, and took him over to Missionary Ridge, and he eventually found himself in Libby Prison.

We took up the march back to Summertown, which we reached before noon. Something to eat for ourselves and horses was now the question. We cut up all the beds in the hotel, which were made of corn husks, and fed them to the horses. In searching around we found a potato field which seemed to have been hastily dug up, and after spending some time grubbing and digging, we got enough "murphies" to furnish a couple of meals for the whole company

Going to the cliffs we found the army had fallen back during the night, and was now occupying the hastily built works around Chattanooga. It was probable, therefore, that the rebel cavalry was already swarming around the mountain, cutting off our escape. Starvation or captivity stared us in the face, but we looked upon them with the stolidity of veterans. We thrummed the pianos, and lounged on the sofas and beds, trusting to heaven and Rosecrans for deliverance. Night closed the scene, pickets were put out and the reserve kept at the house, and the balance of the party went to sleep in and around the hotel.

Tuesday, the 22d, dawned on us bright and clear, and the boys were at the cliffs as soon as they could see. It was our good fortune to witness scenes which as viewed by us have probably had no parallel in this war, and which rendered us for a time oblivious to danger and physical privation. From the overhanging cliffs we beheld the country mapped out beneath us for fifty miles around. As far as the eye could separate them appeared an agreeable diversity of wooded ridge and open plain, bathed in the sunlight, rich in the blended variety of early autumn tints, through which from east to west the Tennessee River, like a thread of silver, wound its crooked way. In the dim distance on every side the hills and mountain spurs rolled away in purple billows to the horizon. Far off in the southeast the air still looked heavy with the smoke and dust of battle. Directly under our feet, as it appeared, lay Chattanooga, encircled by yellow lines of earthworks which extended unbroken from the mountain to the river, and an inner circle of dark blue was still more apparent, from which the bayonets and regimental colors gleamed in the sunlight.

In the rear of the line the plain and town was dotted with innumerable "dog tents," looking at that distance like a cluster of snowballs. Over the river were vast parks of wagons covering many acres, but at our height apparently spread over a few square yards. Still through the town and over the thread-like pontoons crawled long lines of diminutive white wagons. Jack Williams said they looked like "Queen Mab s chariots;" Joe Bontempts said they looked like "toys." That was an absorbed group that watched these scenes from Lookout Mountain. The signal officer kept his eye glued to his glass, which was trained upon the approaches to Chattanooga, for he evidently expected the appearance of the rebels. Every eye around him was on the watch, every tongue silent. Soon the atmosphere beyond the Mission Ridge grew hazy, and small clouds of dust rose slowly in the air.

The excitement of our party at this moment was intense; the stillness was so profound that the music of a band in Chattanooga was distinctly heard. Suddenly the signal officer slapped his knee and exclaimed quietly, "They are coming!" At the same time he gave some orders to his flagmen, who, screened by a thicket from the enemy's observation, waved their colors vigorously; and sure enough, when a puff of wind lifted the hazy veil, in the distance

there appeared small squads of horsemen, advancing cautiously, on the Rossville and Dry Valley roads, while behind them other distinct clouds arose, from which larger bodies of cavalry emerged.

Simultaneously, on another road farther south, leading over the ridges beneath us, we were able to distinguish the flags of other parties and the color of their horses. In a moment more little puffs of white smoke floating up from the roads and the trees, followed by the faint rattle of carbines, told that the pickets of the two armies had met again, and while we gazed, long, gray columns of infantry and strings of artillery appeared upon the roads, barely distinguishable from the clouds of dust which they created. One gun was seen to move into an open field between the two main columns of the enemy, and immediately thereafter a dull red flash came from the shot, followed by the unmistakable crash of a Napoleon gun. Instantly our guns replied, and for a little while there was a beautiful artillery skirmish, every shot being plainly visible to us. The rebel gun was the first to be silent, and we saw it withdrawn.

All this while and for the balance of the day the rebel columns continued to crawl over the hills, like a swarm of insects, settling down into the fields or disappearing in the woods. As their lines extended and developed ours, the skirmishing became sharper and heavier, rising at times into the genuine roar of battle. Who of the few that saw that sight can ever forget it? We fully expected to see a grand assault upon our works. If Bragg had any such notion at 5 o'clock, at which time the skirmishing was heaviest, his purpose was changed before nightfall.

Our whole thought and attention had been turned to this scene most of the day, but toward the close of the afternoon an incident occurred that occasioned us no little anxiety—our pickets discovered someone coming up the mountain road by which we had come. We lay on our stomachs on the cliffs, out of sight, our horses bridled and saddled, tied to the trees behind us, ready to be mounted in an instant. All hands watched the road, and far down beneath us we saw a soldier, evidently leading his horse, coming up toward us. As yet he was a long distance from the top, but speculation and anxiety were rife among us, and the impression was that it was a rebel straggler or the advance of the rebel cavalry, which we expected every moment to appear in sight.

But, no! He came alone. Up he climbed over that weary road, and when he was pretty well up the conclusion was reached that it was one of our own command. For a little while we lost sight of him, around a spur of the mountain, but at last he trotted in among us showing the gay jacket of the Anderson cavalry.

It was my old friend Howard Buzby, of Company E, with a dispatch from Colonel Palmer to Lieutenant Morton, which Buzby delivered, with the compliments of the Colonel. Buzby said: "The Colonel always sent his compliments even when sending an order to reduce an officer." The Lieutenant read the dispatch and then communicated it to the boys. It was as follows;

"To LIEUTENANT MORTON, Commanding Company L,
"Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, on Lookout Mountain:

"The mountain will soon be occupied by the enemy, and either go down into Wills Valley or down a road leading into Chattanooga, always providing they are not occupied by the enemy.

"Trusting to your good judgment in the matter and your now being made aware of the close proximity of the enemy, you will move with alacrity.

"By order
"WILLIAM J. PALMER,
"*Colonel.*"

Eager questions on all sides brought out that Buzby could give us no information as to any other road down into Chattanooga except the one he came by, and he had to run the gauntlet of the rebels in coming upon that.

It was now night, and the mighty shadow of Lookout crept over the two armies. The fight dwindled away to a straggling picket fire, and here and there along both lines the bright twinkle of bivouac fires appeared emerging with the stars, and apparently in similar numbers. Two parallel semicircles of blinking light, broken in spots by intervening woods, marked the opposing armies. As we reclined on the rocks, looking out upon this grand historic scene, listening to the rifle cracks, and between them to the confused murmur of the camps, the music of the bands and the occasional cheer of some enthusiastic regiment, the order "fall in, men!" came from Orderly Sergeant John Shelmire, calling us back to duty and another night's service down the ridge of the

mountain. Everything was packed up and all hands went, and we knew that "something would be doing" before long.

We stood guard all night on the different trails and roads, and before daylight we were quietly called in, and Lieutenant Morton explained to the men that he was going to try and get down into Wills Valley, on the western side. We mounted, and traveling along that side finally struck a trail going down the mountain. We started down, and had not gone very far before we came to a clear place which commanded a good view of the valley below. It was broad daylight, and we could see from the roads in the valley clouds of dust, indicating to us that a large body of cavalry was moving in that direction. We turned in our tracks and traveled up the mountain to the level again. The fatigues and privations we had undergone produced a feeling of indifference as to our fate, and as we returned slowly and despairingly to Summertown, every mind was made up to submit with stolid grace to apparently inevitable capture.

It was yet early morning when we got back to the point, and we dismounted and most of us sought the cliffs again. Looking over the rocks we saw that the blue and the gray armies still confronted each other. It was not very clear and the clouds floated below us, somewhat cutting off the view, but both armies had, as if by mutual consent, ceased for a while to shoot pickets. As the clouds broke away and lifted we could see the lines with the Union colors and the steel bayonets gleaming out proudly along the yellow works, and bands of music filled the air with defiant notes. We were ready for Bragg's assault, but Bragg was settling down into his memorable siege, confident of receiving in due time the surrender of an emaciated and starving army. Things looked pretty well for the Confederacy in this quarter, and some feared that our successes at Vicksburg and Gettysburg were about to be balanced. As we looked over the scene, my friend Buzby said, "It is the greatest panorama ever seen by mortal man."

It now became necessary to look more closely to our own safety. The rebels swarmed about the eastern base of the mountain; their outposts were no doubt well up on the side of it, and on the only road we knew of that would take us down. It was not probable that they would permit that day to pass without feeling their way

to our retreat. Our provisions were absolutely gone and horses and men were ravenous. To attempt to cut our way through, even if our horses had been in condition, would have been folly

As we turned away from the cliffs, at the Sergeant's call, we found the Lieutenant and some of the boys talking to a stranger. He was apparently a rebel, for he had on a butternut suit. We found him to be a young man who lived back on the ridge of the mountain. He was fresh from the rebel lines, which he reported in close proximity. The scout, for he was a Federal scout, volunteered to conduct us down by a route known only to himself. The path, if such it might be called, led down and over the extreme point close to Chattanooga, but about equidistant from both armies. The young man said it was an extremely hazardous undertaking, especially with our horses, and loaded down as we were with carbine and saber.

A council of war was held and the situation was thoroughly canvassed. At first it was proposed to abandon our horses where they stood, but this proposition did not meet with much favor, and we resolved to stick to them and risk it. Our guide intimated to us that if he was captured his fate would be the nearest tree. We soon fixed that. He hid away in the rocks his butternut jeans, and from the contents of our saddlebags we added another man to the Anderson Cavalry The signal officer and his men had gone by this time—where we never knew. All things being ready —girths tightened, carbines and pistols carefully loaded and capped, with the carbines slung over our shoulders—we followed the guide down the road by which we had ascended, pulling our skeleton beasts after us.

The gloomy and silent woods below were thoroughly scanned as we proceeded, lest a lurking ambush should start up around us. Our footsteps in the dust sounded painfully loud, and the occasional stumbling of a horse or the bouncing of a loosened stone down the declivity started the echoes like a rebel yell. After traveling thus for half an hour or so, we stopped at a sudden sign from the scout, who went down the road some distance and laid himself flat on the roadside, with his ear to the ground. We all fully understood this to mean that the enemy was but a little way below and that it was not safe to go any farther We now followed the scout away from the road and then turned directly

northward along the steep mountain side, climbing over boulders, rocks and fallen timber, wading knee deep through fallen leaves and twigs, scrambling through the bushes and thorn trees for hours.

It was with incredible difficulty that our miserable beasts were dragged and cuffed along. There was no sign of a path save to the practiced eye of the guide, who seemed to be familiar with every rock and tree, but we were surely getting down. We now heard the renewed picket skirmish fire, which seemed but a little way below us, and as it grew louder and louder it seemed to be right across our path. We still kept along the side of the mountain, and evidently the rebels were hurrying up from all sides. Down and down we climbed, and it seemed that in a short time we would be at the foot, and as the skirmish grew louder and nearer we expected at any moment it might burst in view

Suddenly the loud "halt!" of a picket echoed and re-echoed, and then reins were dropped and carbines clutched, but only for an instant, for below us, not twenty yards away, a tall, blue-coated soldier stepped from behind a tree. We were now close to the edge of the woods, and we learned from the picket that a portion of General Sheridan s Division had been thrown out to the point of the mountain to hold the road for us and give us a chance to escape. The situation was still critical. We could see the infantrymen here and there through the woods, and the skirmishing was becoming sharper and sharper every moment. The bullets cut the leaves and twigs around us, and several of the men narrowly escaped. The whole rebel army was in line of battle, and the earthworks around the town were bristling with bayonets. It was a thousand yards to reach the Union lines, and it must be made in the open, in clear view of the whole left wing of the rebel army Our little company and the small body of Sheridan s men were the only Union soldiers outside of the entrenchments.

Lieutenant Morton mounted his horse and rode to the head of the company, and gave the command: "Prepare to mount! Mount! By twos, march!" Sergeant Vandling unfurled the little guidon and we rode slowly out of the woods, in full view of both armies. It was an anxious moment, the skirmishing was still heavy behind and on the right of us, and the bullets whistled around pretty lively. "Trot!" was the command, and in a little

while we were sliding down the steep path to Chattanooga Creek, which we crossed under the railroad bridge and up on the other side, and in a few moments rode in behind the breastworks, cheered to the echo by the boys who faced the enemy there.

The next morning as the sun arose it revealed the rebel flag floating from the top of Lookout Mountain, upon the spot from which we had so long and anxiously looked down upon our comrades.

FIRST STEP TOWARD OPENING THE CRACKER LINE.

JOHN M. ZOLL, COMPANY K, PHILADELPHIA.

SHORTLY before the battle of Missionary Ridge, when the Army of the Cumberland was hemmed in by the rebels at Chattanooga, Tenn., Oliver Edwards (of Company H, I think) and I were detailed from department headquarters to carry a dispatch to the commanding officer of a Michigan Engineer Regiment which was temporarily camped in the valley, quite a distance north of the Tennessee River.

We were awakened in our tents about 3 o'clock in the morning, the rain was falling in torrents, and we were ordered to saddle up quickly and to proceed on our journey without delay.

Accordingly we rushed things, received our rations and the dispatch, and were off inside of fifteen minutes. Before we reached the Tennessee River we were drenched to the skin, and our rations, carried in our haversacks, composed of sugar, salt, coffee, hardtack and "sowbelly," were mixed together promiscuously by the rain, forming a combination too difficult for a chemist to analyze and too hard for a cavalryman's stomach to digest.

After reaching the Tennessee River, which was much swollen by the rain, we were obliged to cross it with our horses to the north side, on a pontoon bridge, newly constructed. After making several attempts we finally crossed the bridge, but not without much difficulty, as it was very shaky and wabbly. We did not know what moment we would all be thrown or fall into the river, as it was very dark.

On reaching the north shore our troubles began. The roadway along the river was about twenty feet wide, running up against a precipice from forty to fifty feet high, and we were obliged to follow that road for about a mile before we could turn out and strike the road that led to the valley.

We had not gone far before we encountered some of our sharpshooters, who were partly entrenched and were constantly engaged in exchanging shots with the rebel sharpshooters on the

south side of the river. After ascertaining our errand and destination, the Captain of our sharpshooters advised us to dismount and walk along the side of our horses, using them as a protection, saying if we did not we would probably be knocked off by the rebel bullets. We took his advice at once and dismounted in short order, walking and feeling our way as best we could.

The shooting on both sides was constant and somewhat noisy, resembling a skirmish line. Occasionally we heard a noise like that made by a cannon. On inquiring, our sharpshooters informed us that the noise was made by a rebel operating a Mississippi rifle, and their ambition was to kill the man behind that gun, which they finally did, after some strategy

The darkness and rain was a fortunate thing for Edwards and myself, as we were exposed for over an hour to the misdirected efforts of the rebel sharpshooters. We fortunately escaped being shot.

We finally came to the road that led to the valley, and mounting our horses we ascended the high hill or mountain and urged our steeds forward, to reach our destination as soon as possible.

The rain had subsided, daylight began to appear, and after diligent search and inquiry we found the location of the Michigan regiment, and delivered the dispatch to the commanding officer

The engineer regiment had an idea that they would be permitted to remain where they were during the coming winter, so they had built fine wooden structures, almost equal to houses, where they were comfortably located.

Of course, we did not know the contents of the dispatch, but found out that it was an order for the Michiganders to break camp at once and report to headquarters at Chattanooga without delay.

As soon as the news spread in the camp the soldiers threatened to shoot Edwards and myself for bringing that dispatch, for they mistakenly held us responsible for their removal.

The Colonel, however, took a different view of the matter. He treated us very kindly, gave us plenty to eat and drink, and sent us on our way back rejoicing.

We arrived in Chattanooga in good time that afternoon, reported to headquarters, delivered our receipt, and were ready for further details, of which I always received the lion's share, "because I had a good horse."

OPENING THE CRACKER LINE.

A. J. MINOR, COMPANY H, LINCOLN NEB.

AFTER the battle of Chickamauga, the Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans, took up its position in Chattanooga, which lies in a horseshoe bend of the Tennessee River. As our base of supplies during the campaign had been at Bridgeport, Ala., so it still remained at that point, which is about sixty miles from Chattanooga. The Johnnies took position at the north point or end of Missionary Ridge, their lines extending from thence along the ridge to Rossville Gap, thence across Chattanooga Valley to Lookout Mountain, including the top and point of Lookout Mountain, and down the same and across Lookout Valley to a point opposite Brown's Ferry, with the Fifteenth Alabama on their extreme left. This command, acting as sharpshooters, became very annoying to our supply and pack trains, picking off the drivers and guards to such an extent that General Rosecrans determined to open up a new road farther east of the river. The route then in use was parallel with the river on the east side, and the Fifteenth Alabama occupied the west side.

Having a civilian civil engineer, by the name of Staunton, attached to his staff, General Rosecrans selected him for this duty. When Mr. Staunton was asked if he could perform this service he said, "Yes." Asked what assistance he wanted, he replied, "A good horse and two privates of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, well mounted, with ten days' rations." When told that soldiers would not obey him, he being a civilian, he answered that he would risk that part, whereupon myself and John O. Stokes, of Company B, were detailed for that duty On reporting to Mr. Staunton, he told us of the remark made at General Rosecrans' headquarters, that soldiers would not obey his commands. "Now," he said, "boys, I don't intend to issue any commands at all, but if

you will stand by me I will stand by you and treat you white." And he did that same royally.

We left Chattanooga about the 5th of October, and crossed Waldon's Ridge that day The second day out the rainy season set in, and it continued to rain till those small mountain streams became raging torrents. On coming to one of these streams the third day, the banks of which were very steep, it seemed as though it was impossible for us to cross. After debating quite a while about what to do, Comrade Stokes solved the problem by putting spurs to his steed and plunging in. He went clear out of sight—horse, rider and all—but came up smiling, and by keeping his horse headed toward the opposite bank he landed safely. Mr. Staunton then took the plunge, came up and swam for the opposite shore, where he also landed safely. By going a short distance up the stream I succeeded in finding a place where the banks were not quite so steep, and I spurred my horse in and got across without going under, though the water came up over my horse s back, filling my saddle pockets and saturating my blankets and overcoat.

On the 9th day we reached Bridgeport, having succeeded in finding a practical route for our pack trains. The rains having put the ground in such shape that wagons could not be used at all, all provisions and supplies had to be transported by pack mules, and often they would mire down, and have to be unpacked, helped out and repacked again before proceeding.

At Bridgeport we found a contractor by the name of Boomer, with a gang of men from Chicago, rebuilding the railroad bridge that had been burned by the Johnnies during our advance in the fore part of the campaign. Mr. Boomer was acquainted with Mr. Staunton, and he gave us a welcome which I shall never forget. We had been in the saddle for nine days, the greater part of the time wet to the skin, when we came into Mr. Boomer's camp, just at dusk. He immediately gave our horses in charge of his men, invited us into his quarters, gave us dry clothes and set out a quart bottle of "commissary;" after that, a good warm supper, consisting of ham and eggs, with butter and soft bread—something we were not much used to; then a good warm bed, for the weather had turned quite cool during the last two days. Mr. Staunton told us to tumble in, and we obeyed the command just as quickly as if he had been a commissioned officer.

We remained there a couple of days, all the time being fed on the best they had in camp. Then, having drawn a fresh supply of rations, we started on our return to Chattanooga, correcting our blazed trail as we returned and making it a feasible route. We got back on the 20th of October, and found that our old Commander, General Rosecrans, had been superseded, and had left for the North the day before. I never saw him again.

The route we laid out was used, but not long. It was not possible to feed our army at Chattanooga with the supplies that could be packed on mules over the trail we made, nor by the wagons over the longer route over the mountains, where the roads were deep with mud. Something must be done and quickly, too, or General Thomas' telegram to General Grant, "We will hold Chattanooga till we starve," would have been fulfilled. Four crackers of hard-tack and one-quarter pound of pork were a soldier's rations for three days, and on October 30th, when the "cracker line" was opened, all the supplies in the Commissary Department of the army consisted of four boxes of crackers.

The enemy held all the river below Chattanooga to Wauhatchie, where General Hooker's command had arrived, and at Brown's Ferry, between the two places, they had 1000 infantry and three pieces of artillery, so that before Chattanooga could be rationed we must get rid of this force, and we did.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of October 26th, a picked force of 1400 men quietly took their places in fifty-two pontoon boats. After dark another force marched to Moccasin Point, opposite Brown's Ferry, and quietly waited. Those in the boats floated down with the current, the darkness hiding their movements, and just at break of day, when opposite the rebel pickets, the oars were used, and the boats made for the shore. The enemy made as good a fight as was possible, but our men had to win—they were "out of meat"—and the enemy was soon driven off and their artillery captured. In the meanwhile the troops on the opposite side of the river were ferried over, and soon all the positions recently occupied by the enemy were held by us.

Our engineers had built, at Bridgeport, a small stern-wheel steamboat and converted an old scow into a barge, and at 4 A.M., on October 30th, the boats started for Brown's Ferry with 40,000 rations and some forage for such animals as had not yet starved.

After a hard trip, with several breakdowns, late at night they arrived at Brown s Ferry

About the 29th or 30th, I am not quite sure as to the date. Company H was detailed as guard to a wagon train. We crossed Moccasin Point to Brown's Ferry where we found a small steamer loaded to the guards with hard-tack and pork. There we also met a part of the Thirty-third New Jersey, from the Army of the Potomac, with Zouave uniforms and paper collars. Our boys guyed them pretty hard about the paper collars, but we were glad to see them all the same. The pork and hard-tack were most welcome, for we had been living on short rations for so long that anything looked good to us that was fit to eat at all.

From this time on the army received their rations and supplies by steamer, wagon and pack mules; but from October 18th to 30th the sole supply for the army had been by pack mules over the route blazed by Mr Staunton, John O. Stokes and myself.

CAPTURE OF OUR WAGON TRAIN IN SEQUATCHIE VALLEY, TENNESSEE.

SERG. T. J. MCCALL, COMPANY K, PITTSBURG, PA.

WHEN the rebels had thrown their lines around us at Chattanooga, after the battle of Chickamauga, and starvation stared us in the face, we welcomed the news that there was plenty of corn and vegetables in Sequatchie Valley. I for one rejoiced when Sergeant Yerkes came to my tent and told me that I was one of three detailed from our company to go with the detachment from the Regiment, then in camp on the west side of Cameron Hill. If my memory serves me right, the detail was composed of Abel Turner, Robert Kincaid and myself, of Company H. We were to meet the detachment at the pontoon bridge at 5 o'clock next morning, which we did, and found company G, Captain McAllister in command. With the wagon train we crossed the Tennessee River and went up the road on the east side of Walden's Ridge. Owing to the starved condition of horses and mules our progress was slow. We understood that we were to go into the valley via Poe's crossroads. On arriving at the place we should have turned up the mountain, but for some reason the Captain intended to go up to the head of the run, and cross the divide into the Tennessee Valley, about thirty miles above Chattanooga. We went about six miles and camped for the night. In the morning the Captain received information that General Wheeler with a division of Confederate cavalry was in the Tennessee Valley, and we countermarched and went up the mountain. It began to rain—a drizzling, cold October rain—and continued until after 2 o'clock. About 3.30 we had crossed the plateau on top of the mountain to where the road came up from the Robinson house in the valley.

Just there we met the head of the wagon train coming up from the valley, and as the road was narrow we had to wait until they passed before we could go down. They were driving as fast as

they could and were considerably excited, and on inquiry they told us that Wheeler s cavalry was in the valley. Captain McAllister discredited the story, and said, "I will go down and drive them out;" so we went down to the Robinson house. Company G occupied the large house where the road we went down intersected with one leading from the head of the Sequatchie River on down to the Bridgeport road, several miles down. Captain McAllister and Lieutenant Lingle occupied a small house just across the road. We parked the train about 100 yards below, in a field. We had, I think, twenty-five wagons and 150 mules.

Turner, Kincaid and I slept in a wagon. After supper we went to the house to talk to the boys, and while there one of the citizens from up the valley sent a colored man to Captain McAllister and told him that Wheeler was camped four miles above, and he told me the same story.

My comrades and I were anxious to get a mess of sweet potatoes, and got out earlier than the boys at the house. We rode up to the house, and there another colored man met us, and said that his mistress had sent him down to tell us to get out of the valley; that told of their loyalty.

Lieutenant Lingle made a remark about the pickets, when Captain McAllister said he had called them in to get their breakfast. My two comrades and I went on out the road leading up the valley, about 200 yards, into the edge of the woods, and on the bank and a dozen paces to the right stood a darkey cabin. We rode up to the door and asked where there was a sweet-potato patch. The old mammy said, "I done had some in de garden, but fo' de Lawd, de soger boys ober to de house done got them all." Just then the advance of Wheeler's cavalry came around the bend of the road, less than 100 yards from us. I raised my carbine, and the officer in command called out, "Don't shoot!" The carbine, a Sharp, had been in an open wagon the day before, and the cartridge was wet and missed fire. I told Kincaid to get out of that, for he was mounted on a mule. I then fired my pistol and they fired at us. There were only five on the advance. I saw the head of the column just as Turner and I broke for the rear, and when we got to the house there was lively work among the boys getting ready to leave before the rebels got there. Fortunately, as I afterward learned, the rebels stopped to inquire of the old

woman at the cabin about our strength. She, in blissful ignorance, magnified it to such an extent that they advanced slowly and by that time the most of our men had mounted and began firing. I finally got the cartridge out of my carbine by striking the butt on the pommel of my saddle. John Crum, lately deceased, gave me a package of cartridges. By that time all the boys except Henry Sayres and Jack Pugh had mounted. Pugh had led his horse in between the picket fence and the house, and had to back him past the gate to get him out, and by that time the road up the valley was full of Johnnies. The officers were commanding them to close up briskly Firing was going on from both sides. Just then one of their men dismounted about forty yards from us, laid his long gun on the fence, blazed away and then threw down the fence. They began to pour through the gap to cut us off, and then our boys broke for the mountain.

I had held back for Pugh, and just as he mounted a Johnnie rode around the house and called out to halt. Pugh yelled out to "go to h—! I have been there." I believe he had been a prisoner at Belle Isle. The company had now quite a start on us. One man was a couple of lengths from me and Pugh was far to the rear. The Johnnie beat us to the fence, but, thank the Lord! it was about the best stake-and-rider fence I ever saw down South. They yelled out, "Halt, you d——d Yankees!" But we did not stop. There must have been twenty-five or thirty of them. They fired, but never hit man or horse. We dashed to Company G, about seventy-five yards farther on. They were in a bunch, and Lieutenant Lingle commanded the men to scatter out, as he said that the rebels would concentrate their fire and kill some of us. We obeyed at once. Just then comrade Over's horse was shot in the neck, and he barely got off before the horse fell dead. Jim took his bridle, halter and saddlebags off, cut the girth of the saddle, gave his saber and other things to some of the company, shouldered his carbine and footed it up the mountain. A short time after, as we were going up the mountain, a detachment made a dash after us, but we turned around and drove them down again. We then filed off to the left, threw down a fence, went into a corn field and watched them burn our train. We turned sorrowfully toward Chattanooga, arriving in due time, much disheartened. Henry Sayres was captured and paroled with the teamsters.

I dreamed of the capture of our train the night after Sergeant Yerkes detailed me to go with it. I saw the scene of our attack, where we halted in a bunch, heard Lieutenant Lingle give the command to scatter out and saw him as plainly as I ever did. Then imagine my surprise in the morning when I met him at the pontoon bridge. The dream was repeated just as vividly the following night. I told the boys about it, but they did not believe it would come true, but the second morning I saw it fulfilled. This was the only dream I ever had that came true.

SEQUATCHIE.

CAPT. WM. F. COLTON, COMPANY A, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THAT to every evil that comes to us there is a blessing attached was exemplified when General Wheeler burned up our wagons in Sequatchie Valley, October 2, 1863, and the Regiment was sent over there a few days later to see how he did it. Chattanooga when we left it was just entering on its starvation campaign, with only quarter rations for the infantry, and a good deal less than that for the horses. Sequatchie was rich, every other field was a corn field, and thousands of hogs and many cattle covered her hills and valleys. Poultry and potatoes could be had with the usual hunt for them, and while our comrades of the infantry suffered and were hungry in Chattanooga, we in Sequatchie were surfeited with the good things to eat, and would have grown fat if Colonel Palmer had only allowed us to get lazy, but that was not his way Our horses enjoyed it, too. Ever since the Chickamauga fight their food had been doled out to them in lessening quantities, so that soft pine boards got to be a luxury to them. The wagons that went out after forage soon exhausted the nearby country, and longer trips had to be made, and this caused "Sequatchie" to be discovered by us.

It was a long valley, of about seventy miles, between the Cumberland Mountains and the Walden Ridge. The upper end, where the two came together, was poor, but lower down the land was richer and the valley wider, and neither army had foraged it much until we got there. Where we first struck it was not over thirty-five miles from Chattanooga, but Walden's Ridge had to be climbed, and that was as high and as difficult to get over as were the Cumberland Mountains, and when the bad weather set in the old roads were soon made impassable and new ones had to be found, so that before we left, it was a trip of sixty miles.

The point where we first struck it was at Sam Robinson s plantation, and we halted in an orchard while the men got their break-

fast and fed the horses. "Feed each horse only seven ears of corn" was the order issued, lest overfeeding should "founder" them. But the corn field was right alongside of us, and the hungry looks of the dumb brutes, after they had eaten their seven ears, cobs and all, induced nearly everyone to keep on feeding until each horse had enough. The record was made by "Imhoff," an old troop horse belonging to Captain Clark, who ate forty-five large ears, half of them cobs and all.

The principal town in the lower valley was Dunlap. It wasn't much of a town and greatly in need of repairs and paint, but pride of home cropped out here, just as it does in ancestral mansions, for when one of our men spoke slightingly of it to an old citizen, he replied, "Well, I've seen it pretty lively I've seen seven dead men lying around the polls on election day"

The Regiment was worked hard here. A very large territory was covered by our pickets, so that every third day there came on a tour of picket duty We gathered up cattle for the army in Chattanooga, and impressed ox teams to do our own hauling, but this was only for a few days, as regular army teams were soon assigned us. We had to send to Bridgeport, Ala., for rations, and that was a four-day trip. Every few days several wagons of corn were sent over to Chattanooga to the escort companies at headquarters. Those companies soon joined us, but we still continued to send corn and cattle there. A guerrilla Captain, named Carter, came down on us one night and picked up three men of one of our outlying posts. This was another blessing in disguise, for our pickets were drawn nearer into camp, and it took less men to do the work.

In a little over a month we had exhausted all the corn in this end of the valley, and moved camp to Cedar Grove, about four miles above Pikeville, near Jim Worthington s plantation. The picket work here was not so heavy, but hauling rations from Bridgeport and corn to Chattanooga still continued, and that work was greater than ever. The Bridgeport depot ran short once and we had no salt for a week. This was the greatest hardship that ever came to us. Those who have never experienced it cannot realize the craving when deprived of it. It is a necessity, and had it been possible for either the North or South to destroy the stock of it which the other had, the clamor for the

war to cease would have been so great that forty-eight hours would have brought it to a close.

Just about this time we were joined by the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, under Major McCurdy. They were under our Colonel's orders, and kept with us all through the East Tennessee campaign. They were a great help in the hard work we had to do.

General Grant, having relieved Chattanooga, at once turned his attention to relieving Burnside at Knoxville, and after the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, orders were received by us to march to that place. Only about two-thirds of the Regiment went, as only those who had good horses were taken. There was no time to wait and gather up the different details of the Regiment, which were strung out all along the roads to Chattanooga and to Bridgeport, Ala. This left about 125 men in camp in Sequatchie Valley under command of Captain DeWitt; other officers being Kramer, Kirk, Lloyd, Logan and Dr. Say. Adjutant Colton joined on December 13th, on his return from sick leave.

Carter's gang of guerrillas again put in an appearance, and then, a short time after, we caught one of them, a Captain Jim Fraley. After due trial he was found guilty and hung the following Summer, at Nashville.

The victory at Chattanooga had relieved us from sending forage, rations and cattle to that place, as it opened up the railroad and made our work much lighter. Now we had only to do a little picketing, and about once a week send a detail to Bridgeport for supplies. The men rather liked that duty, although the trip took about a week and the roads were bad, for when the rations were drawn it was always found that the amount received was greater than what the requisitions called for, and the excess was divided among the train guards. The country was filled with deserters from the Tennessee and Kentucky regiments in the Confederate service. They gave no trouble. They only wanted to get home and be good citizens.

Now that our work was lighter our thoughts turned to pleasure, and a party was given, December 14th, by some of our officers at Squire Tullas' house. The preliminaries were easily arranged. A call was made on some lady in the neighborhood, no letter of introduction being necessary, and the invitation given was always

accepted. The soldier always offered a horse to ride, as the lady's horse had generally been stolen. The music was furnished by two colored men, who accompanied the violin with singing. The principal tune was "Sallie Gal," but no one ever got the words.

About 11 o'clock came supper—ham, chicken, wild turkey, venison and pure coffee; then on again with the dance. Plain cotillions were all they knew, with plenty of "jigs" in them, and lots of exercise. Toward daylight, or, as one young lady expressed it, "The night's near dead, I can see the mountain," the party broke up, the girls were taken to their homes and we went to camp.

Along in December, Col. Tom Harrison, a cousin of our late President, joined us with his regiment, the Thirty-ninth Indiana, and took command. He was an easy-going, splendid fellow, and we liked him for a commanding officer, as he never ordered us about.

The Indianians soon had the party fever, and on December 24th got up one at Colonel Bridgeman's, in Pikeville. It had some singular features. As they had very few ladies and a great many soldiers, the chances for a dance were sold at one dollar each, and the purchaser was given a ticket with the number of the dance he bought. From the number of tickets sold, it would have taken two days to have filled all engagements. The party was a success only from a financial standpoint. A small party of the Fifteenth, not exactly satisfied with their chances for a dance, smuggled some of the nicest of the girls away and finished the party at Judge Frazer's house, in Pikeville.

Relaxation of discipline and not sufficient work to keep the men busy soon breeds trouble. In every regiment there is a certain proportion of poor soldiers who continue to get out of all hard campaigning, and many others are mischievous just for the sake of the fun they got out of it. The orders were strict that no apple whisky or peach brandy should be sold to the men, but these could not always be carried out. At one time one of our men arranged with a mountaineer to trade his revolver for a canteen of peach brandy, and appointed a certain place outside the camp to make the exchange on the following day. When they met, the soldier, to show the citizen that his revolver was good, fired several shots. At this signal his messmate appeared on the scene, fully armed, and arrested them both. He started to take them to camp, but the citi-

zen begged so hard to get off, on account of his family, that he was allowed to go, but the brandy was confiscated.

On January 4, 1864, with sixty-five men, we joined an expedition, under Colonel Harrison, to Sparta, about thirty-five miles to the westward, across the Cumberland Mountain, and arrived there at daylight the next morning, in bitter cold weather. The purpose of the expedition was to break up a bad gang of guerrillas and bushwhackers, under Champ Ferguson, in that neighborhood. The job was quite well done, two of the marauders being killed, several wounded and sixteen captured. On the 6th, our detachment, under Captain DeWitt, returned to Cedar Grove, but the writer was detailed at Sparta until the 12th, as Provost Marshal.

On the way back we saw deer and wild turkeys, and supped on venison and turkey that night. A settler on the mountain said that in two years he had shot thirty deer and 300 wild turkeys.

On February 7, 1864, our camp was broken up, and our detachment of about 200 men, under command of the Adjutant, went up Paine's Trail to the top of Waldon's Ridge, and on the evening of the 11th met the balance of the Regiment in camp near Missionary Ridge. They had seen hard service in their East Tennessee campaign, and had earned a rest in which to recuperate.

MAJOR WARD'S CHARLIE.

SERG. JACOB KITZMILLER, COMPANY E, GETTYSBURG, PA.

CHARLIE'S home, near Tenth Street and Washington Avenue, Philadelphia, could not have been attractive to him, for at an age when most boys keep close to it, Charlie started to see the world. He must have been attracted by the neat and officerlike uniform which some of our boys wore, for he joined himself to a squad which was leaving Eleventh and Market Streets depot, and turned up in our camp at Carlisle at our organization.

He did not seem more than ten or eleven years old, and small at that. He was not handsome, for one eye was crossed and there was a squint in the other, and his whole face was freckled. He was not attractive in any way but was good-natured, good-mannered and had a pleasant smile on his face at all times.

There was something in him that suited Major Ward, for he took him under his protection, so that he became known to all the Regiment as "Major Ward's Charlie."

He stayed with the Regiment on its trip west to the Army of the Cumberland, and went down to the battle of Stone River. He was with the wagon train when Wheeler captured it, and stayed with the enemy for several days, but was not of sufficient importance to be carried off with them. He loafed around the house where Major Ward lay wounded till the Major's death, and then made his way to Nashville, where the Regiment was. Whether the surroundings there were not to his taste, or whether he had an attack of homesickness does not appear, but he went home to his folks in Philadelphia. This did not suit him either for getting in with some soldiers of the Ninth Corps, he kept with them to Vicksburg, and was there all through the siege and capture of that place.

It was a puzzle how he got around so much. He paid no railroad fares, as he had no money and didn't care to have any.

That good-natured smile of his was all the capital he needed for his travels, for everyone either pitied or liked the urchin, and had no cross word for him. We saw no more of him until in November, 1863, when we were encamped in Sequatchie Valley, at Sam Robinson's plantation, and here he visited us once more, coming up with our wagons from Bridgeport, Ala., where they had gone for stores. He only stayed a week or so, and then passed over to Chattanooga, and that is the last we saw of him.

WAR'S VARIED DUTIES

HOWARD A. BUZBY, COMPANY E, GERMANTOWN, PHILA.

THE writer's stay in Sequatchie Valley was very brief, extending only over one month. It was no credit to him nor to those who spent a certain night with him, and I then thought it would be as well to keep this adventure from the public eye. Those who were in the conspiracy called at his tent in the early morning of that night, and were astounded to find him gone, and upon asking Lewis, "Where is Howard?" the only answer was, "He has gone." "And where?" they cried. "He has gone, and that is all I am at liberty to tell you," replied Lewis. The conspirators were struck dumb, and moved around like men in a dream, repeating to themselves, "He has gone," and now, as these men have grown old, I consider it my duty to tell them where I had gone. I think the Fifteenth should know this, and it should take its proper place in the book.

When we arrived in the valley we discovered that Wheeler had reached there before us. He heard of our coming and had gone. I was going to write "left," but he did not leave anything but earth and water, and a wagon train about five or six miles long, burned to ashes. This was a very humiliating sight to see, for in these wagons was the hard-tack and sides of swine with which to feed our army at Chattanooga. The writer felt very angry at this, and was glad they had gone, for in his rage he would have killed some of them, sure. Our leader found that they had recrossed the Tennessee River and were inside the lines of Bragg's army, and the time had not yet arrived for the Fifteenth to capture Bragg and his army. As night follows day and the day was near its close, the men and horses being nearly exhausted, our leader, whose eye was ever open to the preservation of the horses in the command, began to look about for a place to camp. A suitable spot was found higher up in the valley, where troops had never been before—a land flowing with milk and honey, swine,

turkey gobblers, etc. The Fifteenth, who always had an eye for the good things of this world and a scent like hounds, were drawn up in line before entering the camp. Our leader, with his experienced eye, saw mischief in the men's eyes. He knew they were hungry. Some of them, without judgment, licked their chops in anticipation of the good feed they would have; so he had the Adjutant read in a loud voice that any member of the Regiment detected in foraging on the citizens would be put on extra duty and about everything else except discharged from the army. They seldom discharge privates from the army until their time is up or the war is over. It is only the officers they fire out once in a while.

Lewis and I had our dog tent rigged and our horses tied up for the night. I know this was rightly done, as I did it myself, while Lewis gathered wood for the fire, and pounded the coffee with the end of his pistol barrel in a couple of dirty tin cups. When I came from the lariat rope, after attending to the wants of Camelback and Bill, he had the tin cups on the fire and two thin slices of swine on a stick, parboiling or smoking them, as he had more smoke than fire. His eyes showed it, the sniffing of his nose proved it and the taste of his cooking was double proof, for I believe if you had eaten one of the burnt embers of the fire it could not have been more seasoned with smoke. But we ate, knowing that after a famine comes a feast, and *vice versa.* After wiping off our mouths with a handful of leaves or grass, we began spreading our blankets for the night.

The talk during these proceedings was concerning our horses—"Camelback" and "Bill." Both of them had a good deal of touring around on Chickamauga's bloody field, up and down Lookout Mountain's steep sides, and for the last three or four weeks we had hardly been off their backs, and now we were in hopes we would have a chance to bring them around to be festive colts once more. We were now stretched at full length on mother earth. We had said the little prayer our mothers taught us when we were little boys. We were little boys no more, and so said the prayer very quietly to ourselves, for fear somebody would hear us and think we were weak.

These little jobs being done, we were about to drop off into a sweet slumber—soldiers seldom dream. Only those dream who

go to banquets or eat too much supper. How could a person dream who had only a cracker and a little coffee for supper? All of a sudden a soldier crawled in upon us, whom we both recognized as a member of Company M. In a low voice he communicated to me a deep-laid plot, for he knew Lewis was a Christian who had no taste for plots. As Company M was reconnoitering a mile or so from camp, they found that one or two citizens had built a high fence, and inside of the fence had corraled at least twenty or thirty swine. He and —— (I will not mention their names, as it has just occurred to me that one of them now speaks at Friends' Meeting and another is a prominent minister in the Episcopalian Church) were armed with an axe which they had just got from a barn nearby, and we also had our sabers. There was to be no noise about the bloody deed which was to be committed that night. Everything was to be done decently and in order, with no one to cry out, "Did you hear a noise?" I believe I would not have been one of them if the visitor had not mentioned that a creek of fine running water was nearby, where we could wash our hands and all traces of the deed away. Lewis expostulated and urged me not to go, but the yearning for fresh pork was strong within me, and soon, with six comrades of Company M, we were stealing over fences and through the fields to the place where something that was alive would soon be dead.

As we passed the guards and pickets we were honest with them and they with us. We promised them a piece of the hog and they promised us to keep quiet. As I recall that night I can almost feel my flesh creep. The owl screeched, the cricket chirped and the moon seemed larger, now glaring its full light on us, now bobbing in behind a cloud and leaving us in darkness. The others seemed to enjoy the thing, for they had been talking about nothing else ever since they had passed this pen of animals which the Jew doesn't eat and the Gentile does.

At last we arrived where the bloody deed was to be done. The victims were startled at our approach and were grunting through the rails at us. One of our number proposed letting one out. That would not do, as they might all get out. After several plans had been discussed and as time was flying, it was decided that we should jump over into the inclosure and slash away with our sabers and axe and clubs until we had killed one. At last we were all in

the pen slashing away It did not work. The hogs became enraged, and for a time it seemed as if a party of the Fifteenth would have to fly from a lot of swine. But there was one with us from Adams County, a farmer's son, and he took command of us and the axe. We were to center on one particular hog. It was very unlucky for that animal that he was born with two white spots on his hams, for that was the cause of his being killed and eaten. He was a black one, with the exception of the two white spots. The whole assault was directed on him, and the axe, the sabers and the clubs and stones were all directed to those two white spots. Blinded and confused, the poor animal became separated from his fellows, when a powerful blow from the axe brought him to his knees, and with a squeak he gave up the ghost. He was larger than we had thought him to be, weighing perhaps some 400 or 500 pounds, but we pulled him through the fence and down to the creek. We were all butchers in one sense of the word, but not in another.

We did not complete the job as clean and as fine as a regular butcher but the creek was a big thing in cleaning up matters and making the meat salable and eatable. We left the head, as we could not make scrapple, and we also left the sausage meat and the things to put the sausages in. We skinned him, and then came one of the grand acts of my life. I made sure he was dead before beginning to skin him and then we began to cut him up and divide. Being an invited guest, they gave me a ham. The pieces were all allotted around. The Adams County man who commanded us and the axe had the pick, the picket got one set of the spare ribs and the guard the other set, and all were satisfied. Then we hurried. The moon which had given us light was now lighting the country of Li Hung Chang. In sneaking to my tent I was hailed by another guard, but he was a good friend of mine and I promised him a piece of the hog, and all was well.

Having arrived at the tent, the first thing to do was to wake up Lewis, who, loving me as a brother and fresh pork as a sister, was delighted to see us both. We quickly gathered up the blanket and scooped out a hole and buried the ham, the same as the dogs do, for some future time. Soldiers as a general thing do not carry watches, so we did not know what time it was. However, we knew it was near morning, and again we were stretched on our

mother earth. I felt ashamed to repeat the little prayer, and instead promised Lewis to tell him all about it in the morning.

I hardly got into a good doze when Sergeant Burton poked his head in the tent, and, calling me by name, said, "You are to report to Colonel Palmer at once." It came so sudden as to almost stop circulation, and I believe I would have died of heart disease if it had not been for Lewis. He turned over, and said, "I told you so," which made me mad. Circulation came back with a rush, and I was soon on my way to the Colonel's tent, with my mind filled with strange forebodings of evil. Decision of character is a good thing to have, and I made up my mind to face the music like a man. The camp was all asleep, although the glorious day which follows the night was near at hand. The Colonel was up, but not fully dressed. I saluted very low, when he, without any ceremony calling me by my first name, said: "I want you to saddle your horse and take the road leading over Walden's Ridge into the Tennessee Valley. After arriving at the foot of the mountain take the road leading to a small town called Washington, on the Tennessee River."

I shall not tire the reader with all the instructions. Suffice it to say Longstreet's Corps were encamped opposite Washington, on the other side of the river, and a courier line ran on our side from Chattanooga to Knoxville, through Washington, with which I had nothing to do. As we could see their camp fires and hear their drums beat, I took it for granted that I was to report any sudden move on the other side. The Colonel impressed upon my mind to be polite and courteous to the citizens, to protect their property, etc. I rather winced under that, and so would anybody whose hands were still red with blood. I was to take plenty of coffee and sugar and salt. While he was telling me all this I was so overjoyed that it was not what I expected that I said "Yes, sir; I understand," to nearly every word he said, and felt like falling down and kissing his foot or toe, whichever the reader thinks would sound best. He closed by saying, "Be alert, go light and make Washington before night. Your messmate will bring you coffee and sugar at the proper time."

Three minutes after the last word Camelback was standing in front of our tent, saddled and bridled, and Lewis was running to the Commissary and filling my saddlebags with coffee and sugar

He was anxious to get me off. I was to be out of camp before the Fifteenth was astir and was to answer no questions. I found the road up the mountain and arrived at Washington in time to take my bearings. I took supper and spent the evening with Parson Early and his family, whose acquaintance I made in about five minutes. I told them I had been sent by our Colonel to protect them in their homes and firesides, and to clinch the thing, gave them coffee, sugar and salt.

If a man wishes to find out if he has been consistent, let him sit down and let his mind play on his past life. Here was a man one night doing that of which the reader has been fully informed, and the next night hearing himself mentioned as one sent by Providence to protect his hosts and cheer their hearts in this trying hour. While writing this I imagine that I can see Parson Early and his family sitting around the table with bowed heads. The reader will forgive the guest for his thoughts at that time, for they were in Sequatchie Valley At this time he was a soldier, trained to adjust himself as a little slot in a little wheel in the big machine composed of many parts, to crush the rebellion.

My stay at Washington extended over several weeks. Lewis was sent over frequently with coffee, sugar and salt.

His first visit to Washington, on the Tennessee River, he told me he would never forget. He rode up and down, wondering how he could find me. I had taken possession of a lawyer's office and saw him wandering around as I was standing in the doorway I had full possession, the attorney being on the other side of the river. Though overjoyed to see him, I wanted to see how he would manage. At last his eye caught me. He told me a few weeks ago he was never so glad to see anybody before or since. When he came we always had a good time.

It would not do, of course, to take him out to tea or dinner among my numerous friends in Rea County, so we would have a feast in my office. We would cook a big mess of fried pumpkin and other things which were in season and talk ourselves to sleep. His stay was limited to one night. I would feel very lonesome when he was gone, and would mount my horse and take tea with Judge Locke, Mrs. Kelly "Squire" Darwin, Mr Gillespie—the latter a relative of the Philadelphia Gillespies—Parson Early or some other of the first families of Rea County The persons whom

I have mentioned all had sons or relatives in the Confederate army, but they could not have treated their own sons better than they treated me.

Soldiers at the front are always hungry so I was delighted when a colored girl—the last slave out of twenty-two that was left to the Gillespies—began setting the table and spreading the cloth, and Mrs. Gillespie said that I must take tea with them, although they had no tea, but would use the coffee which Lewis had brought me. I accepted the invitation with all the politeness at my command. Our leader had taught us to be polite even in taking a chicken, a pig, oats or a horse, and we had learned to do these things so politely that the owners were glad they had met gentlemen who could do these things so gracefully that they did not feel the loss. With ringing of a little silver bell—a risky thing to have about in war times—Mr. Gillespie and a Fifteenth man were summoned to the dining room. At a glance I saw that these people had seen better days, but the smell of coffee and the bacon frying so occupied my thoughts that I took small account of the magnificent coffee urn, sugar bowl, cream pitcher and the other grand paraphernalia on the table. Knowing how glad society people are to read of teas given and the color of them, I will state that this was a "brown" tea. The coffee was brown, the bacon was brown, the corn bread was brown, the tallow candle gave a brown light and a "brownie" carried the corn bread and bacon from the kitchen. Mrs. Gillespie did the pouring and did it up brown. Mr Gillespie and the writer did the talking and did it up brown.

I made one mistake in my talking, but discovered it at once, and soon fixed it up. Mr. Gillespie thought that it would be better for the North and South to have separate Governments, and went on to explain, when I blurted out, with my mouth full of corn bread, that the South would be crushed like a rotten apple. I saw my mistake at once, and hastened to rectify it by saying, "That is, if the two sides do not come to some understanding." I am sorry to confess it, but I backed water badly I feel ashamed to write all I said, but wound up by saying that together we could whip the world. I thought that Mrs. Gillespie would fall on my neck and kiss me. I was glad she did not, for Mr. Gillespie looked like a man who would stand no nonsense

All things have an end, and so had our brown tea, and after a very happy evening we parted the best of friends, they to their beds to think of their sons and sons-in-law in the Confederate army, and the Fifteenth man to think where he would invite himself to tea on the morrow. As the good people in this valley treated me so kindly, I take this opportunity to publicly thank them and mention their names as I remember them, that their posterity may feel proud that their parents so treated a stranger who still thinks of them after a lapse of over forty years. There were Parson Early and his good wife, "Squire" Darwin and Mrs. Darwin, Judge Locke and Mrs. Locke, Mr. Gillespie and Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Kelly and family, the Cunninghams and Mrs. Payne. I would include the latter's daughters, but these called us all a lot of Yankee thieves. But we will forgive them, for they were strong for the cause, and the cause is dead.

While sleeping on the roulette table in my little headquarters I was shaken by a heavy hand, and a strange voice said, "Is your name Buzby? Are you a Fifteenth man?" In the twinkling of an eye I was on my feet confronting a soldier covered with mud, with every evidence of having had a hard ride. "That's my name and I am a Fifteenth man," and in the same breath asked him his regiment and what was the latest. He said, "This is the latest," pulling a dispatch out of his pocket and handing it to me, and while I was reading it telling me that he belonged to the Eleventh Tennessee. The dispatch read, as nearly as I can remember:

"MOSSY CREEK.

"TO HOWARD BUZBY:

"You will report to the Regiment at once. Inquire at General Burnside's headquarters at Knoxville.

"COL. WM. J. PALMER,
"*Commanding 15th P. V. C.*"

Soldiers at the front do not carry watches—in fact, have no use for them. They know when they are hungry, they know when it is daytime and when it is night, and that is all it is neccessary for them to know It was pouring down rain and dark as Egypt, with no stars out to guide either the mariner or the cavalryman. My two visitors said it was near morning and the roads were full of

washouts, and that we would make better time by waiting until morning, which we did. They made me very happy as they lay on the floor telling me about the Fifteenth. They called our leader a wizard.

With the Fifteenth he was pounding on Longstreet's rear, through Bull's Gap, crossed the French Broad River, had a hard fight at Sevierville, at Mossy Creek, and was on to them day and night, and if he had not been called off would have gone on into Richmond. But I was startled when they told me of the fight at Dandridge—how our advance guard made a charge on the whole of Longstreet's Corps and nearly all were gobbled, killed or wounded. The reason I was startled was that there were besides myself half a dozen Fifteenth men from Germantown, and they always cried to be on the advance guard, not because they were brave, but because they would have the first dip at the chicken roosts along the road. I was an exception. I never cried to be on the advance. Guess it was because I was honest. Sure enough, one of them was with the advance, and when I heard he was gone my grief knew no bounds. I will be honest, and as we are all getting old I will give my reasons. He had shaved me a hundred times without a "thank you," and I believe that through his keeping my face clean and my mustache a la Napoleon I was detailed as a mounted orderly And now who would do it? The thought of losing this lofty position nearly broke my heart. With the rest he was sent to Andersonville, and learned to lick Indian meal like a cow. If the reader wishes to know the particulars he can call at a certain post office at Mt. Airy and inquire for the postmaster. Don't, however, be too sudden on him. First buy a thousand stamps and pay him for them; then ask him if he was a Fifteenth man; then sit down in an easy chair or on the doorstep, and if it is not his busy day he will tell you all about it.

Without bidding farewell to my friends in the Tennessee Valley I took the road to Knoxville. On arriving there I went at once to General Burnside's headquarters. I first inquired of an orderly if he knew where the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry was. He did not. Some orderlies don't know much and some know too much. However, I found out that the last that was heard of them at headquarters was that they were at Smoky Mountain and had been ordered back to Chattanooga. I finally

found that they were on the south side of the Tennessee River, with their horses' heads turned toward Chattanooga. When I crossed the river and struck the road that they were on, an old colored man told me that I was a day and a half behind them. But Camelback smelled them afar off, and quickening his pace came up with them nearly opposite to the place we had started from, but on the south side of the Tennessee River.

My reception was a grand one, but there were no refreshments but a cracker. I will say no more about it, but was surprised at the quantity of "friends" they had brought with them from East Tennessee. The first night I slept in the camp close to my old comrades, and awoke with these "friends," who take a very active part in times of war, running races over legs and back and holding a banquet on a new victim. But in the morning my friend Spang, the artist, told me of a new dodge, which was to shake my clothes over the camp fire, which would make them lose their grip.

I reported to our leader, who shook me by the hand, remarking, "Well, I declare, this seems as if you came out of the ground!" No wonder he was surprised to see me, for in obeying his order to join the regiment I had ridden over a hundred miles and found them within a half mile of the place from which I had started on the hunt.

COMPANY I AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN F. CONAWAY, A. A. D. C., PHILADELPHIA.

ON November 18, 1863, Company I, under Capt. W. W DeWitt, left the camp of the Regiment on Worthington's plantation, near Pikeville, Tenn., in the Sequatchie Valley, to escort a paymaster to Chattanooga.

The march over the mountains and down the Tennessee Valley was uneventful until we arrived on the banks of the river, opposite Tunnel Hill, about 10 P.M., on the 22d. Here we were suddenly brought in contact with the Army of the Tennessee, under General Sherman, which was then moving through the woods eastward, preparatory to crossing the river early the next morning to attack Bragg's right wing, on Missionary Ridge.

All this was a great surprise to us. Cut off practically, as we had been at Pikeville, very little news of army movements in and about Chattanooga had reached us, but now we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of this grand marching column—slowly but surely making its way to the place of crossing.

It seemed to us that every precaution possible was being taken to keep the movement from the knowledge of the enemy. There was no talking among the men and very little noise of any kind. The officers were holding their swords in their hands, and the wheels of the batteries and wagons were bound with straw We could distinctly see the rebels, sitting and lying around their camp fires, on the opposite side of the river.

Sherman's army moved on as we were working our way toward Chattanooga, and at sunrise the next morning was seen by us marching up the slope of Missionary Ridge at its eastern extremity, the glint of the sunlight on their muskets resembling very much what the reflection from an immense looking-glass would be, sending its flashes into Chattanooga in regular but quick succession as the column moved and the motion of the men as they marched altered the angle of its face.

It was nearly midnight of the 22d when we crossed the Tennessee and reached General Thomas' headquarters. At daylight the next morning our duties began. Having good fresh horses, we were ordered at once, singly and in small detachments, as couriers and orderlies, to all parts of the line, which on that day was formed across the valley in front of the town and facing Missionary Ridge. It seemed to us like a grand dress parade and review of the Army of the Cumberland.

This was the first formation of the army for the general movement forward, which resulted, on the 25th, in the capture of Missionary Ridge and the routing of Bragg's forces, with heavy loss, from the stronghold from which he had deemed it impossible to be dislodged. We were awakened in the night of the 23d by heavy firing, and watched the night attack on Lookout Mountain —a grand sight—difficult to describe.

On the 25th the grand and final assault was made. Nothing could resist the charge "onward and upward" until the heights of Missionary Ridge were reached and the enemy forced to retreat in great confusion, leaving their dead and wounded in the hands of our brave comrades.

Just before the final charge some of our boys who had been sent to Fort Wood with important dispatches witnessed the terrible execution of the guns of that fort, particularly on the rebel batteries along the top of the ridge. There were present at that time General Grant and his staff, with a number of general officers, watching the progress of the battle with the keenest interest. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, Grant and his staff mounted their horses, dashed down the rear slope of the fort, and we followed them with our eyes until they reached Orchard Knob —still further to the front.

The victory was complete. The members of Company I, whose fortune it was by accident to take part in this battle, performed the duty assigned to them faithfully and intelligently. The Companies of the escort at headquarters—B, H and K—had suffered severely during the siege for want of subsistence, and they were practically dismounted, most of their horses having died of starvation. Then our trouble began. By order of General Thomas all our horses were turned over to the escort, and we started back to camp on foot. What a weary march of seventy-

five miles that was, only those who participated can fully comprehend. We pressed into service an old wagon, on which we loaded our saddles and equipments, and drawn by a couple of played-out mules at first, and then by an old cow and ox picked up on the road, after about six days' march we again joined the Regiment at Pikeville. There were stirring times in front of Knoxville about that time, and on December 3d, a few days after our return to camp, Colonel Palmer at the head of the column moved out on what is known as our first East Tennessee campaign, leaving behind a small detail from each Company—excepting Company I, which was ordered to remain in its entirety—unable to move for want of horses. And so we were not permitted to participate in the glories of Strawberry Plains, Sevierville, Mossy Creek, Dandridge and Gatlinburg.

PATRIOTIC UTTERANCES OF GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS.

CORP. JAMES W OVER, COMPANY G, PITTSBURG, PA.

THE couriers who delivered the dispatches at the different headquarters had opportunities of observing many interesting incidents. I recall one which was especially so to me.

I had carried a dispatch to General Thomas' headquarters in front of Tullahoma, arriving at daybreak. The occupants of all the tents except one were sleeping soundly, and I entered it to deliver the dispatch, I found General Thomas there, so much absorbed in conversation with a native that he did not notice me, and I soon became interested to such an extent as to forget I was intruding. The General was a Virginian, and the Tennesseean had evidently been upbraiding him for his adherence to the Government. After I entered, the General demonstrated the fallacy of the State rights doctrine, eulogized our Government in the highest terms, showing its great superiority to the Confederacy and European governments, and most eloquently portrayed the liberties and privileges of its citizens and the obligations they were under, and especially he, as an officer of the regular army, to support and defend it.

I do not know what effect the General's words had upon the Tennesseean, but I do know that to me they were as a revelation, and made a lasting impression.

Nearly all the officers in our old army who came from the South resigned and took service in the Confederacy, and the few who did not were under the suspicion of our Government that their sympathies were still with their own people. George H. Thomas was one of our ablest Generals, and his promotion had been held back from this cause; but time evens up all things, and before the war ended the Northern people knew that no more loyal man lived than our grand old "Pap" Thomas.

HENRI LE CARON—ONE OF OUR CHARACTERS.

FRANK M. CRAWFORD, COMPANY C, PHILADELPHIA.

EVERY cavalry organization in the army is governed by its bugle calls, which, in their way, told us when to perform the various duties of camp life. First came the reveille, which broke up that last nap, which is so enjoyable. Then came roll call, stable call, the recall, breakfast call, guard mount and surgeon's call, to which last a large proportion of the men would always sing the refrain, "Come and get your quinine." These were all sounded before 8 A.M. The various other calls would be sounded through the day until at last taps, at about 9 P.M., told us to put out our light and go to bed.

After those selected for buglers had mastered the intricacies of their instruments we certainly did have a most excellent corps, one of whom, Wm. M. Murdock, had the proud distinction of being known as "the best bugler in the Army of the Cumberland," and he must have been, for General Thomas made that remark. The subject of my sketch was a good bugler, too, and got the appointment of chief bugler He gave out that he was a Frenchman, and in some vague way the rumor got abroad that he was in some way connected with and related to the Orleans princes. But his odd foreign ways, which we looked on as French, were belied by his habit of talking like an English cockney. He couldn't get his "haitches" in the right position.

I remember one of our night marches when a good many things happened to him. "Hi was asleep on my orse," he said, "when my 'at fell off, and when hi got hoff to get hit someone stole an 'am hi 'ad, and while hi looked for my 'am, my 'orse walked off, and so hi lost my 'at and am and orse, all in five minutes." He was a good-natured, jolly fellow, keen to appreciate a lively remark, which always brought a laugh to his face.

This characteristic of his was the basis of a very funny incident one morning. After our East Tennessee campaign, in the winter of 1863, we encamped between Missionary Ridge and Chat-

tanooga, on the ground Sheridan s Division had fought over only a few months before. The campaign had been such a hard one that our Colonel gave us a couple of weeks' complete rest from all drills. The time came, however, when the health of the men and the discipline of the Regiment caused him to order the drills resumed. Le Caron took his position in the open space between the line of officers' tents and the companies, and went through all the preparatory steps to sound the drill call. The principal thing the bugler had to do was to compose his face and get the muscles of the lips in proper trim, and it is then impossible to smile even, let alone to give out a hearty laugh, but these were the things that had a resting place close to Le Caron s mouth, and seemed to be set on a "hair trigger," they went off so easily. Some of the men nearby had an inkling of the coming call, and began making good-natured, facetious remarks, at which Le Caron grinned, and postponed the call. As soon as he could get his face straight, up came the bugle, and his lips took on that severe expression necessary to produce sound, and then another remark by some soldier brought out the grin and the call was again postponed. By this time other men had reinforced those who began the peculiar attack, in which mother wit was the ammunition used, and their united efforts made Le Caron wear a smile that wouldn't come off. Try as hard as he could, it was impossible to succeed. The first note or two was all that his efforts could sound, and perhaps he never would have got it all out had not the Adjutant, who orders all calls and was wondering why he did not hear this one, come to his rescue, drove off his persecutors, and then at last the call was sounded.

It was in the summer of 1864, while we were at Nashville waiting for a new lot of horses, that Le Caron wooed and won a lady residing there, and his marriage in the Catholic Church and the reception afterward at her home was an eventful occasion to many of us who were there.

Soon after both of us got commissions in the Fifteenth United States Colored Infantry, and the casual acquaintance ripened into an intimacy which continued for many years after the war closed. He was an odd character when in the Regiment, and was still odd all the years I knew him, but the oddest thing of all was that with all our intimacy I never knew or suspected what he really was.

Before he left the Fifteenth Infantry he and some other of our officers had joined a "Fenian Circle," then in Nashville, and started in to make war on England, via Canada, and in the latter part of 1866 began to invade that country, with our Le Caron as Major and Aid-de-camp. They all got captured, of course, but were later liberated.

In a book, which he published, entitled "Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service: The Recollections of a Spy," we are told another tale about him. He says he was raised in Colchester, England, and that his name was Beach. He ran away from home, and after working at several places landed in Paris, where he lived several years. When our Civil War broke out he caught the "war fever" from some American associates, came to this country, and, attracted by the natty uniforms of the Andersons, joined our Regiment, under the name of Henri Le Caron, posing as a Frenchman. In 1867, while on a visit to his home and at the request of his father, he was appointed an agent for the English Government, to see what the Fenians were doing.

I met him here in Philadelphia, and after that in Chicago, when he told me he had become a doctor, and had two drug stores in Illinois—one at Braidwood and the other in a nearby town—where I made a call on him, and found him apparently settled in a good business, surrounded by a wife and several children; but, according to his book, he was still an English "agent." A few years after the Fenians tumbled to his real character, and then our Le Caron abandoned his home in Illinois, fled to England, and wrote a book, in which he gloried in having associated himself with all the Irish societies and Fenian leaders for a quarter of a century and kept the English authorities posted on all the movements they intended making, which he could well do, as his position among them was next to the chief.

I do not know what became of him. They tell me that he is dead, but he fooled me so well before that I'll try not to be surprised if he walks in to see me some day I do not care to glorify the actions of anyone who seeks friends that he may do them an injury, but there was something in the personality of the man I could not help liking. Had the ability which he showed in his chosen profession been used in some other sphere of life, he would have achieved great success, financially and socially

FIRST EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN—DECEMBER 3, 1863, TO FEBRUARY 11, 1864.

LIEUT. COL. CHAS. B. LAMBORN (DECEASED)

IMMEDIATELY following the victory of Missionary Ridge, which forced General Bragg to hurry toward Atlanta with a shattered and disheartened army and relieved the beleagured army of the Union which had been shut up for two months in the narrow limits of Chattanooga, a large body of infantry was detached under Generals Sherman and Granger and ordered to march to the relief of General Burnside at Knoxville. Longstreet had invested Knoxville, into which Burnside had withdrawn his little army and which he had hastily fortified with earthworks. Repeated assaults had been made by the rebels, but they had been uniformly repulsed with loss, and although few in numbers, and now reduced to the last extremity by want of supplies, Burnside's troops held their position successfully against Longstreet's force without and the more dangerous enemy—starvation—within.

Generals Sherman and Granger marched their weary and footsore veterans from the field of Missionary Ridge up the eastern valley of the Tennessee, while the available cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, sadly reduced in numbers by the siege of Chattanooga, in which nearly 10,000 horses and mules perished by starvation, were ordered to accompany them or join them at Knoxville. Three Companies of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry had been retained at the headquarters of the army at Chattanooga. The rest of the Regiment with several detachments of mounted troops had been previously sent to Sequatchie Valley, to gather the rich harvests of corn and to protect the long wagon trains, laden with supplies, that toiled across the mountains from Bridgeport to feed the army holding Chattanooga.

On December 3d, Colonel Palmer with 175 men of his own command and a detachment of 100 men from the Tenth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, under order of Major-General Thomas, left

camp near Pikeville, in Sequatchie Valley, for Knoxville. On the evening of the 7th they reached that city, being the advance of the troops sent to reinforce General Burnside. The rebel troops under Longstreet had withdrawn two days before, and were at this time moving eastward, as it was believed, for Virginia, with their rear in the neighborhood of Strawberry Plains, sixteen miles northeast from Knoxville, on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad. Sherman's and Granger's commands were within a few miles of Knoxville, marching up, and it was expected that an active movement would be made to press heavily on Longstreet's army.

Colonel Palmer had received orders to join General Shackleford at Strawberry Plains, when information was received at headquarters that the rebel Colonel Thomas with 250 Cherokee Indians and Confederate troops had come down from the mountains of North Carolina and entered the town of Sevierville—twenty-eight miles east of Knoxville—captured the loyal home guards who were there and robbed the citizens of considerable property A large proportion of the population of Sevier County were known to be thoroughly loyal to the Union, and had contributed a goodly number of efficient soldiers to our army General Burnside desiring to protect the loyal citizens from rebel depredation, ordered Colonel Palmer to march at once in pursuit of Thomas and his rebel Indians and to recover the stolen property

In the afternoon of December 8th the command moved out toward Sevierville. Learning that the rebels had retreated with their spoils to Gatlinburg, a little hamlet on the Pigeon River, at the very foot of the Great Smoky range of mountains and at the head of a long, narrow defile easily defended, Colonel Palmer deemed it best to march across Cove Mountain by a bridle trail, and if possible strike the enemy unexpectedly in the rear. With this object the command crossed into Weir's Cove, and on the evening of the 9th had reached a point whence a narrow and exceedingly difficult bridle path led over a lofty spur of the Smoky Mountains, some eighteen miles directly to the rear of Gatlinburg. Another road ran directly to the front of the position in which the rebels were encamped. The people everywhere evinced the greatest delight to meet our cavalry, and attested the sincerity of their

FIRST LIEUT. HARVEY LINGLE

Killed at Mossy Creek, East Tenn., December 29, 1863

loyalty by feeding our men and horses and guiding the command through the difficult and unknown mountain paths.

Colonel Palmer divided the command into two divisions. The larger one he led across the mountains. The other, under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, took the direct route to Gatlinburg. Both detachments made a night march, and at daybreak the next morning simultaneously attacked the enemy in their camp at the foot of the main range of mountains. The surprise was complete. The pickets deserted their posts at the first fire, and our troops were within carbine range of their camp before the enemy were prepared to resist. The position was a very strong one. A direct and open attack with our force could not have carried it or even reached the camp through the narrow and easily defended defile up which the road ran.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn opened a lively fire from his dismounted men into the front of the camp, and Colonel Palmer moved down rapidly with the main column upon the rear and flank. The enemy were outwitted and terrified by the suddenness of the attack, and after a sharp skirmish abandoned their camp and fled in disorder to the mountains, into whose unknown and impassable recesses cavalry could not follow. Six rebel Indians are believed to have been killed or wounded, but they were carried off during the fight. Capt. Chas. M. Betts received a flesh wound in the arm and Capt. Geo. S. Clark, of Company E, a musket ball in the knee, from the effect of which he was permanently lamed and rendered incapable of future active field duty during the war. Our troops burned the rebel camp, destroyed the captured arms, ammunition and supplies, and returned the horses which were found in the camp to the citizens from whom they were stolen. The unexpected boldness and celerity of this attack on the rebel Indians in one of their own strongholds in the mountains proved very serviceable in protecting the border counties of East Tennessee from further depredation, and so thoroughly was this band disheartened and routed that the North Carolina Indians did not venture again, during the Civil War, to make predatory incursions into these Union districts.

Finding further pursuit of the scattered rebels useless, Colonel Palmer marched the command across the country to Dandridge, on the French Broad River, in order to communicate with General

Parke and to secure supplies for men and horses. For subsisting the command the rich plantations along that river furnished abundance of corn, wheat and bacon.

The pursuit of Longstreet had not been pressed with much vigor. General Sherman, finding Knoxville relieved from siege, returned with his troops to Chattanooga, and the remaining infantry forces under Granger and Foster, the latter having relieved Burnside of his command, were camped within a few miles of Knoxville. Longstreet moved slowly and leisurely toward Rogersville and Russellville, and fed his large body of well-mounted cavalry on the rich corn fields of the Holston and French Broad Valleys.

Colonel Palmer received orders to scout with his command along the flank of the main body of the enemy, to harass the foraging parties and gather information of the movements of the supposed retreating army. Both armies were mainly dependent upon the country for their supplies, and the extended corn fields, laden with ungathered harvests, which stretched for miles along the rich alluvial bottom lands skirting the Holston, French Broad and Watauga Rivers, were the scenes of many severe skirmishes and even heavy cavalry engagements.

After the advance of our infantry had been stayed by a lack of supplies and perhaps by the mistaken belief that Longstreet was slowly retreating, the struggle in East Tennessee for two months became virtually a fight for corn and bacon between the cavalry forces of the opposing armies. For two weeks Colonel Palmer with his command scouted through the country along the Holston and between Dandridge and Russellville, sometimes advancing under cover of night to the immediate vicinity of large bodies of the enemy, capturing provisions, stock and various supplies, and getting much valuable information which was duly forwarded to headquarters at Knoxville. Scarcely a day passed without a skirmish with the enemy, and the safety of the command made it necessary to practically "camp in the saddle," to march rapidly and for long distances, and rarely to rest two nights successively in the same place. Extreme watchfulness was required to prevent a surprise, since this small body of men was a long distance from any support and in the immediate vicinity of bodies of rebel cavalry many times superior in numbers. On the night

of the 22d of December, 1863, the command made a rapid march ten miles above Dandridge, and seized twenty-six head of stock and thirteen horses, with five of the rebel soldiers guarding them, almost from the picket line of a brigade of rebel cavalry encamped on the French Broad River, and successfully carried them off, in spite of a lively pursuit to Flat Gap, beyond which General Sturgis' command was encamped.

On the 24th of December a detachment of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania was the advance of a movement by two brigades of Federal cavalry against a rebel force reported at Dandridge. The rebels, after a sharp skirmish, were badly worsted, and were in full retreat when they were reinforced by a brigade from Morristown that arrived in season to turn the tide of battle, and our troops were forced to withdraw from the field, bearing with them most of their killed and wounded.

In this engagement a brilliant dash was made by Colonel Palmer and ninety men on the rear of a portion of one of the rebel regiments, which was speedily demoralized, but on the return from the charge a heavy fire was unexpectedly opened from another body of dismounted rebels, by which ten of our men had their horses shot under them, and they fell prisoners into the enemy s hands. Among these was Capt. Washington Airey, of Company L, a gallant and exemplary officer, who remained a prisoner for some months, and was finally released only to die a lingering death from a terrible disease engendered by the hardships of his imprisonment at Charleston, Florence and other points. The detachment in addition to the loss of these prisoners had three men wounded in the engagement. The total loss of all our troops in this skirmish was seventy-five killed, wounded and prisoners. We took twenty-five prisoners.

The bulk of our cavalry forces encamped about Newmarket, and the Regiment was again sent to scout along the flanks of the rebel cavalry, near Morristown. On the 29th of December, 1863, a sharp engagement occurred at Mossy Creek. The rebels made the attack, and after six hours of changing fortune they were finally handsomely and decidedly repulsed and pursued for four miles in rapid retreat. The enemy numbered about 5000 cavalry; our own forces were perhaps equal in number. The Fifteenth Pennsylvania was engaged throughout, and made two fine charges, gain-

ing and holding an important position on the field. For these services of the command Colonel Palmer was handsomely complimented by General Sturgis, the Commander of the cavalry. Five men of the Regiment were wounded, and First Lieut. Harvey S. Lingle, a fine officer and acting Adjutant, was killed.

The winter now set in intensely cold, for three days the mercury ranged within a few degrees of zero, and any movement of large bodies of troops was almost impossible. Longstreet seemed to have placed his infantry in winter quarters above Russellville, and his cavalry was again sent to the corn fields of the French Broad.

The cavalry Commander, General Sturgis, finding that the men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania could render most valuable service in the way of harassing the detached portions of the enemy and in gathering the much-needed information of their movements, again ordered Colonel Palmer to move down in the vicinity of Dandridge, and from that point to scout the country and to watch the enemy and make report. The especially dangerous and fatiguing military duty of scouting had now become a specialty with this command.

Few officers of the army, as later campaigns fully displayed, possessed higher qualities for the command of troops in dangerous and difficult expeditions than Colonel Palmer, and no regiment in the service could boast of men better suited for active, intelligent, dashing scouts than the Anderson Cavalry. For two weeks they scouted the whole country, on the enemy's flank, pouncing down upon them at the most unexpected and unguarded moments, marching day and night and picking up prisoners and gathering stock almost within the limits of the rebel encampments. "Palmer's Owls" became a synonym for the Regiment among the simple-hearted loyal citizens of that country.

During all this time men as well as horses must be fed, and through the good management of Lieutenant Hinchman, the Regimental Commissary who watchfully foresaw every need and profited by every advantage, grist mills were seized and set to work night and day, with our own men for millers; and good stores of bacon and beef which the rebel plantations supplied were gathered in, and our men and horses were provided with subsistence from the country fought over throughout the whole of this winter

campaign. For two months nothing but limited quantities of sugar and coffee were drawn from the Government, the country itself supplying all other needs.

On January 13th news came to camp that the rebel General Vance, from North Carolina, had suddenly come down from the mountains with 300 Confederate cavalry, and had captured twenty-eight wagons, near Sevierville, belonging to a foraging party sent out from Knoxville, and was rapidly retreating with his spoils through the mountains. Colonel Palmer instantly started with his command in pursuit, and the next day, after a rapid march of forty miles, struck the rebel force on Crosby Creek, twenty-three miles from Sevierville, defeated and routed the whole command by an impetuous charge, making prisoners of General Vance, his Adjutant General and Inspector General and fifty-two other Confederates, and capturing 100 horses, as well as releasing all the Federal prisoners and recapturing the wagons and mules. The prisoners and wagons were forwarded to Knoxville. For this gallant and brilliant achievement, so complete in its results and accomplished without the loss of a man, General Sturgis especially recommended Colonel Palmer to General Foster, and this officer, appreciating the valuable services of the Regiment and the sterling qualities of its Commander, at once telegraphed General Grant nominating Colonel Palmer for promotion to the rank of Brigadier General. This nomination was forwarded to Washington, with highly flattering indorsements, and Colonel Palmer was soon after nominated by the President to the new rank; but his confirmation by the Senate did not occur until the next session, and after another nomination accompanied by urgent recommendations based upon greater services.

Colonel Palmer returned with his command to the neighborhood of Dandridge, but as the main body of our cavalry had fallen back to Knoxville, from the front of Longstreet, on the Holston, and 8000 of the rebel cavalry had been thrown into the corn fields of the French Broad, the position became too exposed, and it was deemed advisable to draw back toward Sevierville.

In the meantime our cavalry, under Sturgis, having crossed to the south side of the river at Knoxville, moved slowly up with the main body, and sent Col. Jim Brownlow with the First Tennessee Cavalry to join Colonel Palmer and to act under his orders. On

January 22, 1864, Colonel Palmer, strengthened by Brownlow's regiment, moved up for a reconnoissance against the enemy, above Dandridge. Having learned that they had sent out heavy foraging parties to Indian Creek, he pushed up about ten miles, and in a sharp running fight of five miles captured three officers and sixty-eight enlisted men, with seventeen wagons and ninety mules, having killed two rebels and wounded one, suffering a loss of one man of the First East Tennessee regiment, wounded.

Three days later the main body of the cavalry had come up to Sevierville, and the command was again joined with them. For some days the whole cavalry force remained about Sevierville, feeding up the stock, during which time small detachments of the Andersons, under good corporals and sergeants, to whom the country had become familiar, were kept constantly scouting along the river and in the neighborhood of the enemy These non-commissioned officers, with small details, were very efficient in this service, and in addition to the valuable information which they acquired, rarely returned to camp without prisoners.

On the 27th a small party of our scouts discovered a division of the enemy a few miles out on the Newport road, and from the information they obtained and the admirable knowledge of the country shown by Col. W. J. Palmer, McCook's division of cavalry was enabled to gain a brilliant victory, routing Morgan's rebel division and capturing two pieces of artillery and eighty prisoners. The following day another engagement was fought near Fair Garden, East Tennessee, without decisive results.

This was the last battle of this campaign. The forage of the country within our lines being now almost exhausted and the infantry being still retained quietly in winter quarters at Knoxville, it was decided to withdraw all our cavalry to Marysville and the valley of the Little Tennessee, and the following day the movement was begun. Longstreet was thus left in quiet possession of the corn fields of the upper French Broad and Watauga, and the 10,000 cavalry under his command remained there until spring opened, and the main body withdrew to Virginia and rejoined General Lee, from whose army they had been sent the preceding autumn to reinforce Bragg at Chattanooga.

Colonel Palmer's command had been ordered back to Chattanooga by General Thomas some time before the final withdrawal

of our cavalry was decided upon, but General Foster was unwilling to let him go. But now that the entire campaign was closed, the command moved back, by slow marches, by way of the corn fields of the Hiawassee and Tennessee, and on the 11th of February, 1864, arrived at Chattanooga, reported to General Thomas and were rejoined by the rest of the Regiment, which had been left in Sequatchie Valley.

This winter campaign of seventy days had been one of severe service. The main body of the command, in addition to the daily scouts, had marched and countermarched about 1000 miles. They had taken part in six severe engagements of the cavalry forces, and had themselves captured 194 rebel prisoners, including one Brigadier General, three Captains and three Lieutenants, seventeen wagons and mules, 250 stand of arms and 150 cavalry horses and equipments complete, and had recaptured from the enemy twenty-three U. S. soldiers and nineteen U. S. army wagons and mules. The losses of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry had been one officer killed, two wounded and one captured; nine enlisted men wounded and ten captured.

When it is remembered that there were but 175 men of this Regiment all told in this campaign, and with the detachment of the Tenth Ohio, whose losses were eight men wounded, the total force under Colonel Palmer during most of the time numbered less than 300 men, the record of their services will stand a fair comparison with any other body of men in the army. They deserved and received the highest praises for their efficiency from every Commander under whom it was their fortune to serve.

SCOUTING IN EAST TENNESSEE.

LIEUT. A. B. COLEMAN, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

AFTER our Regiment arrived at Dandridge I was ordered to the south side of the French Broad River, with a small party of my comrades, to go into the interior six miles and hunt up a man by the name of Colonel Derrick—a good Union man of that section. Colonel Palmer, to the best of my knowledge, had never laid eyes on the man, but it did not take him long to know the name and proclivities of every man within a circuit of six miles. Anyhow, he knew Derrick by reputation, and the Colonel made no mistake in him. The object of the scout was to procure horses with which to mount our Regiment, for we were badly in want of them. We soon found Derrick's home, which was about six miles from the river, and he saw us coming, but dodged us for a while, until he was sure we were not rebels. He was very glad to see us and very willing to go with us anywhere, but it must be at night.

He was very much elated at the thought of the opportunity to pay back his rebel neighbors for their persecutions and the suffering which they inflicted upon him and his community of Union-loving people. Is it any wonder he was looking for sweet revenge? The suffering of the Union people during that long war was dreadful in the extreme, and it was a great relief to them to help us by guiding us through almost an unknown mountainous country, delivering up to us provisions and aiding us in many ways. What has the Government done for them, the most patriotic people in the Union? It cost them something to stand by the Union at that time, as their rough experience proved.

Derrick at once piloted us to a camp in the woods, in the mountains, which he had established early in the war, and here we found about ten of Derrick's followers, who were compelled to hide during the daytime. Derrick also had what he called a grapevine telegraph in operation, carried on by the women of the com-

munity, and through this they found out what was going on about the neighborhood. If a party of rebels came along toward a house and was seen by a woman she would run to the next house, perhaps a mile distant, and so would pass the news from house to house. By this means these rebel troops would likely be located if they should happen to stay overnight in the neighborhood, and our friend in the woods would know where they were and look after them.

I had heard, after leaving Dandridge, that our Regiment had been attacked by the enemy in the morning, and to satisfy myself as to the truth of it, when night came on I got my party together—ten of our friends, who had good horses, and six of my comrades—and we started for the river, six miles away

On arriving at the river, a short distance above Dandridge, I was completely surprised. As far as I could see up the river, on the north side, there lay the largest body of rebel troops that I had ever seen. Their camps stretched along the river opposite to where I was standing, and not a mile away Not knowing the whereabouts of my Regiment, I was completely cut off from them. We turned our horses heads to the interior and up the country, and cautiously moved, stopping at the houses of the Union people on the way My friends knew these people, who were mostly old folks, women and children. The information I particularly desired was to find out if there were any of the rebels on my side —south—of the river. To be taken prisoner while commanding a party of bushwhackers, would be no joke, hence the caution.

The grapevine telegraph had been working all day. They had located two men of the rebel infantry who had come from the opposite side of the river to see some friends. These we took on our trip up. I had with me a Mr Swan, a prominent citizen of Beaver Dam, who was anxious to know if his plantation had been cleaned out. On arriving at his place he found that what he had anticipated was all too true. On viewing the destruction of his property from our side of the river he became crazed. He raised his cane in the air, galloped his horse down the road, and yelled at the top of his voice that he could lick the whole rebel army and that he would hang his brother Tom. He knew his brother was in the rebel army, on the other side of the river, and it was he who had led the party over to wipe out his plantation. We started

after Mr. Swan, caught up to him, and made him prisoner for our own safety

There were several fords of the river below us, and it was very likely that we could be heard over there, and a force crossing below us would very speedily end our careers. If they had force enough they would hang us instead of taking us prisoners of war. My friends knew a trail which we took going back, and feeling our way cautiously found our way to Derrick's camp safely We were pretty well protected, on account of the inhabitants generally being friendly to our side. The rebels knew that they had a poor chance of getting back to their camps if they crossed the river in small parties, and they were very cautious.

After being hidden in the mountains during the daytime for several days, raiding at nighttime and capturing horses, we heard continuous heavy firing. Mr. Swan informed me that the sounds came from about Mossy Creek, nine miles below Dandridge, altogether about fifteen miles from where we were stationed. I told him that I must get to my Regiment at all hazards, and he promised he would take me there. I had in my possession two prisoners and sixteen horses. The whole of Longstreet's corps were between us and our forces.

We started, taking our chances by traveling in the daytime, and at noon reached Sevierville, and about the middle of the night arrived in the neighborhood of Mossy Creek, where the fighting took place. Next morning we located our camp. Our Colonel had given us up, thinking that we were in prison or completely wiped out.

While camping at Sevierville, on the south side of the French Broad River, the Colonel desired to know if the enemy were anywhere on the south side and within fifteen miles to the east. On that same day he had had an interview with several Union men from that neighborhood—fifteen or twenty miles above—who had informed him of the presence of the enemy. Their reports were not satisfactory to him, and wishing to have more reliable information, I was ordered to go with a small party and see for myself.

As quickly as possible we started to go as far as Muddy Creek, about fifteen or twenty miles above Sevierville. It was a dark night, just suiting our purpose. We started about 10 o'clock, and after traveling about five miles we halted. I advised my com-

rades of the nature of the scout, also that Colonel Palmer expected that we would have a brush with the enemy, and that it was likely we would be captured, but if one of us escaped he must get back to Sevierville as quickly as possible, that the Colonel might know the condition of affairs up the river.

Placing a man about a hundred yards in the rear and another in the front, we started, cautiously feeling our way as we went. After going about two miles, expecting every moment to be challenged by the enemy, the man on the advance halted until we came up. He informed me that horses were in the woods, on the left of the road and to the front. We cautiously went back about fifty yards and halted. I left my horse and went forward to reconnoiter, imagining at the same time what it could be. It could not be an enemy, for we would have been challenged by a picket, and it could not be that the horses were hidden there, for they are generally hidden far from a road. I got into the woods and distinctly heard the movements of horses, one or two of them whinnying. The night was very dark, and suddenly I came to what I supposed was a wagon wheel, and walked around it, only to discover that I had walked around and through a battery of four pieces, limbered up, with horses hitched.

It was to my mind the strangest thing I ever heard tell of. Directly I came to a house, but not a living creature was to be seen. I found a door which was shut, but not locked. I opened it cautiously, and found a number of men sleeping on the floor, one of whom I awoke, inquiring who was there. If I can remember rightly, the answer came, "Gerard's Battery, U S." "You are my prisoners," I said. He called to the Adjutant to get up and strike a light. The Adjutant went to the fireplace and soon had a light. The officer inquired who I was, and after being satisfied, I informed him as to the nature of my business. He informed me that I would find the enemy about a mile and a half from there. I explained to him how I had gotten into his camp. He inquired of the Adjutant how that could be, and was told by him that he had pickets at the other end of the camp, but none on the lower end. They talked generally in a foreign tongue.

Here was a camp, a battery of four pieces ready for action, with apparently no support, no picket out excepting on one side of the camp, with the nearest United States troops seven

selves a forlorn hope. At last we arrived on a fair level about 1 A.M., gathered the stragglers and took a rest for a few minutes. We pressed onward along the crest for a number of miles, and long before the break of day began the descent.

The mountaineer scouts lighted their long pine torches and led the column down the trail single file. The men bumped against the horses and the horses bumped against the men. As we moved down the wild mountain trail I thought the column resembled an immense serpent, with every vertebra in its back in violent action, winding its way into the darkness of the forest.

I was very thirsty, as my canteen had been emptied two hours before, and my horse kept licking my frosty saber hilt at every opportunity as he bumped against my back. However, after an unusually long, toilsome and continuous march, we succeeded in getting to the base of the mountain. Immediately we noticed a very beautiful stream of spring water rushing from the mountain base. We hurriedly half watered our famished and hungry horses, then mounted and assembled for the combat.

The order was given to charge. We drove the spurs into our horses and rushed forward for a quarter mile, surprised the Indian pickets along the ridge, and then wheeled to the left and into the meadows. Just in our front and on the hillside, about seventy yards beyond, was the Indian camp, and between it and ourselves was a deep creek, about thirty feet wide, and back of the Indian settlement was an immense forest.

The first battalion, counted into sets of four, dismounted, and under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, advanced under a fierce fire. The Indian war whoop resounded throughout the forest as they gave us several volleys, wounding Capt. Chas. M. Betts and Capt. George S. Clark. We then charged along the meadow, waded through the creek, breast deep, climbed up the hills and into the Indian camp.

There were the blazing fires and the corn cakes baking, just ready to eat; so we gobbled them from out the frying pan, and finding no Indians in the huts, we started out and fought them until we had driven them away into the dense forest and we could no longer hear their war whoop.

After about four hours' fighting we returned and went into their tents. We found bags of dried apples, salt, blankets and

sheepskins. John Benner, of our company, beat the tattoo on their drums, then took out his camp knife and cut out the heads. In their surprise and hurry they left behind about fifteen horses tied to the stakes. I destroyed, by striking against the trees, twenty rifles, as they were of no possible use to us, and then we set fire to the Indian camp and left the place with the boys shouting the war whoop.

We left Sequatchie Valley on December 3d, and were without tents the entire campaign. My recollection is that I was in the saddle daily on that noted campaign, which lasted seventy days, as the last of our party arrived at Chattanooga about March 3, 1864. The Regiment went into camp at Rossville, Ga., and I was put on courier duty at the foot of Lookout Mountain to carry dispatches to Gen. "Joe" Hooker.

FIGHTING CHEROKEE INDIANS.

CORP. JAMES W OVER, COMPANY G, PITTSBURG, PA.

ON December 3, 1863, we were sent to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville, and were among the first troops to reach him. Some Cherokee Indians from a reservation in North Carolina, who adhered to the Confederacy, had crossed the Smoky Mountains into East Tennessee, forming a camp near their base, and were making incursions into the valleys and despoiling the Union people of their substance.

We were ordered to disperse them, and Colonel Palmer, taking with him a part of the Regiment, crossed an almost impassable mountain and reached their rear, while he sent a detachment to attack them in front. He hoped to surprise them, and his advance guard was ordered to charge the camp. Unfortunately, some of the Indians discovered us before it was reached, and gave the alarm. We soon caught a glimpse of their camp, on a wooded bench of the mountain, with a narrow and tortuous trail leading to it, making a mounted charge impossible, and we halted, waiting for further orders.

On the other side of a rocky mountain creek there was a small clearing, the only point from which a full view of the camp could be had. It was necessary for someone to cross this creek, in full view of the enemy, and make a reconnoisance before an attack could be made. I know that if all of the advance guard felt as I did about it, none of them were anxious to be detailed for that duty. As soon as the Colonel arrived, however, he put spurs to his horse, crossed the stream with the enemy s bullets striking the water all around him, rode out into the field, wheeled his horse, facing the camp, and as coolly as if reviewing the Regiment on dress parade, except that his head involuntarily dodged as the minies zipped by, made the necessary observations and returned to us unharmed.

The Regiment was then dismounted, and a brisk fight from

behind trees, rocks and fallen timber, in regular Indian fashion, ensued. The enemy seemed to think it necessary to accompany every shot with a genuine war whoop, which must have interfered with their aim, as they only wounded two of our men—Captains Betts and Clark.

When the enemy discovered a detachment of our men working its way around their flank, they abandoned their camp and took to the mountain, hiding as quickly and successfully as a flock of frightened partridges. The people in that section of East Tennessee considered that skirmish one of the greatest battles of the war, and if sound were the only measure of a great battle it certainly was, as every discharge of a musket or carbine echoed through the gorges and sounded in the valleys like the discharge of a full battery of artillery.

The next day Companies G and H, under the command of Captain McAllister, started in pursuit of the Indians, who were cutting their way by an abandoned trail across the mountains, to North Carolina. A body of mounted East Tennessee Home Guards, dressed in butternut, joined us, and had we met a regular Confederate cavalry force we could not have distinguished friend from foe.

Our pursuit led us by a narrow trail through a thick forest, and fearful of an ambuscade we dismounted, formed in skirmish line, and with great difficulty advanced through laurel, growing close to the ground, so tangled and thick that the Indians might have successfully concealed themselves underneath. About dusk we reached a farm at the foot of the mountains, and halted at the farmhouse, where we saw the enemy near the summit of the mountains, pushing forward as fast as possible. They were far beyond the range of our carbines, and as their position was such that a night attack could not be made with any hope of success, the pursuit was abandoned.

The command had become separated in the advance, and some of us were sent in different directions to bring in those who had not reported. As it was getting quite dark, and there was no assurance that some of the Indians might not be lurking in the immediate vicinity, the duty assigned to us was somewhat perilous —at least this was my opinion as I dodged from tree to tree, scanning the woods for friend or foe and calling loudly for my lost

comrades. Not finding them, after a short time I returned to the farmhouse, and discovered that the command had started by the trail through the forest for the place where our horses had been left.

I was alone, and it is needless to say that double-quick time was made by me along that trail, or that I expected any moment to see the stalwart form of an Indian looming up before me in the darkness, with evil intent, to rob me of my scalp. I made such good time that I reached the command just as it was moving, and it was with a great sigh of relief I mounted my horse and joined my comrades.

THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF GENERAL VANCE

SERG. E. W ANDERSON, COMPANY M, PHŒNIXVILLE, PA.

ON or about the 12th of January, 1864, Gen. Robert B. Vance left Asheville, N. C., in command of a Confederate brigade of about 700 men, consisting of cavalry and infantry. crossed over the Smoky Mountains into East Tennessee, and made a descent on Sevierville (county seat of Sevier County, Tenn.), where he captured a wagon train and its escort, out from Knoxville, Tenn., for forage. They started back with the prisoners, a number of citizens who had been evading Confederate service, and all the horses they could capture in that vicinity.

Our Regiment, with part of the Tenth Ohio, was encamped on the night of the 13th inst. at Jim Evans' plantation, seventeen miles distant, on the French Broad River.

Early in the evening "boots and saddles" sounded, and we started on our way to Sevierville, reaching that place at the first light of dawn. The advance squad, under Sergeant Lyon, succeeded in capturing two citizens and two Confederate officers at Mr. McNutt's plantation, thus preventing them from giving knowledge of our pursuit. Here we fed our horses, breakfasted and then passed along up the Smoky Mountains, following the waters of Pigeon Creek. The citizens in this vicinity, loyal Unionists, had stopped the progress of the Confederates by felling heavy timber across the narrow gorges, and were greatly elated when they discovered that we were in hot pursuit of "our mutual foe."

We followed on in this manner, and soon the advance guard was able to see the rear of the Confederates passing over the distant hills. Only a short time elapsed before the whole Confederate command passed in view of the advance guard. The Colonel gave orders that at the first favorable opportunity the attack would be made. Ere long the smoke could be seen arising from the valley across Crosby's Creek, proclaiming that the Confederates were going into camp.

General Vance had decided, when he left Sevierville, to take the captured wagons to Longstreet, but believing that he was not

pursued, changed his orders, ordering the wagons to proceed up Crosby s Creek, on the road to Asheville, from whence he came. The teams, being tired and worn out, had straggled over a distance of three miles, and some of them had gone about a mile and a half down Crosby's Creek before they received the orders to change for Asheville. Feeling certain that he was not pursued, he ordered his men into camp.

All this time our command was standing on the rise of the descent to Crosby's Creek watching all these maneuvers. The Confederate vedette had gone down to the reserve for his dinner, leaving no one on the lookout. We could plainly see the wagons coming up the stream, and those in front going into camp, when the order for the charge was given. With a yell such as the mountains have never heard before or since, our command fell upon the Confederates in the center, forcing them up and down the stream in direst confusion, with little or no resistance.

The fight, to the best of my recollection, lasted but five minutes, several of the Confederates being killed and wounded; but a great surprise was in store for us. With a little squad of men we were moving among the wounded and dead, and I was taking a revolver from the pocket of a Confederate officer, when one of the men called my attention to General Vance and a squad of men, consisting of two aids and two orderlies, advancing toward us. I was soon in the saddle and demanded their surrender.

We brought the orderlies and officers down, turning them over to Colonel Palmer, where General Vance made a formal surrender to him, and then and there gave his parole. During this expedition we captured about 200 horses, 104 prisoners, including the General in command, two of his aids and six commissioned officers. We also recaptured all the wagons and prisoners taken from the Union army, including the captured citizens, and also a new ambulance and all its equipments, which we used afterward in our own Regiment. I was not with the command on the return to Sevierville, and can therefore give no account of that confused and hard march, having been given charge of the General and all the commissioned officers who had given their parole, and had therefore started in advance of the command.

Under orders from Colonel Palmer we then proceeded to Maj. Pinkto Toomy's residence, in Sevierville, the Major having been

captured at early dawn at McNutt's place. We remained two days at Sevierville, but on the third evening, just at dusk, I was ordered with a detail to proceed with all the Confederate commissioned officers who had given their parole to the commanding officer at Dandridge, twenty-six miles away

In March, 1889, I had the pleasure of meeting General Vance at the Patent Office, in Washington, but I had previously received the following letter from him, dated September 3, 1887:

"WASHINGTON, September 3, 1887.

"SERG. E. W ANDERSON:

"*Sir,*—Illness from July 1, 1887, has kept me from answering your note of August 3d. I was captured at Crosby's Creek, in Cocke County, Tenn., the 14th of January, 1864, by Colonel Palmer's Regiment. Through a disobedience of orders my rear guard had come in too near the main body A mistake had been made by the advance guard taking the road across the mountain toward North Carolina, when I intended to turn toward Newport, Tenn. Thus one-half of the wagon train was down the creek and the other half up when General Palmer struck my command in the center from the crossroad. Believing that most of the command was down the creek, I turned there, but soon after found my mistake. Nearly the whole of the command was up the creek. Some scouts, as roving bands called themselves, said to the men, "Now you had better get out of here." They in that way created a panic. If I had been at the upper end of the line I think I could have rallied the men and formed at the rock fence. When I found that only a few men were down the creek I passed under a severe fire around the side of the mountain until I saw Lieutenant Horton, of my command, sitting against a tree on the rocky knoll. I rode up to him and asked him where the men were. He made no answer. Then you demanded my surrender, and I thought you belonged to a Georgia squad, and I paid no heed until your command cocked their pieces and presented them almost in my face. It was then revealed to me that everything in front, up the road and down, was blue. Seeing no chance to get away I surrendered to you, and was carried first to jail in Knoxville, then to the penitentiary in Nashville; from thence to Camp Chase, where I stayed two months, and finally to Fort Delaware. On my way to Fort Delaware I planned the escape of Captain Wright, an account of which was published in the *Philadelphia Times*. I could have got out myself, but would have been missed. Captain Wright was never missed, and his name was not called at roll call at Fort Delaware.

"Truly,

"ROBT. B. VANCE."

DANDRIDGE, 24TH OF DECEMBER, 1863.

LIEUT. JOHN KNOX MARSHALL, COMPANY F, BOSTON, MASS.

AFTER the lapse of forty years my recollection of the Dandridge affair consists almost entirely of the part our Regiment took in the fight, and is confined to a few incidents which may be of interest to our comrades and their children.

The cavalry force in East Tennessee was under the command of Generals Sturgis and Elliott, and was stationed at or near Mossy Creek. Receiving information that a considerable force of the enemy were moving in the direction of Dandridge, General Elliott moved his command, in an endeavor to cut them off. To accomplish this purpose part of the command moved toward Dandridge to make a front attack, the remainder being posted in reserve to cut off their retreat. The Fifteenth belonged to the latter body. We were posted in a wood on a hill, and our scouts reported a small body of the enemy dismounted, immediately below us.

Colonel Palmer obtained permission to capture this party, and with about ninety men we marched, single file, down a trail through the woods and through a gate into an open field, where we saw what appeared to be a party of twenty dismounted men with their horses. They were situated on a knoll, and were evidently a picket force. As we entered the field, with Colonel Palmer in advance, we charged them with the saber.

As we were obliged to enter the field singly, our force was scattered. Our cheers brought the rebels to their guns, and we were greeted with a volley This did not halt us, but we saw a sight that caused us to beat a rapid retreat, for in the road, at a halt, was at least a brigade of the enemy. Colonel Palmer with his saber waved a retreat, which obliged those in advance to describe a half circle, and which caused us to pass in front of the enemy, who now tore down fences and gave us a rapid pursuit. As our exit was through the gate or over the fence, they gained

on us, and, as a consequence, ten of our men were captured. Captain Airey's horse was shot and fell on the Captain, holding him down. Thinking he was shot, Lieutenant Weand, in passing, offered to take him on his horse, but Airey, responding, "We will both be taken—save yourself," managed to extricate himself, and ran for the fence. He did get over but was captured, and died from the effects of his injuries and prison confinement. My surprise is that so many of us escaped, for our pursuers were so close that we could hear them swearing at us to halt.

After reaching the woods we re-formed, and the enemy now found themselves at a disadvantage. We were reinforced and had them in the field, and this, and our determined attack, drove them back. Word now reached the command that the movement of the main body had been unsuccessful and that our troops were in retreat, which was successfully accomplished. The entire movement was a failure, but through no want of gallant fighting.

I can recall the experiences of only a few of our men. Sergeant Ramsey, Company M, who had charge of the advance guard, sighted the enemy and halted in the woods, awaiting their approach. In a short time William F Simons, Company M, who was on picket, came in on a gallop, with the information that a battalion of the enemy was advancing. A charge was ordered on their advance, which drove them back.

Abraham W Thomas, Company M, captured a prisoner, and was bringing him back when he met H. H. Platt, Company F, and handing him his man, told him to take him to Colonel Palmer. Thomas, in his effort to find Ramsey, was cut off, and had to retreat. In going through the woods he was knocked from his horse and almost stunned. In trying to make his escape on foot he was hailed by Robert Coombs, Company F, who also had been dismounted. They ran through a corn field, but were run down and forced to surrender. After being deprived of their arms and overcoats, they were marched to the rear, where they met Captain Airey, Company L; Sergeant Drinkhouse, Company L; Joseph Pontius, Company M; Thomas Sale, Company M; Joseph Rue, Company F; Benjamin Balmer, Company A; George D. Watt, Company G; John Moredock, Company G, and several others whose names I cannot recall.

In the retreat from the enclosed field, Alvin Haines, Company

M, having had his horse shot, started on foot for the woods, but seeing his escape hopeless, concealed himself in a heap of brush at the foot of a large tree, the enemy charging past him yelling and shouting at our retreating men. He was there for some time, when he heard the welcome sound of his comrades, who had reformed in the woods, and were now driving back the enemy Rejoining our men, he found his horse had made a successful retreat, but was dying as Haines reached him.

On the general retreat, Colonel Brownlow, of the First Tennessee Cavalry, rode up and down the line and swore that his regiment should not retreat another foot. The resolute determination of this young officer filled his men with courage, and they rallied to his standard, supported by the Fifteenth, and the pursuers came to a halt, and the battle of Dandridge was over.

Colonel Palmer has said of this charge that it was a tactical blunder, for which he alone was responsible; that he led the regiment out of the thick woods too close on to the advance guard to permit the strength of the enemy's force to be developed until too late. Seeing no larger force of the enemy along the high road in our front than he had in his regiment, he ordered the charge on their flank, across an open field, where the delay in getting through the first fence allowed time for the enemy, which proved to be a main body instead of a small detachment, to recover from their first panic and use the road fence for better aim.

Although when re-inforced we regained in twenty minutes the field and the road and heights beyond, he has never ceased to regret this unfortunate charge and the loss and suffering of the noble fellows it entailed. All that can be said in its defense, if anything, is that first and last, and in the long run, the habit formed by this cavalry regiment (in serving as the eyes and ears of the army during its constant reconnoissances of the enemy's country) of charging at first sight pretty nearly everything hostile that it met, was, without doubt, chiefly responsible for the small loss it incurred throughout so many active campaigns.

Colonel Palmer saved ninety per cent. of his men—a less wise or capable officer would have lost that number, for we were all in danger of being killed or captured.

WOUNDED AND LEFT TO DIE IN REBEL HANDS.

WM. M. PALMER, COMPANY L, HADDONFIELD, N. J.

IN December, 1863, the Regiment started out to relieve Burnside in East Tennessee. On the 10th day of December we had a severe engagement with the Cherokee Indians, under the command of Colonel Thomas, who was their Indian agent before the war, and who induced them to enlist in the rebel army They were encamped in the valley at the base of the Smoky Mountains, near Gatlinsburg, East Tennessee. As the ground was not suitable to charge them, we dismounted, and a brisk fight ensued, from behind trees and fallen timbers, in regular Indian fashion. They seemed to think it necessary to accompany every shot with a genuine war whoop. This fight lasted some two hours, when we drove them from their position into the mountains, leaving their camp in our possession. A number of fine horses were captured and some Indians killed and wounded. On our side, Capts. Chas. M. Betts and Clark were wounded.

On the 29th of December, 1863, the Regiment with several other regiments of cavalry and a battery were attacked at Mossy Creek, East Tennessee. The forces of the enemy were commanded by the rebel General Martin, and consisted of some 5000 troops, cavalry, mounted infantry and artillery, known as the "Texas Rangers of the Lone Star Division." The battle commenced in the morning. They made several charges, all of which were repulsed, with considerable loss to them. Late in the afternoon reinforcements arrived, and they were driven from the field. After each repulse they renewed their charges. Their object was to take our battery We advanced from our position in front to meet them, using our carbines, and in a final charge drove them from the field. The battle lasted until the evening.

In the engagement I saw a mounted color-bearer carrying the headquarters' flag, a yellow ensign, with a large white star in the center, representing the Lone Star Division of Texas. He was some distance in advance, and I was desirous of picking him off,

if possible, and to capture the colors. I took a steady aim, fired, and am sure I hit him. He at once dropped the colors and turned his horse back into their lines. I was also some distance ahead of the company, so eager was I to capture the rebel colors.

About that time I was wounded. The horse on which I rode was a spirited animal that I had captured in the fight with the Cherokee Indians, and I had a great deal of trouble to manage him. Just as I received my wound the Regiment made a charge on the enemy, leaving me in the rear. I still rode my horse, badly wounded as I was. I noticed near me comrade Charles E. Scheide, and informed him that I was wounded. He at once assisted me to get to the old church in the town of Newmarket, East Tennessee, which was being used as a Union hospital. We had to go some three-quarters of a mile to reach it. My horse was very much excited and gave me trouble. I had ridden about half a mile when, from loss of blood and pain, my hip being shattered by the large ball that struck me, I was unable to ride any farther. Fortunately one of our ambulances came in sight from the battlefield, filled with wounded. It stopped to take me on. I undertook to dismount, when I found I was unable to stand. I was then lifted from my horse to the ambulance, and with the rest of the wounded was taken to the hospital. In a short time the wounded from the various commands kept coming in and took up every available place in the church. I was placed on the floor, near the pulpit steps.

In a short time Adjutant Lingle was brought in, wounded through the body. He was laid alongside of me. He was a brave and efficient officer and one of the most lovable comrades in the Regiment. Elias Deeter, Company L, was among the number of wounded brought in, he having received a wound in the left hip. Dr. Alexander, Regimental Surgeon, was on hand to attend to those requiring his services. He examined my wound, ran a probe in it to find the ball, but was unable to locate it. The ball had struck me near the spine, run around and fractured the left iliac bone and lodged in my groin—a wound similar, I am told, to that of President Garfield. The doctor not finding the ball, I was afraid that mortification might set in and eventually kill me. I said to the doctor, "Would it not have been better if that rebel who shot me had had more powder in his cartridge and shot it

clean through?" "Oh, no!" he replied, "it might have been worse for you. General Scott, up to the time of his death, had a ball in his shoulder that he received in the War of 1812."

Colonel Palmer has said of this skirmish, that the mounted charge made when his Adjutant-Lieutenant Lingle was killed by his side was a mistake; that the ground favored a mounted charge, but that there proved to be more of the enemy posted (on foot) behind the barn and other farm buildings at the foot of the hill than were apparent when he ordered the charge. The advance should have been dismounted and sent out as skirmishers until the situation had been better developed.

Our fifteen days' scout was a hard one, fording icy rivers and on the go night and day, so that both the men and horses were tired and worn out, though my being wounded helped me to get rested. All night long the surgeons were kept busy, amputating limbs and dressing wounds. About 4 A.M. Dr. Alexander visited Adjutant Lingle, who seemed to be unconscious. He shook him, whereupon he opened his eyes, but remained silent. When the doctor asked him if he was aware that he could not live much longer, he undertook to reply, but in a few minutes he calmly passed away.

I laid alongside of him for some two hours before he was removed for burial in the cemetery adjoining the church. General Foster, commanding the forces in East Tennessee, ordered all the sick and wounded to be removed to Knoxville when his command took up their march for that place. Unfortunately, owing to their not being sufficient ambulances to take us, Elias Deeter and myself, with two other soldiers, were left to fall into the hands of the enemy.

About two hours after General Foster's command had left, General Longstreet's command marched into Newmarket and encamped outside of the town. Not being able to get away, we had to make the best of it alone. There was no one to help us, and we were quite helpless. The fire in the stove had gone out, the weather was cold, and during the night we had a severe snowstorm. The two large doors of the church blew open, and the snow drifted in and piled up in different parts of the room. We had to endure this until next morning, when about 10 A.M. the sexton of the church came in for a chair that he had loaned to the doctor, not knowing that anyone had been left there overnight.

"My God!" he exclaimed, when he saw us. "Is it possible that you have been here all this time during the terrible storm we had last night, with no fire and nothing to eat?" He quickly built a fire and said, "Now, I will see about getting you soldiers something to eat?" He being a Union man, soon had other Union citizens interested, who came to our aid. It was not long before a good breakfast was brought in for each of us, which was the first meal we had eaten since the day before. A citizen, a Union doctor, attended to dressing our wounds. Medicines were scarce and hard to get, so we were informed. All the attention that could possibly be given us we received, and we certainly were very profuse in our thanks to those that aided us.

Some of Longstreet's men paid us a visit one day. They were quite sanguine about their success. Some had enlisted for eight years, or during the war. It was not long before it was reported to General Longstreet that we were Yankee soldiers. He sent a guard to take us as prisoners of war and guard us. There was not much guarding to do. None of us was able to stand, let alone try to make our escape. A rebel surgeon called one day to look at us, and told us he would give us the necessary attention, but that was the last we saw of him. If it had not been for the citizens and doctor, I don't know what we would have done.

We remained at Newmarket until the 18th day of January, 1864, when we were all ordered to be sent to Morristown, Tenn., eighteen miles east of Newmarket. Mr. and Mrs. Moffit, the most prominent and wealthy family in Newmarket, had been very kind to us, and when they learned that we had been ordered away, came to bid us good-by. When we were put in the ambulance, Mrs. Moffit told the driver that she wished him to stop at her house, as he had to pass it en route. She wished to give us some luncheon to take with us, as we had a long and rough ride before us to Morristown. A rebel surgeon—I think the same one who promised to give us medical attention, who was on General Longstreet's staff—was standing by Mrs. Moffit when she told the driver to stop at her house. The driver stopped at the house, and the same rebel surgeon was in front of the residence. He asked the driver why he stopped, who informed him that Mrs. Moffit desired to give us some lunch to take with us. The surgeon, in a very rough manner, told the driver to go on, which he did.

Deeter and I were in one ambulance, lying on our backs. We could see out of the back of the wagon. We had gone but a short distance when I saw a colored man running in the road, carrying a package in his hand, and trying to attract our attention. I informed the driver, who stopped, and the colored man came up and said Mrs. Moffit sent "dis lunch for de soldiers." We returned our thanks, and divided with the driver. After some four hours tedious driving we arrived at Morristown. Deeter not being able to wear his boots, which had been put in with him when we left Newmarket, when we were carried out to the hospital, the driver, taking a fancy to them, appropriated them for himself. Deeter was minus boots until we arrived at the hospital in Baltimore, some three months after. We remained here about two weeks, meeting with poor treatment and getting but poor rations, consisting of a cup of rye coffee, no sugar or milk, a small piece of pork or poor meat, about two inches square, and one piece of heavy bread. We got this twice a day. The rebels in the same ward lying opposite us had chicken, chicken soup, roast beef, vegetables, and, in fact, all they wished.

From Morristown we were sent to Bristol, a distance of eighty-eight miles. We were laid on the floor of a freight car, while some fifty other Union prisoners had to stand, there being no room for them to lie down. We traveled over a very rough road, and were some six hours en route—a very painful and tiresome journey We remained at Bristol for the greater part of the day—one-half of Bristol is in Tennessee, the other half in Virginia.

From Bristol we were sent to Lynchburg, Va., 244 miles distant. Here we were taken to the Provost Marshal's office, and with the rest of the prisoners were then put in jail. I was put in a cell and laid on the damp floor, being unable to stand, let alone able to make my escape. I was locked up, as were the other prisoners, until 5 P.M. next day, when we were sent to the far-famed city of Richmond, Va., 142 miles farther from Lynchburg We arrived on the 17th day of January, 1864, and were put in the Rebel Hospital No. 21, a short distance from Libby Prison. The rough treatment and tedious and painful ride from East Tennessee told on me very severely. I had been here about a month, when the ball in my hip was located and removed by the rebel surgeons,

after being in me two months and nine days. The shattered bone remained, suppurating freely

In this hospital the prisoners were put in different wards. Each floor was a ward. It had at one time been a tobacco warehouse. Here we fared poorly, getting sometimes two meals a day; and sometimes we would get a small cup of coffee, no sugar or milk, a piece of heavy corn bread, a small piece of pork and a half-pint of rice soup. Half the time the soup was scorched, with plenty of rice worms floating on the top. No matter how sick we were, we got no better fare than this. We had to eat this or starve. The corn bread would bring on diarrhea, and almost every day I have seen five or six men die, in the different wards. I have seen on an old straw cot two persons with two different kinds of disease. It seemed that the rebels wanted to get rid of as many by death as they could. That would mean so many Yankees less.

The smallpox broke out in the ward. The men on each side of me got it, and I laid for two days alongside of them before they were removed to a hospital outside of the city, but I escaped it.

One day there was received in our ward about 150 of Colonel Dahlgren's command, who were wounded. They had been captured in making a raid on Richmond. One day one of them was sitting on the window sill eating his ration of corn bread, when the rebel guard passing on his beat ordered him away, to which he replied "that he was doing no harm where he was," and at this the rebel fired at him, the ball passing through his head, killing him instantly.

While in this hospital I saw Joseph Squires and Milne, a brother to the one in our Regiment. We remained in Richmond until the 16th day of April, when, with 565 Union prisoners, we were put on board the rebel flag-of-truce boats, "Allison" and "General Shultz," and taken down the James River to City Point, to be exchanged. We were put on board the Federal flag-of-truce boats "New York" and "Express." Here, for the first time in three months, I saw the American flag floating to the breeze, a very inspiring sight indeed. We arrived in Baltimore the 18th of April, 1864, having been prisoners of war for three months, and were sent to the Jarvis U. S. Hospital in that city, where we received the best of attention. Our treatment while prisoners was cruel and unwarranted.

A PECULIAR SITUATION.

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND COMMISSARY, CHAS. S. HINCHMAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE first campaign our regiment made in East Tennessee, in the winter of 1863-64, furnished many instances of hair-breadth escapes and exciting situations. Many of these were in connection with the small scouting parties under non-commissioned officers that were continually on the move, but on the evening of January 7, 1864, Colonel Palmer took the regiment on one of our usual night rides and we had the unusual experience of looking into the camp of a division of rebel cavalry of several thousand men, under the command of General John T Morgan, at present the senator from the State of Alabama.

They were encamped on the north bank of the French Broad River, at Denton's Ford, about four miles above Dandridge. I cannot recall the roads and trails used by Colonel Palmer to reach the south bank of that river just opposite to where they had their camps, but we struck the first of them about eight o'clock in the evening, in time for the "tattoo" roll call. Not over two hundred and fifty yards from where we sat on our horses were the first of their camp fires, which extended back farther than we could see. Back of us were high hills, which, while they acted as a screen for us, were too steep to climb and were crossed by few roads or trails so that, had our presence been discovered, there was no chance of escape except to cut our way out. It was an every day occurrence for us to witness the roll calls among our own troops but it was a novel one to see our enemies fall into line, unarmed, and go through the same routine. When their bugles sounded the "assembly" our column halted and sat quietly on our horses looking at the unusual sight. The rebel First Sergeants took their stations on the parade ground and distinctly across the river we heard their orders "Fall in." Then the butternut dressed soldiers fell into line; the tallest men on the right and those who had the most mischief in them were on the left. The right was quiet, sedate and orderly as soldiers should be; the "left" was in

confusion as usual, pushing, playing tricks on each other, and in one instance we saw one dance a "hoe-down" while another patted "Juba," of course in such a way that their First Sergeant did not see. As "tattoo" sounded, came across to us the order "attention," and as the last note of the call ceased, the roll of each company was called to which the answer "here" was returned. We sat on our horses quietly taking in the scene. No loud talking was done. The thoughts of most of them were evenly divided between the picturesque scene across the river and the possibilities of being discovered before a safe retreat could be made. By the time "taps" were sounded the camps had quieted down but still we waited. Soon, from the front, could be heard the sound of oars as if the rower was making as little noise as possible and then came the boat in sight, in which were four men who were quickly made prisoners. They were on their way to a dance to be held at a house back from the river and had slipped off unobserved by their officers. One of the prisoners told us of another boat load that was coming over for the same purpose and told us of the signal the first party was to make to show the way was clear. We made the signal and soon had four more prisoners.

It took us a long time to get away from where we were; at least it seemed long. Among the men it was understood that at each end of the road on which we were, a superior force of rebels were encamped, and our way out was over a trail leading across the hills to our back. There was considerable marching back and forth until it was located and then a hard climb and march, which took up most of the night, when we settled down for a few hours' rest at Squire Bremer's, near the mouth of Muddy Creek.

MY ESCAPE FROM ANDERSONVILLE.

COM'Y-SERG. BEN. F. BALMER, COMPANY A, HARRISBURG, PA.

I WAS captured on the 29th of January, 1864, on the French Broad River, near Fairgarden. I was with a scouting party, under Sergeant Lyon, which was sent across the country to find the enemy. We found a whole brigade of them, under General Harrison. They were Tennesseeans, and back of them was the division of General Armstrong. We probably had twenty men, but when we struck their vedette, having no idea of what was beyond, we charged in our usual style, and drove the reserve picket guard back to their lines. It was then their turn to charge, and when we saw it was a larger force than we had calculated on finding, we got out as fast as we could, with scores of them at our heels, calling on us to surrender. My horse was soon shot. I had emptied my revolver and my saber was shot away, and so I had nothing with which to defend myself. I ran for all I was worth, and kept looking over my shoulder to see how near they were, and when I saw one of them club his revolver to hit me on the head, I concluded the time had come to stop and threw up my hands in token of surrender, but I got the butt of his revolver all right, and saw the steeples of Richmond in that minute.

One of them said I was "the nerviest Yankee he had ever seen, that he had emptied five revolvers at me and that I kept telling him that I wouldn't stop till I had to." They kept telling me that they were going to shoot me. I was afraid some crazy fool among them would do so, and made no answer to their threats. This was only a prelude to their usual custom when a prisoner was captured. One said he would take my revolver, and did. Another told me to hand over my watch, and I did, first telling him that I wanted to keep it, as it belonged to a dead relative, but he simply repeated, "Hand it over! You'ns take from we'uns." Then one of them asked if I had any money, and I said, "No." I did have eighteen dollars, but did not want them to have it. He pointed his pistol at my head, and said, "Hand it over," and then that went. They

just stripped me of all I had. I asked the Provost Marshal, Captain Elkins, if I might take the blanket off my horse, and when he gave his consent I took it and started off, with a guard, for the river.

We stopped at Indian Run, and I sat down on a foot log to rest, when along came another, who said he would like to trade boots with me. Mine were new—I had just drawn them six days before at Boyd's Creek—and his were a pair of old shoes, tied up with wire. It was not an even trade, and I wouldn't think of making such an exchange now, but just then he had a way of persuading one that it was the best thing to do, and I traded. Then my guard told me to jump on an old horse he was leading, and just then a fellow came up who said he wanted to buy my blanket. I told him that I didn't want to sell, as it was all I had to cover myself with. He replied that I had better sell it, as he was going to take it anyhow, and he did.

After I had nothing else to lose, my guard told me I was "easy; that if I had held on to it and the fellow had laid hands on me he would have shot him dead." If he had only told me this at the start of my trading operations I would have been better off, but now I had nothing more to lose and was let alone. For all that I found that my guard, who belonged to the Eighth Texas, was a jolly good fellow, and it was a pleasure to be with him. When we crossed the river he stopped to fill his canteen, but I went on, and fell in with Colonel Lane, commander of a Confederate regiment. We rode together for several miles, and it gives me pleasure to record the kind and considerate conversation I had with him, which was such a great contrast to what I had from those who captured me. When we got to the forks of the road there was the provost guard, and then the Colonel, bidding me good-by, said, "Here's where you have to stop."

I spent the balance of the afternoon and part of the evening in the camp of the Eighth Texas. They were splendid fellows, and treated me more as an honored guest than as a prisoner, but it did not last long, for in the evening I was taken on to Dandridge, the county seat of Jefferson County, and put in the jail. As I was going up the stairs, the Provost Marshal said to me, "We have another one of your Regiment. He will come over the river with Longstreet s Corps."

I was lying on the floor, with a stone for a pillow, when I heard them coming, and called out for "the man from the Fifteenth," when John H. Moredock, of Company G, answered. He had been captured two days before. Each man had issued to him next morning a small cup of flour, and at the same time the Provost told us we had to march soon. I had made dough out of my flour, and slapped it against the outside of the stove to bake, when he called to us to "fall in!" It wasn't done yet, so I wrapped it in an old quilt I had picked up, and marched off with the others.

We were witnesses this day to a black deed, done by rebel soldiers, and I understand that the like of it had been done by nearly all the rebel regiments in the field. In our party of prisoners were six loyal citizens, but they were called "bushwhackers" by our enemy. The Provost had received an order to "drop them along the road," which was synonymous to killing them. Among them was quite a young boy, and the officer, who had some spark of humanity in him, told the boy that he did not want to kill him, and the youngster replied that he did not want to see his father shot either. The Provost gave them orders to run, and the boy, his father and another old man got off safely, but the other three were killed, and after that was done our guard had a hearty laugh over what to them was a brave deed.

We had the next day another exhibition of one of their traits of character which cannot be commended. We had walked as far as Morristown and received another small allowance of flour for our supper, and one of our guards told Moredock that he would have it baked for a dollar, which offer Moredock accepted, and gave him a ten-dollar bill, but the man hasn't got back yet.

We took the cars for Richmond the next day, but stopped at Bristol long enough to cook some rations and to let Moredock lose another ten-dollar bill. The officer in command told us that if we had any money he would send a man to town to buy some provisions for us, and Moredock produced another ten-dollar bill, and gave it to him, and when the man got back he was drunk, and had neither money or anything for us to eat.

At Grand Junction we had to change cars again, and all the crowd around us were anxious to talk. An Irishman asked me where I was from, and when I told him Pennsylvania, he shouted,

"Oh, boys! that is a good State! That is where you get your good butter and apple butter."

When we got to Richmond we were marched up Cary Street to Pemberton Prison, and were followed by all the children in the neighborhood, who called us "ragged Yanks" and every other epithet their brains could think of. It was here I met Abe Thomas, Joe Bontemps, Joe Rue, Robt. Coombs, Adam Drinkhouse, Bev. Chase and Thos. Sale—all from our Regiment. Instead of being sent North, as we expected, we were put on the cars for Andersonville. As we came down the stairs from our prison, a big Baltimore "plug" was handing each one, as he passed, a loaf of corn bread, but when my turn came he just looked at me and let me pass without it, so I had nothing to eat till we got to Charlotte, N. C., where we got hard-tack. The next feeding place was Augusta, Ga., where each man got a loaf of corn bread, which was hard enough to sharpen an axe on, and we were then loaded on the cars again.

Should any of those who read this ever have occasion to travel in the same manner as we did, I can give a pointer—select one of the four corners of the car as your place. I had already found that out, but found this day that a big fellow had already pre-empted it, and a lively fight was the result, which continued until the rebel Captain in charge jumped in to see what was the matter, and concluding the big fellow was imposing on the little one, gave me the coveted place.

After constant traveling for six days and nights, with rain most of the time, we arrived at Andersonville about 1 o'clock in the morning. I did not like my new home, and about the only way I could see to get out of it was to be carried out on a stretcher. I cannot describe this place. We used to call it the Black Hole of Calcutta, but there death came quickly, while here it was long drawn out.

Andersonville was a horrible place. I cannot write of it, and will leave that to others. Some time after we got there a detail was called for to assist in the prison butcher-house. I volunteered at once. I did not know anything about it, but my prison mate, Joe Rue, was a practical butcher, and he coached me in the theoretical work of cutting up a carcass, and did it so well that Captain Wirz accepted me, and put me on a parole that I would

not try to escape, telling me if I tried it I would surely be recaptured, and then he would hang me. Not many did escape at this time. A good many got away, but were taken again. Every day the surrounding country around the prison was patrolled by a keeper with a pack of bloodhounds, and the latter were so well trained that they would pick up the trail of a prisoner at once and follow it till he was caught.

I soon became an expert butcher. Frank Knapp, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, was in our gang, and I found him to be a man of very kind heart, but about as rough-spoken a man as one could find. He took kindly to me, and called me "the boy," as I was the youngest of our party. The foreman of the bakehouse stopped with us every afternoon; his first name was Charlie, and he belonged to a New York regiment, and it was not long before we three were planning to escape, and at once began preparations for it. A part of our duties was to wash corn-meal sacks, and we stole enough of these to piece out our clothing.

I had no pants from the knees down, but one of the boys, from Allentown, fixed me up. We used the ravelings for thread, and continued to get sufficient clothing made to make us more comfortable, and with a pair of No. 11 shoes, which I had taken from under a dead man's head, I was pretty well togged out. When Charlie came to us the next day all the details were completed, and the day selected for our break was Thursday, the 8th of September, 1864. We baked a big corn pone, and I was selected to carry it, and when evening came all hands—that is, the three of us—were ready.

It took neat work to get away from the guard. Charlie and Knapp had already started, and were out in the darkness whistling for me, while I waited to get up nerve enough to make the run for it through the guard line; but I did it at last, and fairly flew over the ground carrying my pone, and joined my comrades. We made good time that night, traveling due north, being guided by the north star, and on cloudy days we generally got lost.

In trying times how very superstitious we are. One of my comrades said that in starting on a journey it was good luck to kill the first snake we saw, but the first one got away. This was a little depressing, but it did not last long. About 11 o'clock the first night we heard the dogs on our track, but we ran into a

swamp, by a stream of water, and then kept quiet, listening to the terrible howling they made, but when they almost had us, they were called off.

We left Andersonville fairly well armed, as we each took a sharp butcher knife. A little later one of the colored men we met —and they were always our ardent friends—got us a gun and about twenty pounds of powder and shot, and then after that we found, in the woods, an old gun with a broken barrel, but Charlie fixed it up so that it made a tolerably good gun. Before we started from Andersonville the boss of the butcher-pen had a suspicion that we had made up our minds to escape, and advised us that if we did go and should meet a man, black or white, to kill him at once, or we would never get through. It was not necessary to try this on a colored man, but white ones we were afraid of, and had the necessity ever risen we would have carried out the boss butcher's advice.

We did a good deal of wandering. One day, about 10 o'clock, we came to a fine cotton gin, and stopped a little while to rest and admire the construction of it; then we started off, and walked more swiftly to make up for the time taken for rest. About four hours later we came to another cotton gin and again rested to look at it, and the longer we looked the more familiar it became, and we finally discovered it was the same one we had passed before, having traveled, like lost people do, in a circle. We marched generally in corn fields, because they shielded us so well, and for the watermelons planted in them. In fact, nearly all we had to eat was corn and watermelons, and while they are very good in their way, when taken as a steady diet they become very monotonous, and we craved something else.

Charlie was not careful in eating, and swallowed too many seeds. He got very sick, and it looked as if he was going to make a "die" of it. I stayed with him, while Knapp went off to a house to try to get some medicine which would give him relief, and he soon came back with some pills, cold meat and a member of the Fourth Georgia Cavalry, who was home on a furlough. We gave Charlie the pills, Knapp and I ate the cold meat, and then we all had a friendly talk, as the Georgian told us that we need not be afraid of him, that he was getting tired of the whole business and would not give us away None of us had any idea what the pills were

to cure, but Charlie needed medicine and the pills came under that category, so we gave them to him, and in a few hours he got better, so that we could again go on the march toward Atlanta, where Sherman s army was.

The next morning we got into trouble again. The dogs were running over the plantation and soon got on our trail, and gave us a chase of about five miles. I kept looking at every tree I passed to see if they could be climbed, but they were all tall pines, perfectly clear of limbs half way up, and I had to abandon that idea and take my chances, but after a long run the dogs let up on us. About this time we picked up a negro named Joe, whose home was at Rome, Ga. Hood's army at this time was all around us, and we had to hide in an old rag-weed field; but Joe made friends with the colored people, who brought us things to eat and a big jug of sorghum syrup, which I had to carry In the evening the colored people took us to a barn and put us in the hayloft, and the best meal we had on the trip was right there—roast chicken and custard pie. That's good at any time, but there is no word in the English language which can express the taste of it to appetites such as we had.

We stole three horses from this place and one from the next, and started again. I had a big one, with a sharp ridge of a backbone, on which I sat, and got so sore that I could hardly keep on. Charlie, who was on a nice fat one, kept calling me to "come on," but in three or four hours he got very sore and fell back, and I took my turn at telling him to "come on." I was all right then, and we continued our march through the toll-gates, over bridges and by refugee camps until about 4 o'clock in the morning, when we dismounted and tied our horses in the woods, and walked a few miles till we saw a colored man coming with an ox cart, and sent Joe to find out the news. He told him that the white men were running a negro that morning, and found the four horses tied in the woods, and then they knew that some Yankees were around, and knowing they would be after us, we started again. We had picked up an old musket that was loaded to the brim, and after going some distance came to a ravine, where we concluded to get the old load out and put in one we were not afraid of, and getting to a good spot let her go. The noise it made was simply awful, and I thought the whole South could hear it, and we got away

from that place pretty quick. That night we were reinforced by five more colored men, who wanted to go North with us. It was a very dark night, and as we came to a house we went into the yard to get a drink at the well. Just then a man came out of the house to get a drink also or to see who we were, and when he went back into the house again two more men came out and went down the road. We followed, but soon lost them.

Soon after we sent Joe into a hut for information about the road, but he did not learn much, and while he was reporting to us we heard the planter ask his slave "who that man was" and "what he wanted," and the colored fellow replied that he wanted to know the road to Covington." Then we heard him say, "I'll find out about this," and "bang!" went his gun in our direction, and "bang!" went one of our guns at the planter, and "bang!" came another shot at us. Charlie wanted to stay and fight it out, but the majority concluded it was better to move, and we did, and soon came to a river which was too deep to ford, but we floated over it somehow and got wet through, and went into camp until morning, when we resumed our tramp along the bank of the river, so that the sun would dry our clothes.

Soon we ran slap up against a planter, who was walking along with an axe over his shoulder, coming from the ferry, and no doubt he was startled at seeing us, for he said, "H—l! which way?" We only said, "Not far," and as neither of us seemed to care for the other's company we soon parted, with the expectation, on our side, of meeting trouble. But we got our dinners first—that is, we picked some hazelnuts in the woods—and then tramped all over a corn field and picked out the most luscious melons, and when our feast was over went back to the woods for a rest and got sound asleep. But Charlie soon called to us that the dogs were after us again, and we started. It was some time before they got on our trail, as our tramping in the corn field had been of that zigzag character which confused the dogs, but when they did they made it lively for us.

It was a sight to see those colored men run; they beat our party and left us behind, and I was the last of all. That was generally my position. We were running for all we were worth, and getting left fast, when I called to Frank and Charlie to jump the trail and let the others go. They did so, and we got under a bramble tree

and took a look at the dogs as they passed by, hot on the trail of the others. But soon after they had gone I heard a noise, and looking over my shoulder saw four mounted rebels with guns on their shoulders following up the dogs. Shortly after they all came back, dogs and all, but somehow they missed our trail. In the evening a colored boy was going through the woods with a squirrel dog, and saw us. After some little coaxing he came to us and told of one of our party getting caught—that is, one of the colored fellows—after a chase of eight miles, but that the others got away

While sitting under some chestnut trees, the next day, we heard some shooting, and Knapp said, "We must move at once; that's those fellows who were after squirrels and are coming our way." We had hardly left when the dogs came and took our trail, one of them, a black setter came quite close, but the balance of the pack went far off to the right. My hat fell off while I was running, and I stopped to pick it up, and as I did so the dog jumped back, and then I knew he was afraid of us. We got under a bramble tree again, while the dog kept barking at a respectable distance, and we made ready to shoot the first white man who came up. But they did not see us, and drove the dog away after the rest of the pack We heard all about this the next day. It seems that the dog which trailed us was a young one, in which they placed no confidence, but we knew he was the only one that got on the right scent.

We had been a long time now on our escape and were thoroughly tired. Our principal diet was hard corn and melons, and we were hungering for something else. No doubt we did a good deal of wandering from a direct course, but we wanted to hear from Atlanta, our objective point. Of course, we asked all the colored people we met how far it was, and each day the reply was twenty miles. It didn't seem to get any nearer. Some of our days were void of all incidents; but others were exciting enough to make up for it.

One day we heard a colored man calling the hogs in a nearby field, and we concluded to hunt him up, and found him in a potato patch. The light suits we had made us look like rebels, and as soon as he saw us he made a mad break for the fence and broke down three panels of it in getting away As we were lost and

knew not which way to go, we concluded to follow him to the house, and got as far as the spring when we stopped, as someone would come there for water. Presently two white men, the darkey and two dogs came by. They stepped right over my feet and went down the path we had come on, and soon the dogs took our trail, and then it did not take long to get away from that place. We jumped the fence into a large corn field and stopped in the middle of it, and then had a wrangle among ourselves as to the proper direction to take, and at last got on the main road again that passed through McDonald, the county seat of Henry County There we found a picket post, and one of the pickets was stirring the fire, but we nicely side-stepped past him without being seen.

We were so tired of hearing that Atlanta was twenty miles off that we concluded to try and find out something more definite. When night came we went to a large house and waited till all the lights were out, and then Knapp leaped over the fence and went into a hut, where we found an old man, who was just pulling off his stockings preparatory to going to bed. Knapp grabbed him, and said, "Do you know who I am?" He said, "Yes; your are a Yankee." "Then tell me," said Knapp, "where I am and how far it is to Atlanta." He said, "It is twenty miles—some say nineteen; but I wagoned it many a day, and it's twenty miles—every inch of it." Then he told us what route to take. We could go by way of Decatur, but the rebel army was there; so we took the other road, and by the time morning came we were lost again. It was raining a little and there was no sun, but we went ahead and the road began to diminish and then went to nothing.

Then we had another wrangle among ourselves, and then Charlie, in a pet, said he was going into the first house he saw and find out; but the first house we came to had too many dogs, so he put off the first house for the second, which stood back some distance from the road. When he rapped on the door a woman called out, "Who is there?" and Charlie asked her how far it was to McDonald, and she replied, "Five miles." Then he asked, "How far have we come from Atlanta?" "Five miles," she said, and it relieved us mightily We knew now that we could not be far from our pickets and also might expect to meet some rebels before we came to them, and were extra cautious and hid in the bushes till morning. Their cavalry was on the move all

night long, and I enjoyed looking at them from my place of concealment.

When morning came we carefully took in our surroundings, and off in the distance saw the white tents of our army, and threw up our hats for joy. We saw some U. S. wagons outside of our picket line and we went right up to them. There was a big man, who looked like a rebel, sitting up to a cook stove, for it was quite cool that morning of October 5, 1864, and as soon as he saw us he started to run, but we called him back and began talking with him.

It was a construction train. The foreman was in bed in his tent, but he heard all our conversation and came out to us. He took in the situation at once and knew exactly what we needed. He sent for a fresh bucket of water, and we took a wash—the first one for twenty-seven days; then we each took a drink of whisky, and went with him to breakfast. If my pen cannot do justice to that meal I know my mouth did—it was good. It was such a relief to feel safe once more. I think he appreciated our eating so heartily, and what pleased me also was to find out that he was a Pennsylvanian, from Bedford County, named Adams. He was much taken with the appearance of one of our guns, and offered five dollars for it, and we sold it and at once bought some tobacco; that was another thing we had a craving for.

As we would have had some difficulty in finding the office of the Provost Marshal, Atlanta being a big place and a large army being around it, he took us in. All of our troops we met took us for captured rebels and chaffed us a good deal. While we were walking up the street a man came riding along with a dispatch under his belt, and I said to one near me "that I knew that man—it looks like Joe Wetherby" and at that the man turned and recognized me and at once took me to the headquarters of our escort companies, where I got a hearty reception. A good bath and a suit of clothing made me look and feel like a Yankee soldier again, and the only thing that occurred to mar the pleasure of my first day of freedom and anxiety was from overeating the good things we had for supper. I had cramps, and it seemed to me pretty much of everything else, for several hours, until Corp. J. P Fullerton got something for me which made me feel easier and want to live again.

I was forced to stay at Atlanta for two weeks, as the enemy had swung around on our railroad and stopped all traffic, but at last the road was cleared, and with a new suit on my back and twenty dollars in cash and a furlough in my pocket, I started for Chattanooga. It was a long string of cars, and I was in the last one.

When we got near to Good Church I saw some of our men jump out of the front cars, and then heard some shots from the front of the train, and I jumped and scrambled off to a piece of thick woods near the track. It was my old enemy, the rebel cavalry, after me again, but I eluded them, and when night came tramped back toward Atlanta and met the Sixty-second Illinois Regiment coming up from the Chattahoochee River. The next day I was sent back to Atlanta, but after going a few miles was again fired on, and went back to the Chattahoochee and eventually to Atlanta. This being fired on and dodging rebel cavalry got very tiresome and wearing, and when next I started North it was with a good guard of the Tenth Michigan, but I did not take a good long breath until Louisville was reached, and I felt that I was on the border of "God's country."

PRISON LIFE AT BELLE ISLAND AND ANDERSONVILLE.

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BELLE Island and Andersonville—are they real or only such things as unsubstantial dreams are made of? Sitting musing in the quiet hours of the night at one's fireside, before a cheerful, blazing grate, with ease and comfort and with the gray of threescore years showing visibly—with children and grandchildren passing in review before the fitful, changing light, and after the lapse of over forty uneventful and happy years, can one adequately recall and portray the weary days and nights, the long months of suffering, hunger, despair and utter hopelessness that surround the words Belle Island and Andersonville? Should we give voice to it, or repress, the murderous thoughts that filled one's mind when finally those of us that were spared set our feet in God's country again? How little we were, how bloodthirsty we felt toward all those who were at that time classed as rebels!

Time cools greater anger and softens worse wrongs than ours, but no man, we thought, had greater cause for enmity and hate than we when released from our long imprisonment.

May I set down naught in malice is my wish. I certainly will put down no untruths, but can I do it justice and still keep within apparent truthfulness?—for I have never yet seen such hideousness adequately portrayed.

Our Government was probably not the least to blame for our long imprisonment and suffering, if there was any blame, because it was a Government policy that kept us there. To have exchanged prisoners meant the recruiting of the rebel armies by just so many new soldiers, for without them the South had no new levies to call upon. With the North the supply was always plenti-

ful; so that being our policy, we were only doing a soldier's duty in a new line—fighting a battle on a new field, with dead and wounded just the same, only it was more deadly and more harrowing. Think of the fatalities!—exceeding any in modern battles—for with 40,000 combatants, 12,912 died in Andersonville, and of the survivors very few lived long.

On December 24, 1863, after our previous night's ride to endeavor to surprise, at daybreak, the rebel camp near Dandridge, in East Tennessee, our advance guard of about twenty-four men, under Lyon, found themselves, after passing through a strip of woods, but a few fields off from a small battery in the road, about to fire on us. After the interchange of a few shots we thought it expedient to fall back to the main body, under Colonel Palmer.

As we trotted out of the country road into the path through the woods we found our retreat cut off by about 100 of the rebel cavalry drawn up parallel to the path, about fifty yards off, by the side of a fence separating the woods from a cultivated field. They opened fire as we started to charge by; there was the usual rush and clashing of sabers, the whistling of bullets and the shouts of our men. Then I knew no more.

When I recovered my senses all was quiet, and as I rose I saw Abe Thomas near me. The others had escaped. His horse had been shot, as had mine, and while we had fortunately escaped having our brains knocked out as we shot over our horses' heads among the trees, we were both bunged up. We started through the woods on a run to the opposite side, where there was another fence and field. We had scarcely gotten over and gone but a few feet beyond when the rebels appeared behind us, urging their horses over the fence, firing their pistols at us and calling upon us to surrender. We kept on, but they soon caught us, as we were afoot. It appears we were very near safety, as immediately our own men opened fire just beyond, and for a time it was pretty hot, we being between the two fires. The rebels soon fell back, dragging us with them, having first taken our sabers and pistols. When we reached the woods where their main body was we found they had captured Captain Airey and about ten of our own boys. The rebel forces consisted of about a brigade of cavalry and some pieces of artillery. It seems they had been marching all night, hoping to do as we had intended to do—attack at daybreak.

We were marched some distance to a small settlement and imprisoned in a house there. Some few escaped in the night. The wounded were taken from us, and we never saw them again. This was Christmas Day. Afterward we were taken to a railroad crossing, where there was a log hut, about twenty by thirty feet, in which we were placed and kept for about two weeks. There were some other prisoners taken later, so that we numbered probably fifty It was bitter cold, and we built a fire in the center of the hut. We were so crowded that when we lay down at night to sleep we were so wedged in that it was impossible to turn. If anyone got up in the night, when he returned he would simply lie on the bodies and sink of his own weight between them to the ground. Most of us had our overcoats taken away and very few had blankets, so that we suffered from the intense cold.

When the time came at last for us to be sent to Richmond we had become so cramped and stiffened and weakened by lack of food that we found marching a delusion and a snare. Some were shoeless, and as the ground was covered with snow the blood soon came, and the suffering became intense. The line was long drawn out as we staggered along. I know I blubbered like a baby, my knees knocking together. I was scarcely more than a boy, only about twenty, so that such weakness might be excused.

We reached that night the town of Rogersville, Tenn., just about dusk. We sat on the marble steps of a bank building until they determined where we were to be kept. This building was selected for our abode we were kept there for several days and then taken to Bristol, where we were entrained in cattle cars for the East.

When we reached Lynchburg we were kept there over Sunday, and then continued on to Richmond, reaching there about the middle of January. We were taken to a large tobacco warehouse on the same street and diagonally opposite Libby Prison, known as Castle Thunder

While there for a few weeks occurred the raid which Dahlgren made around Richmond. At this time we were enjoined from looking out of the windows, and were fired upon by the sentries for doing so.

In a week or so we were transferred to Belle Island, being marched from Richmond across a bridge over the James River

to Manchester, directly opposite, and then over another bridge from that side to Belle Island.

Belle Island contained then from 8000 to 10,000 prisoners. Our camp ran down to the edge of the water, being enclosed simply by an embankment about four feet high. Guards were placed at intervals, marching back and forth on the outside. They bartered at night with those who had greenbacks or clothing or anything to dispose of for food. There were some Sibley tents that were kept for the use of the older prisoners, but most of us were without shelter of any kind, save what we might have had ourselves. There was no wood to be had for fires, and as it was an exceptionally cold, hard winter, our sufferings were almost unendurable.

My immediate messmate, George Wall, and I had each managed to save our ponchos, which with short sticks enabled us to put up a small wedge-shaped tent, about three feet high, with the sides open and nothing on the ground. We had somehow kept one quilt, with which we covered ourselves, of course not taking off any clothes.

Our washing was done at the river's edge.

As what food we had was not cooked, wood was a necessity

In the bartering there was much cheating, probably on both sides, when it could be safely done, but frequently the guards took fearful revenge. I have seen them fire right into the mass of prisoners, the bullet killing or wounding three at a time. The street was about six feet wide, running right through the camp, where we all congregated daily to traffic or gossip.

Belle Island, I think, was the worst place at which we were imprisoned, considering the severity of the winter and the absence of proper food. The number of deaths was less than at Andersonville, but then there were fewer prisoners, and we had not been imprisoned for very long, and consequently were stronger.

Our food consisted simply of a piece of corn bread, coarsely made, about three inches square, and a small tin cup of what was called "bean soup"—thin, watery stuff, with a few wormy beans floating on the top. The worms were the only thickening and strength it had. This meal was all we got each day, so that our thin blood made the piercing cold more penetrating.

The bitter cold nights were frightful nightmares; the days were

bearable when there was some sunshine and no bitter wind. The Black Hole of Calcutta is historical, with its stench, heat and darkness. But the days and particularly the nights at Belle Island were possibly even worse. There was the absence of shelter, the want of sufficient clothing, the bitter cold and the lack of sufficient and proper food. It was horrible in the long hours of the night to hear the never-ceasing tramp, the low moans and curses and the thud of some falling bodies when nature gave up the unequal struggle.

When a dog or any animal floated down to the island, the prisoners would beg for and eat it, raw usually, and offal sometimes found its way into the possession of a lucky few, and was devoured eagerly.

Men were freezing and starving to death all the time. One of our own Regiment had his foot frozen, which grew worse at Andersonville and developed into the gangrene so prevalent there. While undergoing the amputation of his leg, he had as close a call as any of us ever will, and live. In fact, he was cast aside as dead, but he revived, and is a living example of what a human being can stand.

In these miserable surroundings we spent that winter—a woe-begone, desolate, diseased crowd.

When March came and we were re-marched over to Richmond, we thought an exchange had been effected, and dreamed of home and friends and food. But we were disappointed, and on March 4, 1864, were again entrained on cattle cars and started on our long six days' journey to Andersonville.

At midnight, on the 10th of March, we arrived at Charlotte, N. C., where we were taken from the cars and encamped in the guardhouse over night. I recall how one of us (not in our Regiment)—a great, big, light-hearted man—became demented, wandered about like a wild man, and at last laid down to die, alone and deserted.

We then passed on farther south. At the border of each State we were met by a guard of State militia, who escorted us through the State. During our journey down some of the prisoners got in the end of the cars after dark, the two guards being stationed only in the center, and cut through the bottom of the cars, so that when we stopped sometimes at night at stations three or four

would make their escape through the holes so made. Finally they were missed, and just as soon as a stop was made guards were placed on the outside. The first thing we knew of the discovery was the sharp crack of guns, the screams of our men, and then two bodies were pitched into the car, on top of Wall and me, lying near the door. We dare not move, and so their lifeblood stained our clothes and bodies, and they lay all night on our legs. We dare not get up, as the orders were to shoot any who arose in the night, and frequently men were shot who got up unconsciously in their sleep. After this experience extra guards were placed over us, with orders to shoot on the slightest provocation.

Another method of escape used in our trip to Andersonville was rather amusing and enjoyable, like any sport. During the day we were allowed to stand, and naturally got near the door to look out and see the country Those desiring to take the chance of escaping would be given leeway at the door, and as soon as the track ran near a hill two would roll out in a ball and go rolling down the hillside, the cars, of course, going on. The guards at the door and on top would try to pot them as they scampered off through the fields. It was great fun for us, as the Johnnies never seemed to hit anyone.

We passed through Augusta and Macon finally, and reached Andersonville, I suppose, about midnight. It was raining in torrents. As the cars came along and stopped, a double line of soldiers was stretched out at right angles to the car, each bearing a large blazing pine knot; and as we passed out through them in the pouring rain it was a weird sight. We were marched about a half mile to the stockade and turned in—without shelter, without even any tents. It was at the bottom of a slope between two hills, with a small stream flowing through it, and surrounded by tall posts put in the ground upright, about fifteen feet high, close together and enclosing the grounds, with a large gate at the only entrance. It was a parallelogram in shape, and, if my memory can be depended upon after forty years, its length may have been 1000 feet and width 600 or 800 feet. At intervals near the top of the stockade, with steps on the outside, were stands for the sentries, and here they would stand day and night, calling the number of the post, the time and sometimes the weather. It was something like this: "Post 2, 10 o'clock; all's well; raining like h—l."

There was much buying and selling done, as the Johnnies were anxious to get hold of Uncle Sam's greenbacks and we were anxious for food. Here the severest rules were enforced; scarcely a night passed without the guards shooting at some one of the prisoners. My personal misfortunes commenced at my début at this new summer resort. It was a hard time, but youth triumphed, and I passed through the fire and lived to tell the tale, so that I suppose I ought to consider myself lucky for the experience. Being about twenty years old, with two years' entire army service, I had never known a day's sickness, never a headache or any other ache, and to that I attribute my endurance.

After the cold of Belle Island and the confinement of the life there, the sun at Andersonville brought on my own misfortune. As we stood up in line one morning to be divided into squads I fell over on my face in a faint, and then and there laid down with the commencement of typhoid pneumonia. It seemed like a billet for the other world under the existing conditions—no hospital, no shelter, no food, no medicine, on the ground, inclement March and April ahead. Could conditions be more adverse?

But I will first explain how we were arranged and guarded. We were first separated into companies of 270 men, these subdivided into squads of ninety for convenience in issuing food, counting and keeping tabs, for every morning a rebel Sergeant came and we had to be re-counted. Our food was also issued to these squads of ninety and then divided by ourselves, cut up and distributed by lot—somebody turning his back, and so giving it out. We then were put as squadded on the hillside, a "street" to each squad, running down the hill at right angles to the swamp. The "streets" were say four or five feet wide, and each squad butted up against the adjoining one—two squads, then a street, then two squads again, and so on all over the camp. A well was dug by each squad, others being sunk when necessity required, and these holes were down toward the swamp. The swamp was a marshy, wet ground, occupying about a quarter of the space.

In the center of this swamp the water made a channel, through which it flowed—not enough there to wade in or to use for drinking, but was only a meandering, muddy, irregular little body, which, however, as it reached the stockade, broadened out and deepened, making a hole, say five or six feet wide and a foot

or so deep, from which we got all our water for drinking and washing. And, of course, all the refuse of the camp percolated through the swamp until it reached this hole. There was, however, no superfluous washing on those days, of either people or clothing. To live was the essential thing. And when the "dead line" was formed it passed over this pool, and many a poor fellow was potted for stretching over too far to get some cleaner water.

The "dead line" was created after we had been there some time, as a protection, they said, from the scaling of the stockade. It was not an imaginary line, as I have heard stated, though it was not a very evident one. It was maybe ten or twelve feet from the stockade—simply a line of upright posts, say four feet high, the posts about ten feet apart, with a strip of wood on the top. It meant almost certain death if you even accidentally fell under it. I can recall one day when skirmishing around for a little wood to cook with and seeing a stump just about under the "dead line," I started to break it with my foot, asking the guard if I could not get it, but I stood transfixed as he slowly raised his gun to his shoulder. My companions all around ran; had I done so I would probably have been shot, but I was too frightened to move. But for some providential reason he hesitated, and slowly dropped his gun as I walked away. He must have seen the sickening fright on my young face and taken pity

The lack of food and shelter and the filth we were compelled to live in brought on new diseases at Andersonville. Legs, frozen at Belle Island, thawed here and developed into gangrene. The most repulsive and horrible sights were common. I have seen a man with his face all eaten clear of flesh, with apparently millions of maggots crawling through the sores, and the man unable to lift a hand to interfere. You could clasp your fingers around their legs at the thighs, and when scurvy became prevalent their limbs would harden, become the color of mahogany and the joints become stiff, so they could not bend. The teeth would loosen and fall out. Then, too, there were hundreds in a dropsical condition, and their hands, body and legs would swell to double their size. Every day I saw from 125 to 150 dead comrades stretched out in their last sleep. In the morning a large, open army wagon was driven in, and the bodies were taken up by the arms or legs and tossed into it. Long trenches had been dug and the bodies were

cast into them. There was no clergy, no burial service. But had they not done their duty quietly, uncomplainingly, under trying conditions? Let them rest in peace.

I can recall no special suffering or distress from my own illness, except the misery of it all and the knowledge that I saw my comrade thought I was to be the first to respond to the hereafter call. I was spared. After three months I commenced to mend and get about. Having some knowledge of medicine, I had charge, with another prisoner, of some of the gangrene patients—not a very healthful occupation under the circumstances. George Wall had me transferred and he remained inside. I had not been out long—about July 1st—when poor George was carried out a corpse, having died away from me. It saddened my life, as we had been close "bunkies" ever since our capture in December—slept together, shared our small rations, comforted and cheered each other as best we could. He nursed me from March 10th, for three months, like a mother, cooking what little I required and nestling close to me in the long, cold nights, to keep me warm.

After we were a little settled the prisoners naturally began to devise means of escape. At first a number got away when we were taken out daily in small squads to collect wood for cooking. Some would stray as far away as possible and secrete themselves until the others returned to camp, but as soon as they were missed the bloodhounds were turned loose and invariably captured them, frequently mangling them. Finally we commenced tunneling We had the privilege of digging wells, and the mounds of new earth did not arouse suspicion, so that when a party arranged to dig out, they would openly, during the day, dig a big hole, and when night came they would commence tunneling, digging first a hole and then running a parallel hole with the ground until it got beyond the stockade.

Frequent escapes made the warden wary, so that after night the bloodhounds were set loose and kept encircling the stockade, and we could hear their deep baying during the night. However, men were continually escaping, and frequently the same men, so that finally, as a punishment, the rebel authorities started what was known as the chain gang. They ought really to be considered links of honor. From one or two it gradually increased to a double line of about two dozen. They were all connected together

in two long files, two and two. On the outer leg of each was a small chain, long enough to reach the hand, to which was attached an iron cannon ball, say about twenty-four pounds; then they were manacled together at the neck, each to his elbow neighbor, so that they had to lie down or stand up together, and making all necessary movements as if one. This punishment would become a great hardship. When some would die, as they were frequently doing, their bodies would have to be carried to the blacksmith to have him hammer off the chains. This chain gang was used as an example to prevent others from escaping, and they were kept on the outside of the stockade, always under guard.

As the number of prisoners increased, reaching a total of 40,000, we had, of course, many men of many nationalities and various characters and habits. Under the baleful influence of evil life and surroundings some developed those wolfish traits, inherent, I suppose, in all of us if not redeemed by home and usage. Many of the prisoners had been captured in fights, and so came to us large bodies, therefore unsearched. These men had with them the pay and bounties that had been pretty freely distributed in 1864. This money became a great temptation to some of the needy and starving, and soon bands of robbers were formed, and murders and injury became frequent. It became unsafe to be known to have money or anything valuable. Hold-ups were taking place, even in the daytime; in fact, the robbers were soon well known.

Finally this grew so bad that there was a meeting of the bolder ones, and after a consultation with the rebel authorities, who were aware of what was going on inside, but could not prevent it, six of the ringleaders of the robbers were arrested. They were put under guard, a judge and jury of our own people were selected, witnesses were called, and after a full, honest trial they were all found guilty of murder and robbery and sentenced to be hanged. The finding was submitted to the higher rebel authorities, and from them to our Northern authorities, and by each was approved. We were then given material, and a rude wooden gallows was erected inside the stockade, and the six prisoners were launched into eternity at once.

Before the thousands of prisoners were allowed to assemble the rebel guard outside was augmented to two or three regiments,

two forts were erected and loaded cannon were placed at two ends of the stockade, to prevent any attempt to use this gathering as an excuse for escape. One of the poor devils fell on his knees and begged for mercy, but with yells and curses he was driven forward to the gallows. There was no mercy in our hearts at that time. This episode, however, was almost our own undoing, because the shouts made the rebels think an attempt at escape was being started, and they all but opened fire on us with their guns. It was touch and go.

[Comrade Coombs reached this period of his narrative when the summons came suddenly calling him to the higher life beyond. No distressing, lingering sickness gave an indication of his departure, but he was ready. He had been a good man, a good citizen and a good father. His life here had only been a preparation for the one beyond, and while those he left will miss him there can be no cause for repining at his going.

To his fellow-prisoner, who was captured with him, Abraham W Thomas, has been delegated the work of finishing the article which he began.]

CONTINUATION OF ANDERSONVILLE NARRATIVE.

ABRAHAM W. THOMAS, COMPANY M, MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA.

IT seems to me a perfectly natural thing that I should finish the article which my old prison Comrade Robt. Coombs began, for in our capture and imprisonment we had been very close together. What one did the other helped to do. We shared all our sorrows and what few joys came to us. If either got unduly depressed and disheartened at our condition, the other did his part to cheer and encourage and bring back that atom of hope which kept us alive. Our experiences, our lives and our very thoughts were the same, and as I pen these lines the old feeling of working together comes over me, just as in those days when it was "Bob" and "Abe" between us.

Besides the six who were hanged there were about fifty more who were not found guilty of anything more serious than thieving, who, when turned back into the stockade, were compelled to run the gauntlet between a row of men, who had formed into two lines to receive them. They were treated to kicks or a crack with a club or anything that could be had. This treatment and the hanging of the six men on the 11th of July virtually put a stop to the stealing and abuse by the raiders, as we called them. I remember one fellow who was caught stealing afterward. They shaved one-half of his head and marched him all over the camp, so that all could see him.

There was a time when the guards came into the camp and tried to persuade some of our men to enlist in the rebel army, promising that they would not be sent to the front, but would be kept for duty elsewhere, and that they would send their own men to the front. This was frowned upon by us all. We preferred starvation in prison to service in the rebel army.

Things ran along without any great change until September 8, 1864, when we were divided up into small bodies and sent to different places, for fear that General Sherman would recapture and liberate us. I was with the lot that was sent to Savannah,

where we arrived on September 9th. Here we were driven into another stockade, differing somewhat from that at Andersonville, this one being merely a high board fence. The soil was of a sandy nature, and when we dug the sink wells, which were about three feet deep, we would come to water which was impregnated with some chemical, so that it was unfit for use. When the wells were about half full they would begin to rush and bubble, and the water would rise nearly to the surface.

We procured our drinking water through pipes from the city. It was at this place that I received the only medicine for my complaint—dysentery—which I contracted shortly after we left Belle Island and continued to have until after reaching our lines, when exchanged.

We left Savannah on October 12th for another stockade, at Millen, where we arrived the same day. Millen was about the same kind of a pen as Andersonville, excepting that the logs composing the stockade were round instead of being squared.

General Sherman still forcing his way to the sea, we were again moved, and on November 21st we left Millen for Blackshear Station, arriving there on November 22d. Here we were placed in a pine woods, there being not more than about 5000 prisoners. We were treated fairly well by the rebel guards, and given fresh meat, sweet potatoes and good corn meal, and sometimes a little molasses. There was no stockade or fence around us here. On December 5th we left Blackshear Station for Thomasville, arriving there on the 6th. Here we were kept for about two weeks, and on the morning of the 19th we marched for Albany, arriving there on December 24th. We were placed in cattle cars and run back to Andersonville, arriving there in the evening of December 25th, amidst a light snowstorm. Andersonville was very much changed—the old huts that the men had built for shelter were all destroyed and most of the wells were filled in—but by this time we had stolen enough meal sacks from the rebels to make our mess a good-sized tent, which we made by ripping the seams and raveling out some of the goods for thread. We had sewed about a dozen altogether.

Ever since leaving Andersonville, on September 8th, the general condition of the prisoners had improved. It must have been that the rebels saw they were in a losing game, and feared the day of

retribution, for the guards around us were not so brutal as they had been, and the rations we received were greater and of more variety For all that we were always hungry, and not an hour went by but what we thought of some of those good things our mothers cooked for us at home. The enormous death rate among us was caused not so much by the lack of something to eat as it was by our exposure to all sorts of weather. We had no houses to go into, no fireplaces at which to warm ourselves and were not treated with even the same consideration that a farmer has for his cattle. All this was in a country full of wood, and had permission been given us, in a week we could have sheltered ourselves at no cost to the Confederacy. But General Winder, who had charge of all the prisoners, had boasted that at Andersonville "he would kill more Yankees than Bobby Lee would in Virginia," and he did it.

On March 25, 1865, we received the long-looked for news that there was to be an exchange, and left that day, passing through Columbus, Ga., on the 26th, Montgomery the same day, and Selma, Ala., and Demopolis on March 27th. We arrived at Meridian on the 28th, and at Jackson, Miss., on March 29th, where we were paroled, and started on foot, barefooted at that, for our lines, a distance of nearly forty miles, arriving at the Big Black River on April 1st. We were then placed in parole camp, a little below Vicksburg.

Here we were under the Stars and Stripes once more. We got the regular army ration and Uncle Sam's clothing, and after a good wash and burning up our old clothes—graybacks and all—felt that we were on the edge of God's country again. We still had with us two rebel officers, who had been with us since we left Jackson, to show us the way and act the part of guides. But when at this camp we heard the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, the men got so excited and incensed that the officers fled to their own lines, and it was well they did or they would have been hanging to trees before many minutes.

On April 23d we were put aboard boats and started up the Mississippi, arriving at St. Louis, April 27th. We remained there until May 5th, when we took cars for the East, arriving at Annapolis, Md., May 10th. We were then sent to Harrisburg on the 15th, were there discharged on June 1st, arriving at home June 2, 1865.

THE MIDNIGHT CROSSING OF THE FRENCH BROAD.

CAPT. H. K. WEAND, COMPANY H, NORRISTOWN PA.

COUNT Mather, Company F, dubbed me "Weando of the French Broad," and this is how it came about. To fully appreciate the incident you must recall the extremely cold weather of the winter spent in East Tennessee, and the character of the river, which, rising in North Carolina, near the foot of the Blue Ridge, flows northwest into Tennessee, and bending toward the southwest discharges into the Holston River, four miles above Knoxville. It is about 200 miles long, and is navigable by steamboats as far as Dandridge, Jefferson County, Tenn. For about forty miles from Asheville to the Tennessee line it is remarkable for its beautiful scenery, flowing through deep mountain gorges or overhung by cliffs.

Nearly opposite the Warm Springs, in Madison County, N C., are precipices known as the Chimneys and the Painted Rocks. The latter, which are between 200 and 300 feet high, derive their name from some Indian pictures still to be seen on them. It has its moods—at one time a peaceful stream, flowing its course as if it delighted to show its charms, and then in a short time, after a heavy rain, roaring like a lion, overflowing its banks and making itself disagreeable by contrast.

In the winter of 1864 we had been in camp along its banks, on the plantation, I think, of a man named Evans. Opposite, in the middle of the stream, was an island, which had been planted in corn the season before. At its upper end was a fording place leading to an old mill on the opposite side. We had forded the river on a scout toward Dandridge, in an effort to locate the enemy, a part of Longstreet's force. We knew they were in the neighborhood, and having given chase to some of their cavalry, had reason to suppose that they would endeavor to cut off our return. It had rained during the day or night before, the river was rising, and Colonel Palmer was anxious to get his command safely across before the river had risen too much.

When we reached the river on our return I was told to take charge of the rear guard, and as soon as I saw the main body safely advanced, to cross to the island, taking with me a flat-bottomed scow which was tied to the shore at the mill. It was dark when I started, and I got to the island with difficulty, and so did the scow—never to return—that is, the scow did not. During the night the river rose rapidly, bringing down ice and débris, and it became exceedingly cold. We built no fires, so as not to attract the enemy, and waited for orders. During the next afternoon I was ordered to bring my men with the scow around the head of the island, to a point nearly opposite our camp.

It was hard work—pulling and tugging by holding on to bushes and branches, with the swift-flowing water and ice against us. We had no oars and could not have rowed the boat with them, but we succeeded, at the cost of bleeding and almost frozen hands, and we were tired.

Lieut.-Colonel Lamborn had been brought to the island during the afternoon in a canoe, and when I reported to him it was late, dark and cold, with the river running with ice, overflowing the banks on either side for some distance. I was now ordered to ferry my men and horses across in detachments. It seemed to me impossible, and so I told the Colonel, but his orders were imperative. We loaded five or six men and horses on the scow with great difficulty, and with myself at the bow and Corporal Jenkins at the helm—a long pole—we started on our voyage. Our course was diagonal, and we trusted that the rapid stream would land us some distance below our starting point; and so we sailed, and we sailed, on our first trip as horse marines. We went rushing on—the water dashing into the boat, the ice grinding against its sides and the horses trembling with fear and cold.

As we approached the shore we could see, through the darkness, that the trees were now some distance down in the stream, so I gave orders to our helmsman to keep a sharp lookout and endeavor to avoid them. But it was too late, for it was now evident that we were being carried right into them. Seeing that we would be swept off, I gave orders, "Look out for yourselves!" and in a moment we were swept from the boat, which had gone right into the branches of the trees. Fortunately we could reach the limbs, and each man grasping one and, dangling in the water,

pulled himself into the trees. The horses were also swept off, but, marvelous to relate, all but one were washed ashore. The boat has never been heard from to this day. Our shouts alarmed the camp, and soon our boys came to our assistance, and with ropes, fence rails and other expedients relieved us from our ridiculous position. We were up a tree—the "Anderson Cavalry!" each one having been highly recommended before enlistment—mounted on wooden horses.

Hurrying us to camp we were stripped of our clothing, wrapped in blankets, warmed before blazing fires, and with the aid of hot coffee and things were soon made comfortable.

It was not a bit funny "Looking backwards," it was a voyage that for a few minutes made us dreadfully seasick. I can scarcely describe my emotions when I saw what was to happen except that I wished I had been a better boy in my earlier days, and wondered whether my name would be spelled correctly in the list of missing

The balance of my command was brought safely over the next afternoon in a canoe, leading their swimming horses. "Washington crossing the Delaware" has been immortalized—I was called before Colonel Palmer for words spoken in debate when hailed by Colonel Lamborn to "bring back that boat," my reply not having been according to regulations.

THE WRONG MEN SHOT

SERG. JOS. R. LONABAUGH, COMPANY G, PHILADELPHIA.

ABOUT the time General Sherman started on his march from Chattanooga to Atlanta our Regiment was ordered from its camp at Rossville, Ga., back to Nashville, for a remount. The winter campaign had been very destructive to our horses, and what good ones we had left were taken from us and given to one of the regiments which was just starting on the campaign. About noon the Regiment was assembled and marched into Chattanooga, about six miles, and after the usual wait, got on freight cars and started for Nashville.

Along about 10 o'clock that night, when a few miles from Scottsboro, Ala., we were fired on by a party of guerillas, who stood not ten feet from the railroad track. Our engineer and fireman were seriously wounded, but the men were all lying down at that time and escaped. Two trains followed us, and on both either the engineer or fireman was shot. One of the trains was filled with Confederate prisoners. They were probably packed closer in their cars than we were, and many of them were standing, so that they got the full effect of the shots. What a pleasure it was to stand alongside of their train and listen to them curse and damn their own men. The burden of their abuse was that "such conduct was not war" and that "no soldier would engage in it." "If they wanted to fight honorably, why didn't they join the army at the front?" All this was nuts for us, and we fully agreed with them. Before the war ended Jeff Davis did, too, and issued an order against such bands.

As both our engineer and fireman were shot, volunteers for their places were called for, and John Kreider, John Strebig and Corp. Harry Paschall, of Company F, took their places, and ran the locomotive the rest of the way, arriving at Nashville about 2 P.M., on May 8th, when the Regiment was marched to the old No. 14 Hospital, and bivouacked in the yard all night.

After making our camp we remained there about three months.

Our campaign in East Tennessee had been a hard one, and the rest we had there, with the freedom from drills during the earlier part of our stay, was appreciated by the men. It was at this time that we had our first taste of "bounty jumpers," a class of men who enlisted for the bounty paid, and then deserted after receiving the first instalment of it. All the officers received notices from the recruiting officers that certain men, whose names and descriptions were given, had joined their companies, but very few ever reached us. They had managed to slip off, and repeated the operation on some other enlisting officer. But not all were of this class, and some of those recruits who reached us made most excellent soldiers.

Soon after arrival Major Betts and Captains Colton and Mather gave a supper in town, at "Bassett's," to the other officers, in honor of their late promotions. They must have had a pleasant time of it, the only disappointment being Colonel Palmer's declining to sing his song, "I laid four dollars down and bet them one by one." Our Colonel has always been spoken of as an accomplished man, but to this day we do not know whether singing, dancing and piano playing are a part of his accomplishments.

At this camp, too, we were joined by our imported fencing master, Colonel Emil de Salignac, who remained with us till the close of the war. He was a good teacher and a splendid swordsman, but the boys did not like French names, and he was known as "Dig-a-Shay," it being the Americanized version of the command he often gave in drill—"degagez," meaning to disengage the sword blades.

In July we received the first instalment of our horses, and at once commenced picket duty on all the roads leading south. The day of rest and recreation had passed, but a good deal of fun was extracted out of the workadays which followed.

Soon after the 1st of August, having received our full equipment, "boots and saddles!" sounded, and we started on our campaign again. Our march took us through Murfreesboro, Readyville and Woodbury, over the ground where we had our fight with Colonel Smith's Confederate regiment. Then we went on to McMinnville, crossed the Cumberland Mountains to Dunlap, and then Waldon's Ridge, arriving at Chattanooga on August 17th, just as peaches were getting plentiful.

At this time General Hood was swinging his army back on the railroad which supplied Sherman s army, and the rebel cavalry were reported not far from town. General Williams with 800 men was reported at Maysville, but had left when we got there. We hunted for them at Cleveland, Tunnel Hill and Dalton, but in no place had they waited for us. At the latter place Colonel Leybold's regiment had held the fort, and stood the rebels off when he was attacked; but the large brick house in the center of the fort needed a good deal of patching up when they left, as the rebel artillery had used it for a mark. One person was sorry when they left. An old apple and cake woman, who carried all her stock in two baskets, told me, with a good deal of satisfaction, that "she made between $3000 and $4000 every day our people were here."

We did a good deal of scouting now, without results, except finding new fields of corn, just right for roasting, and fresh peaches. We went to Waterhouse's, Benton, Spring Place and Calhoun, where we halted a few days. Then, one very hot day, we went to Adairsville, on a false alarm, and Company I was sent to Cartersville to guard cattle. On September 13th orders came to go back to East Tennessee, and we started on our second campaign in that country

"HOLD THE FORT"

A. D. FRANKENBERRY, COMPANY K, POINT MARION, PA.

THE great War of the Rebellion, 1861-65, developed many exceedingly interesting and unique events. There has never been and probably never in the future will there be such a war. It was American bravery, heroism, manhood and endurance on the Union side arrayed against the same elements on the Southern side. It was a life-and-death struggle between the two gigantic, contending forces which, from the earliest settlement of America —one at Jamestown, the other at Plymouth Rock—had grown up together, yet ever opposite, never in complete unity The vital point of difference was, Shall America be free, or part free, part slave? Long years of bitter contention had marked our history as a people, without permanent results being attained, till 1861, when the great crisis came, and the one great question was referred to the "Supreme Court of the World." Never before on this earth assembled such an august tribunal, never before was there submitted to human heads and hearts for final decision such momentous questions. Its daily sessions were held for more than four long years, from 1861 to 1865, when at Appomattox and Raleigh its final verdict was rendered and there again reigned "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The duty of the Signal Corps was to be with the extreme advance of each army; make observations of the position of the enemy; read and translate their signals; transmit, with flag and torch and rocket, the orders and commands of commanding officers from one part of the army to any other distant part, and establish and maintain long lines of communication. The Signal Corps constituted the very "eyes and ears of the army."

The work performed by the Signal Corps immediately preceding and during the battle of Allatoona Pass, Ga., October 5, 1864, was the most notable service rendered by the corps during the war; and this service must be reckoned by the results following

the battle. On October 3, 1864, General Sherman s army was in camp in the vicinity of Atlanta, Ga., with detached guards along the only railroad north to Chattanooga, distant 140 miles. Kennesaw Mountain is twenty-one miles north of Atlanta; Allatoona Pass is eighteen miles north of Kennesaw Mountain; Rome, Ga., is thirty-six miles northwest—via Kingston—of Allatoona Pass. Signal stations were established previous to October 1, 1864, at Allatoona Pass and Marietta, communicating with the station on Kennesaw Mountain, which latter station communicated with Atlanta and also with an intermediate station at Vining's, halfway between Kennesaw and Atlanta.

October 3, 1864, the Confederate army, under General Hood, having crossed the Chattahoochee River below Sweetwater, moved via Lost Mountain and occupied General Sherman's railroad line at Big Shanty, two miles north of Kennesaw Mountain, with a heavy force of infantry, artillery and cavalry

I am much rejoiced that I am now, after more than forty years, one among the few survivors of those eventful days. I went to Kennesaw Mountain with the Signal Corps detachment September 12, 1864, and was on duty there till October 10, 1864.

On October 6, 1864, I took possession of the large signal flag used on Kennesaw Mountain on October 3, 4 and 5, 1864, and retained it in my possession till May, 1900, when I placed it in the flag room at Harrisburg, Pa.

October 3, 1864, General Stewart, of the Confederate army, moving via Lost Mountain, at about 4 P.M. captured Big Shanty, cut the telegraph wires, tore up the railroad and set fire to all that would burn or make a smoke. Thus was severed all means of communication between Kennesaw and Allatoona, between General Sherman at Atlanta and General Corse at Rome, Ga., except by the flags and torches alone of the Signal Corps. Allatoona Pass was held by Colonel Tourtellotte with 905 muskets and six pieces of artillery Here was Sherman's storehouse, with 3,000,000 rations and immense quantities of munitions of war, requiring months to collect and transport.

On October 4th, General Stewart's Confederate corps moved on Allatoona. General Sherman's army at the same time was in rapid motion from Atlanta to Smyrna camp ground and west of Marietta. It was on the afternoon of October 3d that the men on

duty at the signal station on Kennesaw discovered Hood's Confederates on Lost Mountain, and at once reported that fact by signal to General McArthur at Marietta, and to General Sherman at Atlanta, twenty-one miles distant. On the same day, later in the afternoon, Sherman sent from Atlanta to Kennesaw the following signal message

"COMMANDING OFFICER, Allatoona, Kingston and Rome:

"Enemy moving on Allatoona, thence to Rome."

We could not send this message to Allatoona, because of the dense fog, until the forenoon of October 4th, when the fog lifted and we could see with our telescope the Allatoona station. Later in the forenoon of the same day the six-foot signal flag from Kennesaw's top spelled out this message to Allatoona, whence it was sent by telegraph to General Corse at Rome, thirty-six miles distant from Allatoona.

"GENERAL CORSE:

"Sherman directs that you move forward and join Smith s Division with your entire command, using cars, if to be had, and burn provisions rather than lose them.

"GENERAL VANDEVERE."

Kennesaw Mountain now became an important signal station; it was the key station, and through it all others must communicate. The mountain consists of two peaks, which rear their summits very prominently above the surrounding plain. The highest point is 1609 feet above sea level, and on its peak was the signal station. All available signal men were on duty. Work at the glasses and with flag was crowding. All the men at the station expected the Confederates to occupy the mountain, as they were in heavy force at Big Shanty, not two miles away, and the Union forces did not have even a picket between the station and the enemy. General Vandevere sent a Lieutenant and sixteen men, who watched all night with us, grouped along the mountain's brow near the station, peering into the dense gloom increased by fog, none daring to close an eye in sleep. Here I realized the benefit of the military training and careful instruction learned under the leadership of Colonel Palmer, and took courage,

remembering I was one of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. It would have been an easy matter for the foe to capture the station. Why did they not capture and occupy the mountain? If the Confederates had occupied Kennesaw that night, the signal station in their possession, no message or orders could have been sent by Sherman to Corse, and Corse would not have "moved his command to Allatoona;" the "fort would not have been held;" the rations and supplies at Allatoona would have been lost to the Union forces; Sherman could not have reached the sea for months later than he did; England and France would have recognized the Southern Confederacy, sent an armed fleet to raise the blockade and the war would have been prolonged. There is one answer: God's hand was there to rule over all!

Drearily the night passed, dawn and daylight at last came, but no mortal eye could penetrate the dense fog till the sun arose high, and when the wind wafted the mist away we could see and signal.

At 12 P.M., October 4th, Kennesaw sent to Allatoona the following signal:

"COMMANDING OFFICER, Allatoona:

"Sherman is moving in force. Hold out.

"GENERAL VANDEVERE."

Later the same day we sent the great signal message from Kennesaw to Allatoona, and telegraphed from there to General Corse at Rome, Ga.:

"CORSE, Rome, Ga.:

"Move your command to Allatoona. Hold the place. I will help you.

"SHERMAN."

This message was the one of greatest importance. It caused General Corse to move his command to the relief of Allatoona, and his relief saved Allatoona, with all its precious stores.

General Corse in his first report direct to General Sherman, and dated Allatoona, October 7th, says: "Started from Rome, Ga., at 8.30 P.M., October 4th, on signal telegram from you via Allatoona, with a portion of one brigade of my division. Arrived

here about midnight." Corse's second report, dated Rome, Ga., October 27, 1864, giving details of battle of Allatoona Pass, says: "On the 4th inst. my command was in readiness to move, but another signal from General Sherman changed the program, and I immediately got ready to move to Allatoona." General Corse reached Allatoona about 1.30 A.M., October 5th, with 1054 men. Colonel Tourtelotte had there 905 muskets. Corse took command of all forces, a total of 1959 men; and soon, even before the dawn of day, was attacked by French's Division of Confederates, numbering between 6000 and 7000 men and twelve guns. After fourteen hours of skirmish and battle, in which the loss on both sides was awful, the enemy was repulsed, the rations and stores saved, the empty wagons of the Confederates, still empty, moved away, and a glorious victory won for the Union.

General Sherman says: "In person I reached Kennesaw Mountain about 10 A.M., October 5, 1864, and could see the smoke of battle and hear the faint sounds of artillary. The distance (eighteen miles) was too great for me to make in time to share in the battle. I succeeded in getting a signal message to General Corse during the fight, notifying him of my presence."

At 10.35 A.M., October 5th, Kennesaw station received from Allatoona these signal messages:

"We hold out. Corse is here.

"ADAMS,
"Signal Officer."

"ALLATOONA, GA., October 5, 1864.

"GENERAL SHERMAN

"Corse is here.

"TOURTELOTTE,
"Colonel."

General Sherman's reply was sent to Allatoona, as follows:

"KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, October 5, 1864.

"Tell Allatoona to hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you."

At 4.15 P.M. Allatoona signaled:

"We still hold out. Corse is wounded. Where is Sherman?

"ADAMS,
"*Signal Officer.*"

Reply:

"COMMANDING OFFICER, Allatoona:
"Near you."

"KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, October 6, 1864.

"ALLATOONA:
"How is Corse? What news?

"DAYTON,
"*Assistant Adjutant General.*"

"ALLATOONA, October 6, 3.15 P.M.

"CAPT. L. M. DAYTON:
"I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy. Tell me where Sherman is.

"CORSE,
"*Brigadier General, Commanding.*"

From the moment that Sherman heard that Corse was at Allatoona he seemed satisfied with the situation, but when he read the message to Captain Dayton he was brimful of excitement, and cut such extra antics as only Tecumseh Sherman could when things were moving to his liking.

Those who have read the official histories of this event may ask how it is that this, the most important, message is not among the official reports. In reply, I will state that many other official papers have been lost or not published, and "not found" is reported of many papers referred to. I have in my possession important official papers found on Kennesaw Mountain, and no doubt left there by General Sherman. Among them is a copy of the secret cipher code used for cipher messages.

All signal messages sent from Kennesaw Mountain to Allatoona after 4 P.M. of October 3d, and on the 4th and 5th, were sent directly over the heads of the Confederates and sent from their rear. There is nothing so unique as this fact in all the history of war.

Now as to the results of the battle and of the message: We lost 706 men. How many the enemy lost will never be known. We buried 231 of their dead and many were never buried. But there were other results of this battle, vast in their import and powerful toward bringing the great war to a speedy close.

As stated before, at Allatoona were stored the supplies for Sherman's army, worth several millions of dollars in gold, which had required months to collect. General Sherman's plan to march to the sea was well matured. He lacked only the opportunity When Hood's troops failed to carry the forts at Allatoona, and failed to fill their empty wagons with the supplies there, the opportunity came. To General Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga," was assigned the care of Hood's forces. Sherman went "marching through Georgia," but to do this he must have his wagons filled with these supplies. The forces under Colonel Tourtelotte could not have held Allatoona. This signal message moved General Corse to reinforce Allatoona and to "Hold the Fort."

Prof. P P Bliss immortalized the sentiment and truth of the message in the gospel hymn, "Hold the Fort," cheering and inspiring thousands of children as they sing the stirring song.

My story is ended. Not long after I again joined my Company, and when the Regiment made its most memorable campaign and almost captured Jeff Davis, I was along. But, in later years, when I have listened to the melody of that inspiring hymn, "Hold the Fort," I have again gone back in imagination to that fateful day when, on Kennesaw Mountain, I wigwagged to Allatoona to "Hold the Fort," for Sherman was coming.

HOOD'S ATTACK ON RESACA, GA.

W. R. YEAGER, COMPANY C, UNIONTOWN, PA.

ON September 13, 1864, the main body of the Regiment left Calhoun, Ga., in pursuit of General Williams' brigade of rebel cavalry, reported as being in East Tennessee. Captain McAllister and Lieut. Edward Smith, with a detail, were left in charge of the wagons, sick men and horses. Lieutenant Weand, who went with the Regiment, was taken sick on the march and was left with a Union family at Sevierville, from which place he was taken to a hospital at Knoxville, but, upon assuring the medical officer that he was fit for duty, found his way to Calhoun. Lieutenant Smith with a detail was sent to Cartersville to guard cattle, but returned in a short time. In addition to our men there was also a small infantry command at the post.

General Hood was now moving north to attack Nashville, and the different posts guarding the railroad were ordered to Resaca. The news of Hood's approach reached us barely in time for us to make good our escape, and in our haste we lost some company property, including our election returns. We were hotly pursued, but reached Resaca safely. Our trains and horses were parked on the south side of the river, and the men marched into the fort. The enemy could be seen on the hill near the town, and their battery opened on us, but their missiles passed over the fort, and the only damage done was the stampeding of the mules and destruction of a number of wagons. The officer in command was, I think, General Raum, and in the fort were several ladies, one of whom was a daughter of General Rosseau and wife of Colonel Watkins, of the Kentucky cavalry, whose command was either there when we arrived or came the next day The inspiring music of the band, the cheering of the men when we defiantly ran up our flag, and the encouragement of the ladies inspired all present, and besides we knew that Sherman was not far off.

Soon after reaching the fort a skirmish line was thrown out

facing the wooded hill, and the rebel skirmishers could be seen advancing with steady movement. Firing soon commenced, and Mrs. Watkins appeared on the ramparts and cheered the men on to their work, moving backward and forward, waving an American flag.

Our skirmishers were partly up the hill, and made quite an extended line. As night came on and it became too dark to aim, the firing almost ceased on part of the line. The men were then withdrawn to the trenches and ordered to lie down and keep up the firing. Smith Cozens, of Company L, was out in the advance and neatly placed behind a stump, which gave needed protection, but he had an idea that he was getting more than his share of attention from the rebels. Bullets kept flying past him, and his stump had been struck several times, when he became aware that he was not the only one behind it. His companion was not dressed as a soldier, but had a revolver in his hand and a pair of field glasses across his shoulder In answer to a question as to who he was, the other man said that he was a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial.* He kept throwing his arms about and shouting to the rebels at the top of his voice every little while, and that drew the fire to that spot, making a target of himself and Cozens, too. Finally, Cozens rolled over on his back, and pointing his carbine at the newspaper man, said: "Young fellow, if you don't make yourself scarce, I'll put a bullet in you." He left, and Cozens continued his work without extra attention being paid to him.

The next morning the rebels opened on the fort with two field pieces, which did little damage, although a shell from one of them exploded in the fort. Out on the skirmish line could be seen heavy columns of their infantry moving north, and scouts we had sent out reported in the morning that the movement had continued all through the night.

For two days Resaca was closely invested by General Cleburn s Division of Hood's army. They made several attempts to carry the outer works, but failed, as the resistance was too strong. Late in the afternoon of the second day's siege the advance of General Sherman's army appeared in sight, and soon division after division debouched from the forests south of Resaca and bivouacked around the place.

During the siege the enemy had destroyed the railroad from Resaca to Tunnel Hill, a distance of twenty-three miles. Captain McAllister with forty men was then sent by Major-General Howard toward Spring Place, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the enemy designed to evade the pursuit of our army by retreating in a southeasterly direction. When he reached Spring Place he found that a small party of rebels had been there, but that Hood's army had moved west from Resaca toward Lafayette.

Early next morning the detachment joined Colonel Watkins' brigade and moved in advance of General Sherman s command to Lafayette, Ga. At this place Lieutenant Weand, with about twenty men, remained with Colonel Watkins and Captain McAllister and the remainder of our men marched to Chattanooga.

At Gaylesville, Ala., where Sherman halted in his pursuit of Hood, Lieutenant Weand was ordered to report to Sherman s headquarters, where the General in person directed him to carry dispatches to General Corse at Rome. The march was to be at night, and when in response to the General's question as to whether he was familiar with the road or had a guide, Lieutenant Weand answered, "No," the General stated that one of his first duties after graduating from West Point was in that part of the country, and described with particularity the road to be taken and where danger might be expected. After delivering his dispatches at Rome, the detail was oredred to Calhoun, to report to Colonel McCook. On the way they were attacked by guerrillas, but suffered no loss. From Calhoun they marched to Chattanooga and rejoined the Regiment.

FORAGING WHEN HOOD CUT OUR CRACKER LINE.

SAML. BAILEY, COMPANY H, DANVILLE, PA.

THOSE who came in contact with Gen. Geo. H. Thomas soon learned his sentiments about foraging. One member of Company K had it forcibly impressed upon him.

General Thomas' view of foraging when the Government rations were regularly issued was that it was stealing. He held that the inhabitants of the country which the army traversed were necessarily great sufferers even if the best of discipline was maintained and the least harm possible was done by the army But after we reached Atlanta, and the rebel General Hood got in our rear and cut our communications, so that our supplies were running short, the situation was changed.

General Thomas was a kind-hearted man, but he was every inch a soldier, and took care of those under his command, both man and beast. When necessity required it, he sent out wagon trains of 600 to 800 wagons for forage. They usually drove out from Atlanta fifteen or twenty miles the first day, and parked. The next day half of them went farther out until they found corn, when they stopped and loaded up all the wagons and returned to the camp. The following day the balance of the wagons went out and loaded and returned. The fourth day the whole wagon train returned to Atlanta.

I have seen the wagons drive into a twenty-acre field of corn and clear it all off. Sometimes the women would come out and beg to have it left, as it was all they had to live on, and in many cases appearances indicated that the statement was true. It was sometimes heartrending, but war knows not mercy when necessity calls. It goes to prove that General Sherman was not mistaken when he said "War is hell."

After the capture of Atlanta a detail from Companies H and K were located in a house in the city, to be convenient to General Thomas' headquarters as dispatch bearers. When the wagon trains were sent out for forage, two or three of us went along and

foraged for ourselves. On one of these trips the writer came in at night to the camp with a pig and a number of chickens strapped to his saddle, but a young sheep, which had been driven part of the time, had to be carried the balance of the six miles, as it was foot-sore and not able to walk the whole distance.

On another trip the writer had the pleasure of a wild boar hunt all alone. Coming across a bunch of some twenty shotes in the woods, the first thought was that if one could be captured it would make nice eating. But they were so wild that it was almost impossible to get within rifle shot of them. As a revolver was my only weapon strategy seemed to be the only chance, and after numerous failures to get within hopeful shooting distance I almost concluded to give it up. Still the attempt must be made once more. When I was probably 150 to 200 yards off they threw up their heads to listen; another step in the dry leaves, and they would be off, with a boohoo, like a streak. So, just for the fun of it, I drew my revolver to take one shot before leaving them, as farther pursuit was useless. I took very deliberate aim and fired. To my astonishment my porker fell; so two of us were greatly surprised. No, no—not a crack shot, but a chance shot; but it answered the purpose just as well, as it gave us a porker of forty or fifty pounds of fine eating. Coming to a house where there were some fine chickens, it seemed to be a good chance to load up quickly But the women pleaded for them as the only thing they had in the way of meat, and as I had gone over the mountain alone, and was the only "Yank" in that valley, it seemed likely they would not be taken by anyone else, so I left them and got a supply elsewhere.

This foraging was no snap, although we snapped onto anything eatable when the rebels did not snap onto us, as they did sometimes when we were rooting for sweet potatoes. Two of us returned to Atlanta after this trip of two days' foraging with one very fine yearling calf, three pigs weighing about 45, 100 and 175 pounds, two yearling sheep, two geese, ten chickens and three bags of sweet potatoes. We divided the spoils with the officers, but that was one occasion when the officers did not get the first choice. Imagine soldiers—privates—living on such rations! We were not seriously demoralized by it, as it was only ten days until we got marching orders for Chattanooga, and so had to leave most of our hard-earned commissary supplies behind.

SECOND EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN F. CONAWAY, COMPANY B, PHILADELPHIA.

ON September 13, 1864, the Regiment, under command of Col. Wm. J Palmer, broke camp at Calhoun, Ga., and started on what we call our "Second East Tennessee Campaign." Captain McAllister with a small portion of the command, and most of the wagons containing the regimental property, were left at Calhoun.

In this campaign the Regiment eventually became the advance of an expedition in force under General Gillem to assist General Burbridge in an effort to capture the salt works at Abingdon, Va.

On the 15th the Regiment encamped near the Hiwassee River, and while there rumors reached us that a large force of rebel cavalry had crossed the Tennessee River and were marching on Athens. It transpired that this rumor was false, and the command moved on from day to day until the 19th of September, when we reached Sevierville, and remained there until the 24th, when on that day orders were received by Colonel Palmer from General Thomas to move his command to Bull's Gap and join the force there under General Gillem.

The march was resumed on the 25th, and passing through Dandridge we arrived at Bull's Gap on the 26th. General Gillem's command, consisting of two regiments of Tennessee cavalry, a battalion each of Kentucky and Michigan cavalry, with a force of infantry and artillery, in all about 2500 men, were encamped at that place.

The active work of the campaign began at once. The column moved out on the 27th, the Fifteenth being in the rear during the march of that day and the 28th—the night of the 27th encamped at Greenville and night of 28th at Leesburg.

A few rebel scouts were captured, and the whole force was under arms on the night of the 28th, expecting an attack by the enemy.

On the 29th the Fifteenth was given the advance of the whole command, and Company D, as an advance guard, struck the rebel pickets in the morning and chased them through the town of Jonesboro, capturing some of them. The enemy endeavored to make a stand the other side of the town, but soon broke and disappeared. A considerable force, however, was soon encountered, and a running fight ensued, in which about one-half of our Regiment was engaged, the balance acting as a reserve. The rebels, supposed to be about 200 strong, slowly retreated to the Watauga River, which they crossed at Devault's Ford, having sustained a loss of several men killed and captured. Brisk skirmishing was kept up at the ford for some time, when orders were received from General Gillem to fall back on Jonesboro, which the Regiment did, in a drenching rain, and went into bivouac at 11 P M.

On the 30th the whole force advanced to Carter's Station, at the crossing of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad over the Watauga River, where the enemy, under General Vaughan, was found to be in force, and so posted as to prevent our crossing of the river. After a brisk fight they were driven over the river and an artillery duel followed.

Our Regiment at this time was in the rear, when orders were received from the Commanding General to move to the front at once. The road was cleared for us, and we were greeted as we moved forward with this cheering remark from some of the Tennessee cavalrymen as they made way for us: "Here come the dragoons! they'll give 'em h—l!" The fight continued at the Station, the enemy holding their ground on the opposite side of the river. In the midst of it orders were received for us to move at once again to Devault's Ford, the Sixteenth Kentucky Cavalry at that place having been driven back. In this movement our Regiment was divided, both parts meeting, by different roads, at the ford about midnight, to find that the enemy had retreated.

The fight at Carter's Station was over, the rebels retreating from their position during the night and the next day This was ascertained on October 2d, when Captain Wagner with two of our companies crossed the Watauga and ascertained that they had made a forced march the night before, by way of Bristol, into Virginia. General Gillem was informed of this, but no forward movement was made, although cannonading was heard from the

GROUP OF FIELD AND STAFF

Adjt. J. C. Reiff Q.M. John W. Johnston Com. Chas. S. Hinchman
Maj. A. B. Garner Lt. Col. Chas. M. Betts Gen. W. J. Palmer Maj. Wm. Wagner

direction of Abingdon, indicating the presence at that place of General Burbridge from Kentucky.

About dusk on October 3d, Colonel Palmer with the Regiment crossed the Watauga, to communicate, if possible, with General Burbridge. Marched nearly all night and bivouacked near Blountsville. At daylight on the 4th a small body of rebels was encountered in the town and routed. Rumors reached us here that Burbridge had been defeated at Abingdon.

We then moved to Kingsport, and on October 5th, Colonel Palmer with seventy-five picked men, well mounted, started to communicate with General Burbridge—the balance of the Regiment being under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn.

At daylight the next morning there was brisk firing heard on the Blountsville road. Lieutenant Kirk, in command of the picket guard on that road, had been attacked. "Boots and saddles" was sounded, and we were "standing to horse," waiting for the command "to mount," when news came that the enemy had been driven back on their main force.

We probably did not all realize it at the time, but our position was certainly a perilous one, and the command was moved to the other side of the Holston River, opposite the town. Parker, of Company D, who had been left on duty in the old camp for a few minutes after the Regiment had left, had a narrow escape from capture, and we could see him as he was being chased at a furious gallop by the advance of the Rebel cavalry. Our command was well posted on the south bank of the river, the line extending through an orchard near a house facing the river, and this part of the line was taken up by Company I. The rebels in considerable force soon appeared.

Captain Kramer with a few men was sent to guard a ford a few miles above. He scouted for some distance and returned, reporting that there were 300 rebels at that time in the town.

The fight at Kingsport began about noon and lasted until dark. Many of our boys made narrow escapes in this encounter, but they held their position and kept up the firing with enthusiasm. Wightman, of Company I, was severely wounded by a shot through the wrist.

Soon after Captain Kramer rejoined us the Regiment moved out on the road to Rogersville, and after a few hours' march

bivouacked for the night. We were expecting to be pursued by the enemy, and at daylight on the morning of October 7th the march was resumed, still on the Rogersville road. When about seven miles from the town the advance guard was shot at by guerrillas from a house on the roadside. There was no delay in the march, however, and the command kept on to where the roads forked—one road in the direction of Rogersville and the other to McKinney's Ford, on the north fork of the Holston River.

Captain Wagner with two companies took the road to Rogersville, and the main column pushed on to the ford. Captain Wagner after marching a few miles was compelled to leave the Rogersville road and rejoin the column, being heavily bushwhacked—the country being very favorable for guerrilla operations.

This movement of Wagner's was a fortunate one for the Regiment. When the rebels, under Col. W C. P Breckenridge, reached the forks of the road, the question with them was which force to pursue. If we were to be attacked it must be done before we crossed the Holston. The road to McKinney's Ford was the perpendicular of a triangle, while the road to Rogersville was the hypothenuse. Those who had gone to the ford would probably have crossed before they could be reached, but Wagner, on the longer march, was sure to be caught; so the men with the best horses were sent after the Fifteenth, while the balance of the enemy hastened after Wagner, but failed to see that he had left that road after traveling it for a couple of miles.

As we neared the banks of the Holston, at McKinney's Mills, and were marching along quietly, a furious attack was made on the rear guard under Lieutenant White, the extreme rear under Sergeant Reeseman being severely pressed. Major Betts with his orderly John Sherrick hastened to the assistance of the rear guard, and after a hand-to-hand fight drove them off.

The road for some distance before reaching the ford ran along the base of a steep bluff at least fifty feet high and on the river's bank. The advance had reached the ford, when, as we were moving on, Sherrick, of Company G, orderly to Major Betts, happened to look up, and seeing a number of rebels peering down at us from the edge of the bluff, exclaimed, "Major, there they are now!" Orders were at once given for Companies I and L, dis-

mounted, to ascend the bluff, which they did by a narrow road or pathway which led to a house on the summit. The enemy seeing this movement fell back to the edge of a woods on the other side of a corn field in front of the house. Our boys were soon posted, one at the end of each row of corn, and in a few moments the order of the rebel Commander was distinctly heard: "Forward, charge!" and down they came upon us as fast as their horses could carry them. We held our ground as long as possible. Some of our carbines, for some reason or other, missed fire, but enough execution was done to check the charge before we retreated down the bluff and, with torn clothes and many bruises, regained our horses in the road below. Lieutenant Field with about fifteen men mounted in a few minutes reached the summit, and charged the enemy and then returned to the road. A brisk fire was then opened from the bluff on our column as it kept steadily crossing the ford. All this time the rear guard was engaged, the enemy being repulsed and charged by our boys three or four times. In the charge the rebels made on the bluff, some of them, in their haste, dismounted and slid down, and were taken prisoners by the rear guard. There were a number of the enemy killed and wounded, and two Lieutenants and eight men fell into our hands as prisoners. Part of the command succeeded in crossing the river at the commencement of the engagement, and kept up a brisk fire from the opposite side, thereby rendering valuable assistance to the balance of the column as it crossed over.

The fight at McKinney's Ford was one of the most picturesque and romantic—if these are the proper terms to use—of any engagement in which any portion of the Regiment ever participated.

The conformation of the ground, the nature of the attack, and the repulse after a long pursuit, the fact that our entire command succeeded in crossing the river without the loss of a man—all these make this encounter a most remarkable one, and long to be remembered by those who participated. Our numerical strength was, all told, not more than 225 officers and men.

The command having crossed the river, halted a short time, expecting the enemy to follow. They did not, however, and the march was resumed to Bull's Gap, arriving there at dusk on October 8th.

The Regiment then moved to Russellville, and on the 11th took

up the march for Knoxville, and on the 15th orders were received to report at Chattanooga, which place was reached by easy marches, the Regiment going into camp on the 22d at Camp Lingle, where we were joined by Colonel Palmer, who had left us with seventy-five men at Kingsport on October 5th.

It may be proper to mention that nothing had been heard of Colonel Palmer and the seventy-five men with him—certainly up to our return to Bull's Gap—on October 8th, and there was much anxiety in the command on that account.

There were many letters written by our boys to their parents and friends at home at this time. The following is an extract from one of them, written October 8th: "We have heard nothing from Colonel Palmer since he left us except that during the fight at Kingsport a rebel yelled across the river, 'Where is Colonel Palmer? We have gobbled him and his 75 picked men and we'll soon have you.' We think he is safe, however, and will return to the regiment even if he is compelled to go hundreds of miles out of his way to do so. We are anxious about him, for when he has to leave us we realize our loss, and all agree that no man can command us like he can. Be sure and allow nothing to be made public in respect to his whereabouts that might in any way reach the rebel lines."

The Second East Tennessee Campaign was only one of many in which we participated during our nearly three years' service, but taken altogether it was a splendid illustration of those sterling qualities of the true Union soldier—intelligence, endurance, loyalty and bravery which ever characterized the members of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry

SCOUT TO FIND GENERAL BURBRIDGE.

CAPT. CHAS. E. SCHEIDE, COMPANY K, NEW YORK.

THE ride of Colonel Palmer and his party of seventy-five men through the almost impassable region of southwest Virginia to the west branch of the Big Sandy, in Kentucky, and thence to its mouth at Catlettsburg, a distance of 225 miles, was one of the most extraordinary of the many remarkable but almost unknown feats of the Anderson Cavalry.

Colonel Palmer was accompanied by Capts. Wm. F Colton, Frank Remont and Lieutenants Blight and Ed. C. Smith.

Serg. Geo. W Spencer, Company D, acted as Sergeant Major of the detachment, and First Serg. John K. Marshall was the orderly It was unusual for our First Sergeants to accompany expeditions of this character, as their duties were with their companies; but the hazardous nature of the trip so appealed to Marshall that when his first application to Major Betts was refused, for the above reason, he asked to be reduced to the ranks and then detailed as one of the party, and the chivalric request so touched the Major that he gave his consent, and Marshall got permission to go.

Starting about noon, on the 5th of October, from the camp of the Regiment at the foot of Clinch Mountain, near Kingsport, Tenn., the men, who had an inkling of their hazardous journey from the fact that the Colonel himself accompanied them, shouted a good-by to their Comrades, declaring they were "bound for Richmond," *i. e.*, Libby Prison.

We moved out on the road to Lebanon, Va., in an easterly direction and north of Clinch Mountain. During the afternoon several small parties of rebels were chased by the advance guard, under command of Serg. A. P Lyon, and one of the enemy was killed and another wounded. As the natives were taken entirely by surprise, a number of good horses were captured, there being no time to conceal them. The party went into camp at nightfall, having marched twenty-five miles, carefully barricading

the roads front and rear, to prevent surprise. During the night negroes came in, giving the Colonel intelligence of the proximity of the rebel cavalry on all sides, and from them he obtained a tolerable idea of the country around, which enabled him to proceed intelligibly At daybreak Sergeant Becker, of Company E, with twenty-five men, who were started fifteen minutes before the rest, drove in the rebel pickets about three miles ahead, fell back one mile and joined the column on the road, when they all turned off to the left, and taking across the fields for some distance, entered the Moccasin Valley, which was followed for about ten miles.

Up to this time the Colonel had been without guides, other than negroes—farm hands—whose limited knowledge of the country rendered their services of but little value; and it being absolutely necessary for his safety, he impressed a citizen named Henderson, who, thinking we were rebels, was trying to escape from his farm. He proved an excellent guide, as he was a loyal Union man and thoroughly acquainted with the country Henderson accompanied us across Osborn Gap, to the western foot of the Cumberland Mountains in Kentucky, when, despite the urgent remonstrance of Colonel Palmer, who feared his capture, he concluded to return home. The Colonel gave him a horse and some coffee for his wife and bade him good by No more was heard of him until Colonel Prentice came into our camp, in April, 1865, at Lincolnton, N. C., under a flag of truce, bearing word from General Sherman that he had made an armistice with Joe Johnston. At luncheon Colonel Prentice informed Colonel Palmer that he had all the roads and trails completely blockaded and ambuscaded that led from our Stone Mountain Camp on the Burbridge expedition; that it would have been impossible for any of us to escape, but for the obscure Crane's Nest trail we took and that there was but one man (Henderson) who could have guided us by that. He added that they captured him in Kentucky shortly after he had left us, and that he was shot while endeavoring to make his escape.

The march was then resumed with vigor, and at noon we reached Robinson's post-office, where a mail was captured and firearms taken from the postmaster. After a short halt here we moved on, taking the Stone Mountain road in the direction of Guests Station. When within a short distance of that place it was

ascertained that a small number of Prentice's Brigade of rebel guerrilla cavalry—this Prentice was a son of the editor of the *Louisville Journal*—were at the Station with three wagonloads of provisions, which our boys were much in need of. Dividing into three squads we made a descent upon the place by different routes, finding no wagons and but few soldiers. One of the enemy was killed, one wounded—Captain Jones—and one captured. A fine horse was also captured here.

Guests Station was a hamlet of three or four houses and a smithy, and seemed to be a considerable coal depot. The command went into camp on an eminence near the station, having marched circuitously during the day thirty-three miles, through a rough country, abounding in beautiful and romantic scenery. The men fed on mutton, being entirely out of rations.

Our pickets were shot at nearly all the night, but in spite of the fact that we were in the midst of a large number of guerrillas, all but our sentinels slept soundly and at daylight were again in the saddle, fresh for a start. By this time Colonel Palmer had become thoroughly acquainted with the extent of the disaster that had overtaken Burbridge's command while in this State, and knowing that Burbridge had certainly retreated into Kentucky, the Colonel determined to leave also, and "not stand upon the order of his going." At daylight on the 7th of October we moved out on the Gladesville road and resumed our perilous journey, a perfect shower of rebel bullets from all the surrounding hills accompanying us.

This move on the Gladesville road was a feint, as Colonel Palmer had no intention to go by that way, knowing he would be ambuscaded. After a short distance, we left a small force to conceal our real movement, and suddenly turning to the right, passed over a small stream and entered a dense forest, called the "Crane's Nest." A miserable narrow road or trace lay through this thicket, which was used by the rebels as a mail route during the war. After some miles of this "trace" and coming out into a back road, which we followed, parallel to the Gladesville road, the advance captured one of Prentice's men, with his lady love, who were jogging along together, on the same horse, enjoying each other's company. This interruption by their Northern cousins was a great surprise. The soldier lover accepted the invitation to accompany

the column, and left his dulcinea, who was given the option to go with us or not, by the roadside. As we moved on, she called after us, unemotionally, "Take good care of him, he is a nice fellow." The mail road was pursued until afternoon, when a halt was made to kill beef and roast some potatoes at a small cabin and clearing at the eastern foot of the Cumberland Mountains. Colonel Prentice later told Colonel Palmer that he had come up to this cabin with his force just after we had started on, and after following us a while up the Cumberland Mountains, it became so dark that they gave up the pursuit.

After "dining" we pushed on to Osborn's Gap, in the Cumberland Mountains, but ascertaining that it was thoroughly blockaded, a citizen guide, by the name of Haines, was found, who took us to the mountain-top by a dangerous trail. As it was very dark it was not noticed and no accident occurred. As the command was obliged to ascend the mountain in single file, one of the prisoners, the lover, took advantage of the circumstance and the darkness to slip off his horse and escape down the steep mountain. The noise he made was thought to be that of a displaced rock. The horse was tied to a sapling and in the pitch darkness a third of the command, unaware that there was no rider, were halted also, blocking the road and a large number of the party were lost for several hours. The head of the column arrived on the summit about eleven P.M. and went into camp, when it was discovered that the rear was lost. They had to be sent back for and it was nearly dawn before they arrived at our bivouac. The temperature was at the freezing point and the wind was blowing a hurricane, while the men were clad in thin blouses of their summer uniform. The distance marched this day was thirty-two miles. The rebels did not annoy the column long after starting, or follow it very far. The advent of the Andersons among them was undoubtedly a complete surprise, and the enemy were so widely scattered that no considerable number could be collected to offer battle, and thus this gallant party, by the maintenance of the best discipline and rapid marching, went through the ordeal unscathed.

We were now comparatively out of harm's way. After a poor attempt at attaining personal comfort during the night, early on the morning of the 8th commenced the descent of the mountains into the valleys of Kentucky, a distance of three miles.

The inhabitants found at the foot, on either side of the mountains, were the most profoundly ignorant and squalidly poor that had yet been met in the South. Indeed, it was a matter of great surprise to the command to find such a low grade of white human nature in the limits of the United States. All the hovels passed were visited by some one of the officers to obtain information—never, however, to find a man about. They were all out in the woods either with Colonel Prentice's command or hiding to escape rebel impressment, or, as more usually, to bushwhack us. While "dining" at the cabin above mentioned, one of our officers asked a comely lass, who waited on them, where her father was? "Gone a-sanging," she replied. "Where are your brothers?" "Gone a-sanging." "What do you mean by 'gone a-sanging'?" asked another officer. "Oh, gone after sang' This caused a profound silence, which only Captain Colton had the temerity at last to break. "What is sang?" inquired the Captain. "Dollar a pound," said the girl in the same nonchalant voice. It appeared that the principal occupation of these people was the gathering of ginseng, which grew in abundance on the mountain-side.

One of General Burbridge's officers on the Salt Works Expedition told Colonel Palmer that their experience was similar. They never found a man at home, but met the crack of a bushwhacker's rifle at nearly every turn in the wooded road. He reined up at a cabin and asked a small boy where his father was? The boy hesitated for a while and then said, "I'll go ask mammy," and went inside, closing the door. After a few moments he came out and replied briskly, "He's been dead two years."

The route on the 8th lay through a pleasant valley, watered by the western tributaries of the Big Sandy River. After marching thirty miles we encamped at Frazier's distillery The neighborhood teemed with these manufactories of spirituous liquors—a dangerous place in which to encamp soldiers, fatigued with a long and perilous march—they had marched 120 miles in three and a half days, among and over mountains all the way—but greatly to their credit, not a man became intoxicated.

At Frazier's it was ascertained that the rear of General Burbridge's command was at Prestonburg, twenty miles distant, and a party of rebels were reported at the mouth of Mud Creek, some five miles away. Colonel Palmer, learning that it was the inten-

tion of the Union forces to leave Prestonburg at sunrise next morning, sent forward a courier to advise the commanding officer of his approach, and also sent a scouting party to look after the rebels at Mud Creek. The latter party returned at midnight, finding no enemy

On the 9th of October the command marched leisurely to Prestonburg, Ky., a distance of twenty miles, which was reached shortly after three o clock, and Colonel Palmer reported to General Hobson, in command, who had waited a day for him. The troops at this place had just returned from the attempt at Abingdon, Va., and were most thoroughly demoralized. When they started on the expedition into southwest Virginia they were splendidly equipped with all the latest adopted improvements in arms and accouterments. Now they were entirely stripped, in some instances even of necessary clothing, everything cumbering them having been thrown away in their disgraceful rout, and they seemed to be also without organization.

This union of the detachment with the forces they had started from Kingsport to reach, ended our mission, and Colonel Palmer directed his attention to rejoining the Regiment as speedily as possible. The only practicable route was by way of Catlettsburg, Ky., to Cincinnati and Louisville. This was followed, and on the night of the 12th the detachment reached Catlettsburg, at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, a distance of eighty-two miles from Prestonburg. On the morning of the 13th we embarked on the steamer "Telegraph" for Cincinnati, which place was reached on the morning of the 14th. On debarking we immediately became a source of great attraction, as we were the first body of cavalry that had ever entered that city direct from the seat of war On the night of the 15th of October we left Cincinnati on the steamer "Dumont," and arriving in Louisville, at noon of the 6th, marched to the Government stables and housed our animals. Colonel Palmer afterward made arrangements with the Quartermaster Department to draw a number of fresh horses for the almost dismounted Regiment in Tennessee.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BURBRIDGE TRIP

LIEUT. SELDEN L. WILSON, COMPANY I, WASHINGTON, PA.

THE following are a few incidents of a hard march that seventy-five of us, under Colonel Palmer, made in the fall of 1864, to find General Burbridge. We started from Kingsport, East Tennessee, near the boundary line of Virginia, and marched north through part of that State and Kentucky, and never stopped until we reached the Ohio River, having plenty of excitement on the road.

The morning we started I had been on picket all night, but when relieved was ordered to report for scout duty Fortunately, while on picket the night before, eight or ten fine specimens of poultry wandered into our post, and after being deprived of their plumage, etc., they landed in a large cast-iron kettle, and before daylight were cooked and divided among those on picket. I think my share was two, and they made several splendid lunches.

We started, and it was not long before we came up with some rebels, who showed a disposition to contest our right to proceed, but, with an advance guard in charge of "Pat" Lyon, they did not even check us. They made a stand several times, but always and with the same result except at one time, when Lyon was demanding the surrender of one of them, riding side and side. The rebel had fired several shots at Lyon, and for his own personal safety, after making repeated demands to "surrender," he shot the rebel in the temple, killing him instantly. When the column came up there were quite a number of women and children gathered around the body, who thought it was terrible we had no time to bury him, but the Colonel told the citizens to do it themselves. We were the first Yankees who had been in that country For two or three days, while we were driving some rebels in front of us, there were always some annoying us in the rear, and we would go into camp with rebels in sight, both in front and in the rear of us.

One night I had charge of the advance picket post. Captain Remont directed me where to locate the post and vedette. We were in a forest of tall trees, so dark that one could scarcely see the sky W K. Long was the first man on duty, and he was placed a few rods in advance of a small bridge. After posting him I returned to the reserve, and had been there but a short time when I heard two shots, and at once mounted my horse, rode out and called, "Halloo, Long!" when he replied, "He didn't get me." "Did you get him?" I asked. "Don't know, but I shot in the direction where I saw the flash of his gun." We made a search, but did not find anyone. I then placed Long back of the bridge and took up some planks, and then went to camp to report to the Colonel, and found him sound asleep. After waking him I told him what had happened, and his reply was, "Sergeant, you take care of them until morning, and I will look after them then." Next morning we ate what we called a breakfast—fried mutton and the crumbs out of the bottom of our haversacks—with the rebels firing at us from the hilltop, but too far away to do any harm except annoy our horses.

One day I was ordered by the Colonel to take the men, cross the river (I don't remember the name), go to an apple-jack distillery and get what information I could about Colonel Prentice's regiment of rebel cavalry. We crossed the river at a very rough, rocky ford, and were soon at the distillery, which was a regular moonshine establishment, without any building, set up in the orchard where they were getting the apples to distill. There were a number of citizens there, and some had guns. I approached two who were sitting on the fence, and asked them if there had been any soldiers there lately One of them replied: "Yes; four of Colonel Prentice's men just left here." "How far is it up to Colonel Prentice's camp?" "Oh, just a little way up the branch." "Have there been any Yankees in this section?" "Never saw a Yank near here; they know better than to come in here." Having secured all the information desired, and not wishing to have any trouble with Colonel Prentice, when turning to leave them I said, "How do you like the looks of the Yankees?" when they almost fell off the fence. We recrossed the river caught up with the column and reported to Colonel Palmer, when he remarked, "If Colonel Prentice will let us alone, we will him, but if he follows

us we will make it warm for him." He did not follow, and I was glad of it.

The next night we were traveling on a mountain, from which we could see the camp fires of Colonel Prentice in the valley below We had a number of prisoners, some mounted on mules, and the pass or trail we were following was only wide enough to allow us to go single file. I was in rear with the guard when the column halted. After a while I thought I heard sabers rattling in front, but those immediately in front of me did not move. After calling to them several times to go ahead, without any move being made, I crowded my way past twelve or fifteen men and animals, when I found a mule, without a rider, tied to a small sapling. A prisoner had dismounted, tied the mule and skipped out. We were not long catching up with the column.

I will never forget when we got off that mountain, two days later, and came to a road wide enough to accommodate a sled. We had been marching on trails for three days. An old cow among the laurel bushes greeted us with her bell, and it made the sweetest music I ever heard. I think that evening we arrived at Prestonburg, Ky., on the Big Sandy River, where we found General Burbridge's command in not very good shape, after the whipping the rebels gave them. Next day we marched to Catlettsburg, at the mouth of the Big Sandy, on the Ohio River. There was some clothing issued there, but no pants long enough for me, and I had to wear my rubber overalls to cover the holes in mine.

Here we got aboard the steamboat "Telegraph." The first stop was at Ironton, Ohio, to take on a cargo of stoves. We then had with us about twenty as fine-looking colored men as could be found. They had joined us as we came along, most of them bringing a horse from the plow, or whatever they happened to be working. We understood the boat would lay there for several hours, and, being in Ohio, there were no restrictions placed on us. We had not been there long when it was discovered that the enlisting officers were enlisting the colored men who came with us, and putting them in as substitutes, giving them a small amount of greenbacks, and no doubt receiving quite a snug sum for each one. When the Colonel learned what was going on, everyone was hustled on board and a guard kept the enlisting officers away

We arrived at Cincinnati in the evening. As we were march-

ing up the wharf from the boat we passed in front of a large stone building, where there were a number of women making Government clothing. Some of them tempted us by shaking coats and pants at us, and I assure you many of us needed them badly.

We remained in Cincinnati two or three days, drawing clothing and getting horses shod, when we embarked on a steamboat for Louisville. It was loaded with sutler stores, and I know there was quite an amount short when they were unloaded. We marched from Louisville to Nashville, and at Bowling Green held an election in a corncrib. It never rained harder than just then. There were sixty-two votes polled, fifty-seven of which were for Lincoln. There was nothing of any importance the rest of the trip. We soon joined the balance of the Regiment in camp at Wauhatchie Station, west of Lookout Mountain.

THE REAR GUARD AT McKINNEY'S FORD

LIEUT. D. C. WHITE, COMPANY F. MARYVILLE, MO.

DURING September of 1864 our Regiment, under the command of Col. William J Palmer, was in East Tennessee watching the enemy, and harassing them in every way possible. The command was engaged in a number of pitched battles of more or less importance.

About the 1st of October, 1864, the Regiment found itself in the vicinity of Kingsport, on the Holston River The rebel General Vaughan was operating through that part of the country with a large body of men, and we were there to watch his operations, hold him in check and do him all the damage possible. About this time Colonel Palmer with a body of about seventy-five picked men was ordered to go through to General Burbridge, who had been operating in east Kentucky and on toward the salt works in Virginia, with dispatches apprising him of the movements of the rebel General Prentice, who with a large force was also operating in that country This left the balance of the Regiment, about 300 strong, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Charles B. Lamborn, with instructions to watch the enemy under Vaughan, but not to allow himself to be cut off or drawn into a general fight, as the enemy was in much larger force than we were.

During the summer and fall this part of the country had been so raided over by the cavalry of both armies that forage and subsistence of all kinds was getting scarce, and the Regiment found itself without anything to eat or any forage for their horses. Colonel Lamborn, therefore, sent scouting parties through the country, with instructions to gather up all the flour and feed they could find. They succeeded in finding quite a lot of flour, and it was taken into Kingsport, and the women of the town were put to work baking it into bread.

I remember I had charge of the bread-baking department, and that I had some trouble inducing some of the women to bake

bread for the "Yankees." It was about midnight when the work was finished and the bread brought into camp. I think this bread must have resembled that baked by the children of Israel when they were about to leave Egypt. However, it supplied a long-felt want, and was distributed to the Regiment as a regular ration that night. About daylight in the morning, or perhaps a little before, there were indications that General Vaughan was advancing, for our pickets were attacked on several roads about the same time.

The Regiment was soon in the saddle and ready to resist any advance that might be made. We held our position until toward noon, when we crossed the river to the south side and guarded the fords for several miles along the river. There was a smart engagement at Widow Phipps' plantation, and we had one man wounded. Colonel Lamborn maneuvered the Regiment in such a way as to make the enemy think we intended holding our position indefinitely, but about dark the Regiment quietly commenced falling back in the direction of Bull's Gap, intending to ford the river at McKinney's Mill. I had been put on as officer of the day that morning, so when the command commenced falling back I was naturally left in command of the rear guard of sixteen men. The Regiment made good time until about midnight, when it went into camp, which came near being a fatal mistake. The rear guard now became the outer pickets.

Toward morning we could faintly hear the movements of the enemy, and knew they were advancing on us. I sent a man in to notify the Lieutenant Colonel of what we heard, and he immediately had the command aroused, without any bugle call or other noise, and at once started "advancing backward," my sixteen men taking their position as rear guard, keeping about a half mile in rear of the Regiment. About 8 o'clock the rebels made a dash at us. We immediately turned and stood them off as best we could, giving them to understand that they couldn't run over us roughshod without saying as much as "by your leave." After checking them we again started back, keeping a sharp lookout to the rear, but we had not gone far when they came upon us again. We, of course, turned and engaged them and had no difficulty in checking them, but the trouble was they would not let us get away from them, for as soon as we started back they would

come for us full tilt, and every time they came for us we noticed they had increased in number.

Meanwhile the Regiment kept on its way toward McKinney's Ford, where it intended crossing the river; but the rear guard had been so much delayed, in turning and standing the enemy off, that the Regiment was more than a mile ahead of us. I now sent a man ahead to report to the Lieutenant Colonel and tell him how hard we were pressed, and asked that he send back a Company to our relief. But he thought, and subsequent events proved that he was right, that the best way to relieve us would be for the Regiment to cross the river as soon as possible, and then form and drive the enemy back from the bluff, so that the rear guard could cross; consequently no relief was sent. We were now moving parallel with the river, and about a quarter of a mile from it, where the road ran along at the foot of a very steep bluff on our right, nearly or quite 100 feet high.

Between us and the river, on our left, was a field of very tall standing corn. About this time we discovered that some of the enemy had gone around on the bluff and were getting ahead of us, for we could hear them firing at a part of the Regiment which was now crossing the river at McKinney's Mills. We also thought that we saw indications that they were getting in the corn field between us and the river, and were trying to cut us off in that direction.

I directed Serg. David Reeseman, who was one of the guard, to take two or three men and go into the corn field and see what was going on there. He decided to go alone, saying that I had no men to spare. So Reeseman, who was as brave a man and as good a soldier as there was in the Regiment, went into the corn field alone, but had not gone far when he ran into a squad of about half a dozen rebels. He didn't stand on the "order of his going, but went at once" across the corn field, between two rows of corn, and the rebels after him. He soon saw that they would surround and capture him if he didn't fool them in some way, so he jumped from his horse while it was under full headway and where the corn was so tall that the rebels couldn't see him, and cut across toward the river, and succeeded in hiding in the thick underbrush on the bank of the stream. Reeseman's front teeth were false, and when he jumped from his horse they fell out of his mouth, but he

didn t wait to hunt for them, and I presume they are in that corn field yet.

Meanwhile the rebels were pressing the rear guard so hard that we had no chance to fall back. They also commenced firing on us from the bluff, and it began to look as though we would have to cut our way out or be captured. About this time Maj. Charles M. Betts, accompanied by his orderly J. L. B. Sherrick, came back to see what we were doing and how we were getting along, and as he was coming the rebels from the bluff fired on him. He saw that some of them had dismounted and were crawling down the bluff to get between us and the Regiment, and told us that we were being surrounded and would have to cut through, but ordered us to first charge the force that was then forming on our rear, drive them back and then turn and cut our way out.

Major Betts then started back to the command, and had gone but a little way when he saw the rebels had worked their way down the bluff to the road, and that he with the rest of us were cut off. He returned to us just as we had finished the charge on the rebels in the rear.

It didn't take us long to decide what to do and put it in execution. We charged down the road in the direction of the Regiment, this time, and as we came around a bend we ran upon a rebel Lieutenant and nine men who were between us and the command, and took them prisoners. We didn't fool with them long, but made them mount our horses behind us and carried them along. Meantime two companies of the Regiment had safely crossed the river, formed line and drove the enemy back from the bluff, so that they could not see to fire on us. The ford at McKinney's Mill was so exposed, however, that the guard could not cross there, but had to go about a half mile farther down the river and cross, which we did successfully, carrying our prisoners mounted behind on our horses, which protected us from the fire of the enemy, as they could not shoot us without hitting their own men.

After we all got safely over we took up position a little way back from the river, and engaged the enemy in long-range fire and kept them from crossing, which, by the way, they did not show much disposition to do. When we went into camp that night, Colonel Lamborn complimented the rear guard on the resistance they had made, and gave me the sword and

revolver of the rebel Lieutenant we had captured. The sword I have yet, and would not part with it for any money, unless I should come across the Lieutenant from whom we captured it. I might give it to him, for he was a brave young officer.

We were all feeling very bad over the loss of Sergeant Reeseman, as we supposed he had been either killed or captured, for there was no braver man in the Regiment. But what was our surprise the next morning, shortly after breaking camp and starting on our way to Bull's Gap, to find the Sergeant sitting quietly by the roadside awaiting us, while "gumming" one of the hard biscuits we had baked at Kingsport, and as good as ever with the exception of the loss of his front teeth and horse. It appeared that Reeseman hid in the thick undergrowth by the river, where he lay quietly all day. The rebels frequently came within a few steps of him to get water to cook with and to water their horses, but, fortunately, not seeing him. He heard them talking very plainly, and from their conversation gathered that the rear guard had done them considerable damage in its resistance to their advance. Toward night they all went back to the bluff and into camp. About night a negro came floating down the river in a canoe, and when opposite to him, Reeseman hailed him and made him set him across the river. He went about a mile south, and stayed all night with a negro family and next morning joined the Regiment, much to the satisfaction of all his comrades.

The Regiment went on to Bull's Gap, from there to Knoxville and on to Chattanooga, and finally to Wauhatchie, where it got ready to take part in the spring campaign which put a close to the rebellion.

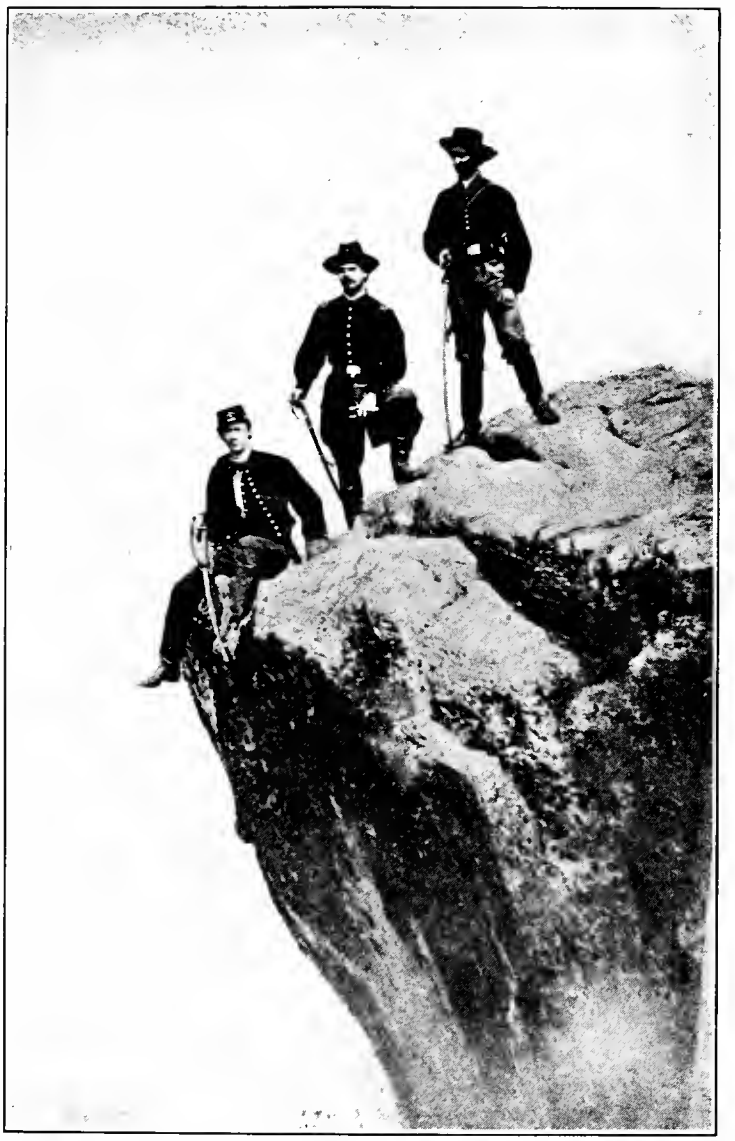
This article is written entirely from memory, over forty years after the incidents recorded took place, and I may have made some mistakes, but believe it is substantially correct. I take no credit to myself for the work of the rear guard, for any officer of the Regiment, with the same sixteen men I had with me, would have done equally as well or perhaps better.

A TRIP TO SAND MOUNTAIN, GA.

ENOCH W. MARPLE, COMPANY E, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

ON Friday afternoon, November 25, 1864, a detail of twenty men from the different companies was made and placed under the command of Lieutenant Beck, of Company D, and Sergeant McNair, of Company E, with instructions to go to Sand Mountain, Ga., and pick up any stragglers from the rebel army we could find, it being understood that some rebel officers were there on furlough.

We started with two guides early next morning, and went over a mountain, six miles from camp. We charged up to every house, but got no one, and camped that night at Maxwell's, on Island Creek. At daylight next morning (Sunday), a beautiful day, we left for Carpenter's Ferry. From there we went up on Sand Mountain, having a fine, uneventful ride until we were upon the mountain. As we were passing along near the summit, on looking down into a shallow valley we saw a horse saddled, standing in front of a house, with the reins thrown over a post. It is unnecessary to say we at once "went for him." We had hardly started when a man in citizen's clothes came out of the house on a run, grabbed the reins, mounted without throwing them over the head of the horse, and got a good start right up the mountain through the woods. I believe we all emptied our revolvers at him, but, with dodging limbs and jumping over logs, we all missed. He was, however, headed off by a couple of the boys who had started for the house down through the woods, instead of by the road, one of whom at once changed horses with him. The prisoner turned out to be a man about fifty years of age, large and strong enough to have made a good fight had he but half a chance. He had raised his fist to strike one of the boys who stopped him, but thought better of it. Had he known that neither of them had a single shot, either in carbine or revolver, he would probably have escaped.



SUMMIT OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Lieut. Chas. S Hinchman Capt. Wm. F. Colton M. B. Colton

We then went on our way, shortly afterward meeting a citizen, who said he was going to church, and as he seemed to be an innocent sort of person, we made the serious mistake of letting him go. This we found out about fifteen minutes afterward, when the aforesaid innocent citizen brought about sixty of Weatherspoon's guerrillas on our rear. Our prisoner at once turned and escaped to the rebels, those having charge of him being too much interested in the attack in the rear to notice it. We had quite a little skirmish, but the guerrillas left in a hurry, and the guides suggesting that we had better make a certain point in the road, as the enemy would probably be able to cut off our retreat if they got there first, we "lit out" lively, and got there about a minute ahead of them.

We had at this point quite a little fight, one of our men—West Schaures, Company L, a recruit—being badly wounded in the leg. We retreated again, this time right over the top of the mountain, where there was no sign of any road, to the other side, striking a road down the mountain. We left our wounded comrade in a house near the summit, as he could not travel any farther, being weak from loss of blood. We went down the mountain and camped about two miles from Trenton, about midnight. The next morning we returned to Wauhatchie, arriving about 1 o'clock, pretty tired.

A force, under Serg. John B. Kreider, was at once sent out to bring back the wounded man and round up the rebels, but they returned without seeing any of them. Our wounded comrade was sent to the hospital on Lookout Mountain.

Everyone in our party had about given up all idea of ever getting down that mountain, as we certainly were in a bad fix. While we were in the last fight my carbine barrel was hit by a bullet while I was resting the stock on my thigh, awaiting a chance for a shot. Some pieces of the lead were scattered all over my face and neck, and one of the boys picked them out the next morning. I have always felt that I had a very close call, as the bullet might have come my way had the barrel of the carbine been held a trifle more to one side. This scout was probably of very little importance, but as we had one man wounded and were certainly thoroughly licked, it may be interesting.

THE VOTE OF THE REGIMENT IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

CORP. SMITH D. COZENS, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

ON November 7, 1864, I was appointed one of three supervisors to conduct the election in our Regiment on the following day. Abraham Lincoln was the nominee of the Republican party and Gen. Geo. B. McClellan was on the Democratic ticket. The chief plank of the Democrats was that "the war was a failure." The other two supervisors were Lieut. Chas. H. Kirk and Jos. Bontemps, and we all rode into Chattanooga to get poll books and everything else necessary for the election. The Commissioner who supplied our needs was our own townsman, Wm. V. McGrath, who was the representative of the Democratic party.

I am not quite certain whether either Lieutenant Kirk or I had any right to accept such a position, as neither of us was twenty-one years old, but no objections were raised, and we went ahead. This day we received eighty recruits, and the strong Republicans in the Regiment said that the majority of the Democratic votes were cast by them. Our Regiment had been recruited from all over the State, so that many counties were represented. The voting took place in the First Sergeant's tent, a certain number of counties being assigned to each.

The result, by counties, was as follows:

	Republican.	Democrat.
Adams	27	1
Allegheny	30	10
Bucks	7	2
Beaver	2	..
Butler	4	..
Center	5	1
Carbon	2	..
Cumberland	1	..
Chester	3	1
Armstrong	2	1

	Republican.	Democrat.
Delaware	10	..
Dauphin	7	2
Erie	1	..
Fayette	8	1
Franklin	7	..
Greene	23	2
Huntingdon	1	..
Jefferson	..	2
Luzerne	4	..
Lycoming	2	..
Lancaster	4	1
Montgomery	14	5
Philadelphia	89	8
Perry	1	..
Schuylkill	6	3
Somerset	1	..
Venango	1	..
Washington	4	..
York	2	..
Westmoreland	33	13
	301	53

248 majority for "Old Abe."

This does not indicate the full strength of the Regiment at this time, as the seventy-five men whom Colonel Palmer took with him through Kentucky had not joined us, and Companies H and K were still doing escort duty at headquarters, and did not join us till a little later.

SOJOURN IN DIXIE.

JOSEPH PONTIUS, COMPANY M, ROXBOROUGH, PHILADELPHIA.

IT was the day before Christmas, in 1863, that our Regiment joined the commands of Generals Sturgis and Elliott, about four miles from Dandridge. We were tired and hungry, and were eating what little we had in our haversacks, when a rebel scout was brought in. He said there were only 300 rebels on the road. Our Colonel asked for the privilege of ascertaining the truth of the scout's statement, and it was granted. Our horses were in no condition for a running match with the rebels, so about seventy of as good mounts as could be selected were ordered to get ready for the fray.

Our Colonel led us through the woods to a worm fence skirting it. We got through to the middle of the field, and found the rebels on the road as thick as bees. They were the left flank of General Martin's Divison.

We marched to the middle of the field, and formed in line of battle for a charge. Immediately we discovered we had bitten off more than we could masticate. Seeing the Colonel turn and make a bee line for a hole in the fence spoke louder than words. We got into considerable of a muddle, all trying to get to the hole at the same time.

The bullets flew thick and fast and the rebels were very close to us. There was no other way out of the field but by that particular hole in the five-rail fence. It was too high for a jump, and we were too hotly pressed to make another opening.

There were about ten of the seventy captured in the field, and only one wounded. The latter was exchanged that day. Among the captured was Capt. W Airey, who after suffering fourteen months in Libby Prison, returned home and died from the horrible diseases contracted in that den.

Before I got to the hole in the fence I was gathered in by a big rebel Colonel. We were taken to the rear and put in charge of a

guard, and then we were searched for money Anything that took their fancy was taken away from us. I had forty dollars, but persuaded them to let me keep ten dollars of it, which they very reluctantly did. Knowing full well that this would not be the last search, when I got an opportunity I placed that ten-dollar bill between my skin and shirt, and there it lay until I reached Belle Isle, where I invested it in five pounds of rice and a five-pound bale of Lynchburg smoking tobacco.

We were soon put in charge of another guard a little farther on the road; here we were relieved of our overcoats, and then we took up our march to a log cabin, where we stopped for the night.

In the morning of Christmas day, 1863, we were marched to Morristown. There was no good cheer; everything looked, and was, cold and dreary I don t think any of us knew it was Christmas.

We were handed over to the Provost Guard, who kindly ushered us into our sleeping apartments for the night, in a two-story storage house. In our party was a Tennessee guide who had been captured while scouting the day of our little charge at Dandridge, and had just joined us at this place. He had been with Colonel Palmer all through this campaign up to the 24th of December, and was well acquainted with that part of the country, particularly Morristown.

We were no sooner in the building than he was coolly planning to escape. He had an uncle living within sight of our temporary prison, whose house he pointed out to us. He asked the rebel Captain if he would allow him to visit his uncle the following day, and the Captain gave his permission pleasantly and generously.

At dark we all lay down to rest. We still retained our blankets. We rested pretty well until about daybreak, when we heard considerable commotion downstairs among the guards. The Captain came up and ordered us all in line, to be counted. When he counted two or three times over he was satisfied that four noble Yanks were missing. He was very angry, of course, but he could not get it into his thick head how the Yanks got out of that storeroom, unless the guard had been bribed. By this time the brave guide and his companions were well on their way to the Union lines, which I learned, after my release, they reached in safety.

Their escape bothered the Captain so much that he concluded the house was not a safe place to keep Yankee prisoners in, so we were marched to the outskirts of Morristown and driven into a miserable, low log hut—a "charcoal pen." The hovel was, as near as I can remember, about twelve by eighteen feet, and so full of ventilators that we received the full benefit of all the snows and rains and wind.

We were in this hole from the 26th of December until January 26th, suffering from the cold and lack of food, and being choked and blackened with the smoke. Fortunately there was no sickness among us, for we were all young and hearty. We were taken out one day and started for Bristol. This we reached, fagged out and hungry, without any accidents and not a great deal of excitement. There was a train in waiting, with other prisoners. Some time after our arrival it moved off. The only provender available in this remote spot of the United States was the golden grains of corn, served to us on the cob. It did not worry us much, this being fed like hogs. We could put up with it a little while longer. We had our heads swelled with the idea that we were going to be exchanged. The guards always answered our questions that way. They kept us together by these false reports.

One cold and dreary night, in the month of February, 1864, we rolled into the city of Richmond—hungry, cold, dejected—wondering what would happen next. We were marched through the streets of the city and stopped before Scott's tobacco warehouse. We entered one of the press rooms, and to our disgust found the walls covered with a thick, filthy substance, the remains of the tobacco process which had before been carried on there. Some of my fellow-prisoners eagerly stripped it from the walls and floor with their penknives, so great was their craving for it. Seeing the comrades hastening to a place where soup was being distributed, I fell in line, but on my return I discovered to my great discomfort that my blanket had been stolen. Often afterward I felt the need of this friend. Having stayed here long enough to feel the effects of the damp, cold dungeon, we marched out with the hope that we were about to be exchanged, but this was only a hoax on the part of the guards.

Toward evening we arrived at Belle Island. The temperature was so very low that the rapid James River was frozen

over in one night. Here I first felt the loss of the blanket. I was poorly clad, no other comrades could share their comforts with me, and I had to keep moving in order to avoid freezing. I managed to get a few pieces of green wood, out of which it was hard to make a fire. After making a blaze I put my cold feet into it, and did not know they were frozen until I smelt my boots burning. No care was taken of them during our stay on the island. Toward the end of the month we were again ordered into Richmond, with the same idea of exchange. This time we were quartered in the Pemberton warehouse, but only for a few days.

Our next trip was to an unknown destination, which was later discovered to be Andersonville, in Georgia. On the 7th of March we were let into this pen, like a herd of cattle—ragged, half-starved and our hope of exchange crushed. There was no shelter of any kind. It was only a vast expanse, with very few pieces of wood except that which could be had by digging in the ground. Later a comrade and myself received permission to procure material for a covering. This material consisted of pine cones and saplings, of which we built a rough protection from the rain and sun. The saplings were planted in the ground, and their branches, interwoven and covered with cones, formed the roof. There were not enough cones, so a semicircular opening was left in the back of the hut. From this we could watch the proceedings of the gang of thieves in our rear. Beds were formed of leaves and cones, and we could not stretch out when we lay thereon, as the house was not large enough. One of my frozen toes now began to cause me much anxiety, but as we had no drugs I could do nothing for it. The toe continued to get worse, and as I had to perform the duty of going to the brook for water, I stumped and irritated it several times. It became so troublesome that shortly afterward I applied for admission to the hospital, but before gaining it was carried to the gates several times and left there, suffering from terrific pain and the heat of the sun, no one noticing me.

Finally, one day in June, I was admitted, but found that the only difference between the stockade and hospital was the shelter and better diet. I made my bed on the ground in a tent until a vacancy occurred through death, when I was transferred to a tent with bunks. The doctors and attendants were seldom seen, and if you were not capable of administering to your own wants you

were in sad straits. There was little medicine, no lint, and I had great difficulty in keeping gangrene and vermin from my toe. This member continued to get worse all the time.

The latter part of July a squad of surgeons came marching along the avenue, intent on butchering some of us poor fellows, and stopped in front of my tent. Without any previous warning I was selected as a victim, the block was laid and chloroform was administered to me. This was forced upon me, and through my exertions to evade it I became completely exhausted and was seemingly dead for fifteen minutes. When I began to recover they resumed their work of stitching up my toe. This operation was felt very keenly, as I was hardly able to bear it. After I had revived, an attendant came down to the operating table with a tag, on which was my name and number. He exclaimed: "We thought you were gone, sure. This tag was to be placed on your body and you were to be laid out, as is usual, on the sidewalk, for removal to the cemetery."

As time wore on my wound improved. There were various rumors of exchange. I was creeping about on a cane, and was eager to get away the first chance that offered. One day an order came that every man who could stand the trip was to march to the station. I supposed I could bear it, and fell in line, suffering every step I took, while the blood oozed from my toe. To my great disappointment I was not able to climb aboard the car, and all who could not stand that exertion were sent back to the hospital. Some time later we received the same orders, but were again sent back. We heard that on both occasions the prisoners were shipped to other stockades, and we were glad we had not been accepted. These walks irritated my wound considerably, and extra attention had to be paid it.

At last the glorious, joyful day came. We were given the same orders that had been issued twice before. The doctors walked through the hospital, and all who were strong enough to stand the trip were ordered out. I was selected as one to go. I went to the train as formerly, and after great effort succeeded in getting on. Still we were doubtful of being exchanged, as we had been deceived so frequently before. However, the train moved slowly from the station, with nothing much to interest us but the thought of home, sweet home. At Millen we were ordered off the train

into the stockade, and all hope of seeing home was temporarily blasted. Some were so heartbroken at being cast into this pen that they died. The next day we were ordered to board the train for Savannah, the cause of delay being a misunderstanding about the transports getting up the river.

On the 20th of November we arrived at the river landing, and there, to our inexpressible joy, we beheld the white harbinger of our freedom, for before our straining eyes lay a rebel steamer flying a flag of truce. When all the prisoners had arrived on board the steamer and signed the record of parole, orders were given to cast off the lines, and soon we were speeding down the broad river to meet our own steamer. How many miles we went I know not, but late in the afternoon we came to a stop, the steamer's whistle was blown, and in answer to the question of one of the men, the captain of the steamer replied, "Your steamer has not yet arrived, but we expect her at any moment." Again was the whistle blown, but we heard no answer. Was the silence ominous of coming disappointment?

By this time all the prisoners had become nervously impatient, and all those who could stand upon the deck were watching with straining eyes for the appearance of our steamer. Once more the whistle sounded, its shrill note echoing far over the waters, and from the distant and darkening shores came faintly to our ears the answering signal. "Our boat is coming! our boat is coming!" was the glad cry of every prisoner. They clapped their hands and cried for joy when she steamed alongside and we beheld once more the old Stars and Stripes. As soon as we had all been removed from the rebel steamer to our own and all papers had been duly signed and delivered, the lines were cast off and the steamers parted; and as we merrily speeded down the river, we for the first time truly realized the thrice-blessed fact that at length we were free. No more should we long and crave for food. No more would false hopes be raised only to be blighted. No more should we dream that sweet, mocking dream of home, for were we not even now on our way home? Ah! After all our terrible sufferings we realized this, and our hearts were filled with unspeakable joy as we bid farewell to rebeldom.

THE LAST BLOW AT HOOD'S ARMY

LIEUT. CHAS. H. KIRK, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

WE of the old Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, on looking back to the time when we wore the blue and were doing our part to ride down the rebellion and trample it under foot, find a great deal in our experience to be proud of. During most of our war life our Regiment was looked upon as a special organization, and nearly all of its operations were conducted without the aid or support of other troops; and any glory that would result from our effort was our own regimental property—not to be shared by any brigade or division to which we might have been attached.

That we were successful and were appreciated was attested by Gen. Geo. H. Thomas when he indorsed on an application to the War Department to re-enlist as veterans: "The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry is the best Regiment of cavalry in my command." And it was a point of pride with us to sustain that high reputation.

There are many exploits over which we veterans of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry love to dwell, but probably the one that is most interesting to us was the capture and destruction of Hood's pontoon boats and wagon train, 250 miles from where General Thomas first struck him in front of Nashville, it being the last blow at a beaten and used-up army

In Gen. Geo. H. Thomas' official report he says: "To Colonel Palmer and his command is accorded the credit of giving Hood's army the last blow of the campaign, at a distance of over 200 miles from where we first struck the enemy, on the 15th of December, near Nashville.

In the very voluminous official report of Lieutenant-General Grant, in command of all the armies, embracing the years 1864 and 1865 and embodying the movements of all the troops in the field, which at that time comprised over 1,000,000 men, he mentions only four regiments: The Fortieth Illinois, for the successful

defence of Paducah, Ky., against General Forrest; the Thirty-fourth New Jersey, for the defence of Columbus, Ky.; the First Alabama (colored), in being massacred at Fort Pillow, and then our Regiment in its successful pursuit of Hood's army. His report says: "A small force of cavalry under Col. Wm. J. Palmer, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, continued to follow Hood for some distance, capturing considerable transportation and the enemy's pontoon bridge."

While the battle at Nashville was in progress we lay encamped at Wauhatchie, on the ground where Geary had his brilliant fight with Longstreet a few months before. Although 110 miles from the battle, we distinctly heard the cannonading, while at points much nearer it was not heard at all. This was due to the mountain —on the side of which we lay—carrying the sound. Although cut off from all communication from the North and our main army, we felt no anxiety about the ultimate result. We had unbounded faith in old "Pap" Thomas, and everyone felt he would pull us through. It was fortunate for Sherman that he did, for had Thomas been defeated, that historic march to the sea would have been Sherman's folly, and "Marching through Georgia" an unsung song.

On the 20th of December, 1864, we broke up our camp and started off for Bridgeport, Ala., which we reached about nightfall, and encamped on an island in front of the town. The rain fell heavily all day, and, in fact, continued for a week, making all the roads very heavy and causing us many extra miles of travel to cross the various rivers and streams that abound in that section. General Steadman met us at Stevenson, just fresh from the battlefield. Some weeks after we found that we had been under his command, but few of us knew it, nor did we see him again until our return from Mississippi.

Passing on through Huntsville, and with difficulty crossing Paint Rock Creek, we arrived at Decatur on the 28th, where we were joined by Colonel Prosser, formerly of our own Regiment, with detachments of several Tennessee regiments of about 150 men, making our total force 500 men. After dark we moved out of town and proceeded carefully for several miles, feeling our way, as a force of rebels, with artillery, was or had been out in our front.

The slow progress we made and the bitter cold night air made it tedious marching, but soon the sharp crack of a rifle came from a rebel vedette and sent the blood coursing through our veins, and dispelled the gloom that had been surrounding us. Then came the cheers from our advance guard; some more straggling shots, which at last swelled out to a volley; and the headlong, pell-mell charge of the Regiment down the road, brushing their cavalry out of the way and capturing two cannon with which they had been amusing themselves all the afternoon. They made one feeble effort to charge and retake the guns, but soon desisted and left us masters of the field, and in great humor over our success.

After the confusion attending the engagement had subsided, and our little camp fires lit up the woods where we had made our bivouac, it was found that Captain Remont and four of his men were missing. Diligent search and inquiry failed to elicit any information concerning them, and we went to sleep full of the thought that they had been captured; but about 4 o'clock in the morning Major Betts called to mind that as our Regiment had made its rush down the road on the rebel camp, Colonel Palmer had directed him to send a commissioned officer and four men out on a road that came in on our right, and give notice of any enemy that might attempt to come in on our flank; and on sending an orderly out in that direction Captain Remont and his men were found behind a stone wall, holding the road "at all hazard." Notwithstanding Remont got little or no sleep that night, and a very scanty breakfast, he volunteered to take the captured artillery back to Decatur, and he did it. This act of his deserves "honorable mention," for it was a hard, thankless job, and he never received any credit for doing it. There is a certain amount of glory attending the capture of a gun, but there is no more honor in seeing it hauled over a rough road to a safe place than there is in helping a wagon train over a mountain.

I know this, for about three weeks later, at Red Hill, Ala., with Lieut. Harry Weand, we had the good luck to surprise and rout a small rebel regiment of General Lyon's command and capture their only remaining piece of artillery When Colonel Palmer complimented me for it and put it in my charge to take back to the river, I felt the same thrill that all heroes feel whose actions are appreciated. But about two hours after, when I was trudging

back with three yoke of played-out oxen hitched to the same cannon—with the Regiment all on ahead, and myself and eight men to whack up the oxen and act as rear guard, with little parties of rebels nearly all the time in sight and hanging on our flanks—the "thrill" had all gone, and I would have traded the complimentary remarks for my usual place in the column.

The next day Company D, under Lieutenant Blight, had the advance. While a little group of officers were talking together that morning, someone remarked to Blight that there was one man in his company who wouldn't get shot that day, and that was ———, who was notorious for getting out of every engagement which he might have been in. Blight replied: "If I don't get him under fire to-day. and keep him there, I'll eat my shirt!" But when they did strike the rebels, and found it was necessary to dismount and fight on foot, the first man we met coming back with the led horses was ———, and so far as I ever heard Blight never made any change from his usual diet.

Company D not being able to get over a creek, as the rebel fire was concentrated on the only bridge that afforded a passage, Major Wagner with his battalion was sent forward, and soon found a ford, over which we crossed. It was not long before we got the rebels started, and pushed them for two miles, with our horses on a dead run and going as fast as the sticky mud would let us go. We captured only six or eight of them, but Prosser with his Tennesseeans ran across them later in the day, and getting to a good position where they could not run, he charged with the saber and got about fifty.

This was the Twelfth Alabama Cavalry, and the officer in command of it was Lieut.-Col. J L. M. Curry, a gentleman who, when in our National House of Representatives, John Hickman, of Pennsylvania, had pronounced the ablest man in that Assembly Colonel Curry has held many responsible positions since then, and has been the American Minister at Vienna.

One of the tricks of a real bang-up cavalryman was to be on such friendly terms with his horse that the animal would follow him like a dog, and to have him so well drilled that he could dismount and the horse would stand without being hitched, and make no attempt to run when the time came to mount again. They did not all succeed in this. Major Wagner's gray would stand all

right sometimes, but the majority of the times he wouldn't. It used to be a familiar sight to see the Major trying to coax the old fellow to stop so that he could catch him, and using plain, soothing horse language, but not nearly so vigorous as that which our boys usually spoke on such occasions, and all the time the column would be mounted and ready for the march.

The day we struck the Twelfth Alabama, Wagner and his gray had their circus again. We had halted on the brow of a little hill, while the rebels came to a stop on an elevation, about three-quarters of a mile away, and although there was some firing between us, it was at such long range as not to be dangerous. The ride had been a hard one, and we had nearly all dismounted to give our horses a rest. But when the time came to mount again, and everyone else was ready to move off, Wagner and his horse were walking around that field about ten feet apart, and the horse seemed to evince a decided disposition to desert and go over to the enemy. If that had been my horse, I don't think any language—not even that of an old army mule driver—could have been strong enough to have done full justice to that occasion; but Wagner never seemed to mind it. He never lost his temper, and when his horse was caught, as eventually he was, by the assistance of half a dozen others, he never even jerked his head almost off, as many would have done, nor did he plunge in his spurs until he brought the blood.

We encamped that night about two miles from Courtland, with the rebels close in front, and showing some disposition to make a stand. As my company (E) was going out on picket duty toward dusk, Prosser's vedettes to the left of us were driven in, and our company moved over toward them for support, but the lines were straightened without our assistance, and we then went on to our own post. Again at 10 P.M. another attack was made, and Colonel Palmer sent me word to take the picket reserve and help drive the rebels off, but on the way we met Captain McAllister, who sent us back, as the enemy had been repulsed.

That night Company E had a scare. We were somewhat nervous over the general situation, and everyone expected the "Johnnies" to stir us up before morning, but we were going to give a good account of ourselves. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when everyone was dozing away in that expectant mood

that picket reserves have, with our carbines in hand and saber belts hanging loose around us, Orderly Sergeant John Burton, just opening his eyes from a short nap, saw one of our horses stepping back the length of his halter strap and putting his hind foot down within a few inches of the hand of one of our sleepers. While not yet fully awake, he called out: "Look out! look out! The horse!" And in an instant every man was up. That portion of the post which had been resting around the other two fires rushed to the one where Burton's party were. In the bewilderment of the moment, men rushed backward and forward without apparent motive. They jostled each other and were thrown down, but in an instant were up again and on the move. As our senses came back to us it was a beautiful sight to see those boys run to the fence and take position to repel an expected charge, and even then found time to laugh heartily at the oddity of the thing. The disorder did not last over a minute, but it was the most rapid exercise that most of us ever took, on such short notice.

The next morning the Regiment took up its march, and passed through Courtland, crossing a stream just beyond, over a railroad bridge that had been planked for the use of the people hereabouts. On reaching Town Creek, the rebels made a stand, and some little firing took place before they were driven off and we were enabled to cross. Nothing of particular note took place that day A few prisoners were captured by our advance guard, and after we went into camp, which was early in the afternoon, the "Johnnies" seemed to increase in numbers in our front. The foraging parties that were sent out after forage for our horses were fired at continually, but by this time the novelty of being shot at had worn off, and we trudged along, carrying to our camp heavy loads of corn blades, and the hum! whiz! and ping! of the rebel bullets were hardly noticed.

It was sometime during the day that Colonel Palmer obtained information that the rebel pontoon train was half a day's march in front, and got the idea in his head that he could capture it. General Steadman, who was many miles in the rear, to whom Colonel Palmer applied for permission, declined to authorize the adventure as being too risky for such a small force, but added that if Colonel Palmer wished to undertake it on his own responsibility he could do so. During the balance of the afternoon preparations

were made for a hard march. We disencumbered ourselves of the prisoners and sent them off to the rear. Each man carried one extra set of horseshoes in his saddlebags, and where it was necessary they were put on. The loose shoes were tightened, and our blacksmiths put in one good day's work at least. I don't remember that any rations were issued, for I have a painful recollection of being very hungry during all of that campaign. The elements, as if anxious to take a hand and help along the bustle and dreariness of the occasion, got up a storm in which snow and rain were about equally divided. We slept through it with that sound sleep which was always our lot in those days.

Early the next morning, while the stars were yet shining, we were called up to saddle our horses, and to do it quietly, without any unnecessary noise. We mounted and rode off to the left, flanking the force in our front, holding our saber scabbards, and chilled through by the cold, wintry air. After going about two miles across the country, we came to a road that led up a mountain, and reached the top just at daybreak. Here our advance guard quickly surrounded a house and captured Colonel Warren, of the Tenth Alabama Cavalry, and one man. Then, moving south on a good mountain road, we continued our march, and as we were not expected or looked for in that vicinity, did a capital business in picking up prisoners. Nearly every house contained two or three "graybacks," most of them being off on a "French," and our advance guard had rare sport chasing down the numerous little parties they met on the road.

About 10 o'clock, when within two miles of Russellville, we halted at a farmhouse and fed our horses. We got two prisoners here, one of them the son of the woman who lived there, and who had just got home the night before. What a howl that woman set up as we went off with her boy! Hers was not the sobbing cry of a heart crushed by affliction. No! it was a forty-horse-power howl. When we were a mile away its discordant tones were wafted to us on the gentle breezes. One of our prisoners told me at this time that the former Secretary of War to the Confederate Government, General Walker was only a short distance in front of us, riding in an old buggy, and but for our halt would have been our prisoner.

At Russellville we made a short halt—long enough to allow

some of the men to go to the post office and get any letters there might be for us, or anyone else.

Seven miles further on, and our advance struck the first of the pontoon boats. It was just beyond a little stream which was crossed by a bridge, a few planks of which had been torn up to delay our progress. That did not stop us as long as did one of our Captains, who believed in the policy of riding the poorest horse on the march and saving the best for the real work, and who was now taking up most of the available space in the narrow road to change saddles from the one horse that was stuck in the mud to his fiery steed, which in his efforts to go ahead was creating more confusion.

From over the stream, the rebel train guards made an effort to keep us off, but we had come too far to be so easily stopped, and the advance, under "Pat" Lyon, swept them off the field, and we met with no further resistance. All the teamsters and train hands became panic-stricken as soon as they found their guard could not protect them, and each one taking his best mule out of their teams, struck out for safety, and possibly their homes.

The Regiment went into camp at a place where three houses were in sight of each other, thus making it a town, which they called Nauvoo, and after feeding our horses we were sent out to destroy the wagons. Had the rebels been a little more careful in carrying out standing orders and kept their train well closed up, our work would not have been so hard. There were only seventy-eight pontoon boats and about two hundred wagons in their train, but these were stretched over three miles of road, and details of men had to be sent over the whole distance, and were kept busy all that night.

To those who have not been in that business, I tell you it is not such an easy matter to destroy 200 wagons as one would suppose. If they had been parked, all that we need have done would have been to throw them together and then let one big fire burn the whole thing up, but these were standing all by themselves, and necessitated making 200 fires and feeding them with dry wood until they had sufficient power to destroy Then, too, those pontoon boats were long, trough-like things that were hard to make "catch fire," and it needed constant attention to keep them burning. We made no attempt to burn them all up, but

contented ourselves by making our fire under the fifth wheel and burning out the front of the boats. Another method of destruction was to use the axes, with which the train was well supplied, and break up the wheels of the wagons. If you give an axe the right swing and the proper twist, it can be sent through a spoke at a single blow, but there are not many who can do that. Toward morning, when the men got very tired and wanted to rest, they were urged on by the idea that they were playing a game in which he won who could with one swing of an axe send it clean through a spoke, and in this way we passed the night.

Most of the wagons were empty, or contained only the camp and garrison equipage of the rebel engineer corps, but on one wagon that I was near while it was burning, there was an explosion. It was not a very heavy one, for it only blew the top off with a big puff, but after that we examined them before they were set on fire. While doing this I picked up a lot of papers, wrapped in an old Confederate muster roll, and carried them off for a later examination. In a few moments a darkey came up to me and said: "Cap'n Gloster says he would like to have his papers." "Who's Cap'n Gloster?" said I. "He's the Cap'n who had dis train, and de papers you tuk out dat wagon is de Cap'n's," said the darkey. "Where is the Captain?" I asked him. "Oh, he's jus' out dar in the bushes. He seen you take 'em, and told me to come and ask you for 'em," replied the darkey. "You go back and tell the Captain that if he wants the papers, to come and get them himself." And then he left me and went off to a clump of bushes, not fifty yards off, but the Captain never came, and Post 2, of Pennsylvania, has those papers in safe-keeping. I did not care about his coming, either, and I wanted less to go out to him. I had no arms with me, and, in fact, none of us had, for when we were ordered out to destroy the train we were told to leave all our arms in camp, and did so.

Just as day was breaking on January 1, 1865, we got back to camp, and while partaking of a scanty breakfast the "boots and saddles" sounded to call us to our next day's work. We marched steadily all day, and as it was at a trot most of the time, we got over a good deal of ground. The general direction of our march was southwest, and throughout the column there was much wondering as to where it would bring us. We knew that Hood's army

was in our front and that it had crossed the Tennessee River by the pontoons we had just destroyed, and from the distance we had marched since leaving Decatur, and the direction we were taking, it was thought by most of us that we were now in the rear of the rebel army. About 4 P.M. we halted at a plantation and gave our horses a good feed. For ourselves, we had most excellent hams, and nothing else, and for several days after this hams were our only article of diet. I speak from experience when I say that to properly appreciate ham you need something else to go with it.

About sundown the column started again, still going southwest. Soon we left the road and marched by file across a rough country, up hills, through valleys and swampy lands, mostly through gloomy woods, but at times we would come out into little clearings, where, in the dusk of night, a log house could be seen. At intervals short halts were made, as if to find the path, and then we went on again. Quietly we marched, and no sound came from us except the tramp of our horses' feet as they picked their way along, and the suppressed tone of command to "close up."

About midnight we came out on a good, broad road running north and south, and we took the latter direction. The change from the deep gloom of the woods we had left to the broad highway had an inspiring effect on the men, and soon after, when a few shots were fired at our advance, the command to gallop found every man not only ready, but anxious for the engagement we expected would follow. Almost spontaneously the column took up the cheers that accompany the order to charge, and their effect was so contagious that our prisoners, who were marching in front of my company, joined in and mingled their yells with ours.

All the armed rebels in front of us who had not run were soon captured, and there, before us, beautifully parked, was a train of eighty-five wagons. It did not take long to destroy these. Running a dozen of them together and throwing the empty ones on top, a pile was made, which when set on fire would burn and consume everything. It was done so easily that in half an hour they were all destroyed. It was a weird sight to see the wild destruction going on, with our boys running to and fro among the blazing wagons, looking more like fiends than men, while the prisoners were kept in line, and were the only ones who were not actively employed.

Colonel Palmer with his staff and orderlies went on about a mile farther, and captured a small train of wagons, which they burned.

Having captured and destroyed the wagons, it was now a question of what to do with the mules. We already had as many as we needed, and to turn them loose would only be giving the Southern Confederacy a little trouble in picking up their property, and therefore, out of sheer military necessity we were forced to kill all surplus stock. The most serviceable were first taken and distributed among the companies, and then the men were directed to kill the balance, but "not waste their ammunition." We tried to kill by hitting them in the forehead with an axe, the same as butchers do in killing cattle. But that plan did not work, as no mule is fool enough to hold still and be killed, and we had to resort to our carbines, which accomplished the purpose better, and in a more expeditious manner.

As soon as our work was done, we mounted and rode off. I remember hearing someone say that we were in Itawamba County, Miss., and that our march was now in an easterly direction, and then I went to sleep. Not only myself, but at least half the column enjoyed the same discomfort. To sleep peacefully and ride a horse at the same time, and keep your place in column, is harder work than curling up in front of a good-sized backlog, with a bright fire at your feet.

How very painful it was to keep awake on these night marches! A paroxysm of sleepiness would come over you, and, try as hard as one could, it was impossible to keep awake, and in an instant almost you would be in the deepest sleep and dream of getting into a good, easy bed, or of sitting down to a table on which were all kinds of substantial eatables. Then came the rude awakening and the startled look of anxiety to know where you were, for in the meantime your horse had either left the column, or with more rapid strides was nearing the advance guard. On all these marches it was the duty of someone in the Colonel's party who always rode at the head of the column, to halt and waken these sleepers and send them back to their companies It frequently happened that the Colonel's party were all asleep, too, and the rider, with his fast-walking horse, was never stopped until he reached the advance guard.

About 4 o'clock in the morning the head of column filed off the road into a field to the left, but we did not know whether that meant another march across the country, or that we were going into camp, until we heard Serg.-Maj. Samuel Phillips' voice from out the darkness ask: "Is that Company E?" "Yes." "Lieutenant Kirk, detail one man for camp guard and three for picket." And we knew that that meant sleep for the rest of us.

Turning to Orderly Sergeant Burton, I told him to make the detail, and then went on to put the company into camp. When the command, "Right front into line—march!" had been carried out, I had a misty idea that it was a rather slim line, and just then Burton reported that he could not find more than half the company. Here was a pretty mess! In addition to being as near played out as a man could well be, came this bother of hunting up the lost part of my command, and the fear, too, that when the Colonel heard of it I would be sent to find them. But I want to record right here my gratitude to Colonel Palmer, for when I reported to him, as I did at once, he only said, "They'll be coming along soon." And then I hurried off and curled up under the bushes, and before the words could be written I was sound asleep.

They did come along just at daybreak the next morning, and while we were getting ready to move again. It seems that a wild Irishman in my company named John Mahoney, was in charge of a led mule which some time during the night got loose. Mahoney did not want to lose the mule and went after it, and the way was too rough to trot up and catch it, and the others were too sleepy to see what the Irishman was doing. The mule walked off through the woods; Mahoney followed the mule, and the rest of the column followed Mahoney. They went a good long way, right through the woods, over ground that was possibly a little rougher than it had been, and then the column stopped and most of the men slept on. Major Betts was along with his battalion, and not understanding why they should halt so long, rode up to the front and there found Mahoney and his mule, with several fallen trees in front that stopped further progress. "What are you doing here, and where has the column gone?" demanded the Major. "I don't know, sir," said Mahoney "I have not seen them for two hours, sir I've been catching me mule."

Fortunately, the Major had heard Colonel Palmer tell Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, while we were burning the wagons, where he intended making camp, and by sending men out in all directions they at last found an inhabited house, and from information attained, arrived at the camp, reaching there in time to see us pulling out for another day s hard ride.

Our march to-day led us up the Warrior Mountains, which are said to be the highest in Alabama. It was rather an uneventful day, aside from the feeling that we might have a big fight on our hands at any moment. The advance guard captured some prisoners, but this was no novelty now, and the more prisoners we took the more guard duty it entailed on the men.

To vary the monotony, one of our own men was captured to-day, and stayed captured a few minutes. It was after we had watered our horses at a little stream, and, as was the usual custom, the advance had moved on for a half mile and then halted for the companies to finish watering, and to close up the column. A man from one of the companies, whose horse was not ready to move with the rest, followed leisurely on. At a turn in the road two rebels jumped from the bushes, and with leveled muskets compelled his surrender, but the following company came suddenly on them and retook our man. "The Johnnies" jumped into the bushes and ran, but they took with them a carbine, a "Colt's navy" and all the light personal property they could pick up in that short time.

We also captured to-day an ambulance filled with wounded rebels. This was of no account; sound and healthy prisoners were barely in demand, and at this time the market was overstocked with wounded ones, so we "swore them" and let them go. We made camp early to-day—that is, about 11 o'clock at night—and the rain poured down on us until morning, but a little thing like that in no way interfered with sleep.

January 3d.—My company had charge of the prisoners on the march to-day, and Colonel Warren and myself rode together. He did not feel in the best of spirits over his capture, and told me that he would have rather lost an arm than have had it occur. He was a very pleasant, companionable man to be with, but I know that I enjoyed the situation and his company more than he did the same situation and my company. He had finished his

education at Princeton, N. J., and was well acquainted with Philadelphia, having had, as he told me, "many a good time in it."

In speaking of our Regiment, he said they were the finest body of men he had ever met, and after remarking their gentlemanly behavior, he said: "They would be dangerous men to meet in a fight. There is one thing about them that I've noticed; they don't waste their ammunition. They have their guns all ready to shoot, but they don't fire without good reason. Now, my regiment has always been the other way, and on the least provocation would bang off their guns and make any quantity of noise. I've lost several men through their carelessness."

Our march to-day led us over a part of what was known as the "Wire Road." Colonel Warren told me that it took its name from having been the first road in that part of the country over which a telegraph wire had been stretched. Before the line had been put up there was a good deal of opposition from people whose farms lay near it, as they feared that in some way it might bring evil to them and after the following harvest season they were sure of it, for the crops were a failure. Then the people arose in their might, and pulled down the wire and chopped up the poles. They were not going to stand any such new-fangled notions down that way.

Colonel Warren expected to be recaptured. He assured me that we were in such a position that it was impossible for us to get out. The cavalry forces of Chalmers, Roddy and Forrest were all around us, and it was only a question of time as to when we would be gathered in. He told me he would see that we were well treated and that we should have as considerate captors as we had proved ourselves to be. Some time in the afternoon it looked a little to me as if the Colonel was nearly right, for brisk firing began in the rear, followed by yells from a multitude of throats, and Warren said, "I told you so." But word soon came that the disturbance was caused by the Tennesseeans starting up a couple of deer, and they were only having their fun.

Although disappointed, Warren still felt sanguine. He saw that instead of our march being straight ahead, it was of that confusing character that was a sample of so many that we took, and to a stranger it gave the idea that our leader was bewildered and had lost his grip, for it had doubled on itself, so that at sun-

down we were only four miles from where we started at 7 in the morning. We were now only three-quarters of a mile from Town Creek, and the rebels were in strong force just on the other side of it. They were at all the fords that crossed that stream, as our advance had found out during the day, and were now finding out by the rebel bullets that came from that side.

We were now only a few miles from Warren s home, and he asked permission to write to his wife, which request was granted, conditioned on his giving no information that would be to our injury. He gave me the letter to read, which I did. The most peculiar thing in it was the direction to his wife to sell a barrel of brandy he had at home, and told her "she could get $4000 for it." This part struck me as so unreasonable that I thought I saw in it some hidden meaning, and on my asking for more information he assured me that such was the case; that the barrel only contained twenty-five gallons, and that he had been offered $5000, but he mentioned $4000 to his wife, as he knew several of his neighbors who would give that.

Before we continued our march Colonel Palmer sent for me, and said that we were going to make a very particular move that night, which might be defeated if any of our prisoners escaped, and urged me to be extra particular in guarding them. This I impressed on my men, and they were well looked after. Contrary to our usual custom, my company marched that night with revolvers in hand, ready for instant use, and although we had about three prisoners for each man, and our way led mostly through thick woods, not a man escaped or even tried it. After midnight we came out of the woods onto a good, broad road, and one of the few signboards that we saw in the South marked it as the Tuscaloosa and Moulton road.

We now took a northerly course, and within an hour came to Town Creek, and after much difficulty crossed it. Its banks were high and steep, and the ford itself was one of those indefinite things that might land you all right on the other side, or it might give you a cold bath for remembrance sake. The rebels did not expect us to cross here. They had had a strong guard here all through the day, but when we demonstrated on the other ford at sundown they expected we would try to force it during the night, and had called off the guards to reinforce that position, and so

left us free to cross without opposition. It was 4 o clock in the morning when we made our camp, and in the confusion attending it Warren made an attempt to escape. He was partly over the fence when he ran across Dan Scull on guard, and Dan being the wrong kind of a man to monkey with on an occasion of that kind, sent him back again, in that choice, vigorous Anglo-Saxon dialect in which he was such an adept.

I lost a prisoner, though, early the next morning. One of them, a tall, lean, lanky man, asked if he could go to the rear, and I let him go, sending a guard with him. About 100 yards from camp they both stopped, the guard halted about ten feet from the prisoner, let the butt end of his carbine rest on the ground, and, sticking both hands in his pockets, assumed that well-known position of a dismounted cavalryman on a cold, frosty morning. With a yell and a bound the rebel was off, running straight ahead for forty yards and then jumping quickly to either right or left, keeping the bushes between himself and the guard, but all the time getting farther off. The rebel so confused the guard that when he fired he missed him, and then the rascal ran out of sight, encouraged not only by the yells of his comrades, but also of those of his late captors who saw his gallant escape.

The next day s march brought with it my turn as officer of the day, which necessitated marching with the camp guard in the rear. About 10 o'clock in the morning came quick, vindictive shots from the advance, then the yell, and at once the whole column took up the gallop. Soon an orderly came, who reported that Prosser's Tennesseeans had struck a rebel regiment endways, knocked it into smithereens at the first dash, and captured the five wagons they were bringing with them.

I was directed to halt where I was and keep a good lookout to the rear, and to be sure not to fire on anything coming that way, as the Tennesseeans were making a detour and would join us from that direction. I obeyed, and inside of ten minutes was being peppered by a lot of men whom we could not see for the dense scrub oak, and to our calls of "Who are you?" only got for answer a kind of shriek that implied nothing. I thought they were Prosser's men, and kept my men from returning the fire for some time, but at last, finding they were unmistakable enemies, we answered back shot for shot, until an order came for us to follow on.

As we passed by a house on the right, a woman came out and called to us: "Say, come and take this yer man of you'ns away He's just died. I don't want him here!" But we did not want him either, and as his body was in a better place than the two dead rebels we passed in the road, we left him to the care of the woman.

This rebel regiment was commanded by Colonel Russell, of General Wheeler's command, and it was the same force that captured Capt. Wash Airey and so many of our boys when we made that mistake at Dandridge, about a year before, and charged a rebel brigade.

We took things easy after this, as the bulk of their cavalry was now to the south of us, and only small parties hovered around us, and never tried to do more than fire at our pickets and then run as soon as the reserves put in an appearance. Thus, going along easy for a day or two, giving our horses three good, square meals a day we arrived at Decatur on the evening of January 6, 1865.

Our captures since leaving there on December 28th amounted to 2 Colonels, 3 Captains, 8 Lieutenants, 187 enlisted men, 78 pontoon boats, 310 wagons and 1 ambulance; also 2 six-pounders, over 800 mules and 25 yoke of oxen, besides a large number of muskets, which were destroyed at once, and many revolvers that were kept by the men.

A singular circumstance took place the day after our arrival at Decatur. Hilty, one of our teamsters, had a mule issued to him at Murfreesboro in March, 1863, to which he took a liking. Hilty taught him to rear up on his hind legs when he took hold of the fetlock on his front leg and said, "Up, Jack!" When our wagons were captured in Sequatchie Valley, in October, 1863, Hilty's team was gobbled with the rest, Jack and all. While the captured stock was tied up to the fence at our camp at Decatur, among those who went to look them over was Hilty, and he was attracted to a woe-begone little mule, and remarked to one of his friends: "Don't that look like little Jack? It can't be, though." Here he began to pet him, and was telling his friend of his trick of raising up when he took hold of his front leg—all the time suiting his actions to the words—and when he said, "Up, Jack!" the mule reared up as he had been taught, and Hilty then knew that he had found his mule.

CAPTURE OF COLONEL WARREN AND INCIDENTS OF THE PONTOON RAID.

CORP. JAMES W. OVER, COMPANY G, PITTSBURG, PA.

AFTER Hood's defeat at Nashville in December, 1864, Colonel Palmer with our Regiment and some detachments of Tennessee regiments crossed the Tennessee River at Decatur, in pursuit of his pontoon and other trains. On the night of December 31st we lay shivering at Leighton crossroads, with sleet and a cold rain soaking us through, and without fires, as Hood's pontoon train was supposed to be camped at Lagrange, a town in sight of us on a high ridge.

The next morning early Colonel Palmer placed himself at the head of the advance guard, and led us rapidly and quietly through fields and by a path up the ridge to the right of the town. Here he sent a squad, under Sergeant Sowersby to observe the main road and cut off the enemy's pickets.

While riding toward the road we saw a rebel cavalryman in the yard of a house some distance away, with a comforter tied around his ears and gun slung over his back, preparing to mount his horse. I was ordered to capture him, and cocking my carbine, jumped my horse over a fence and started for the Johnnie. The cap of my carbine fell off as the jump was made, but I kept on, and was alongside the Johnny, without being seen or heard, as he was adjusting his feet in the stirrups. The look of astonishment on his face when he heard the command to surrender, and looked around into the muzzle of a carbine close to his face, was very ludicrous. He surrendered, and very considerately, at my suggestion, pitched his gun over a high fence. Just then there was great confusion and noise in the house, as if it were filled with the enemy. On looking around I discovered that I was in a squad by himself, that my comrades were out of sight, and thinking that bluff was a very good game to play, yelled vociferously, and apparently very courageously, that they were

surrounded, and demanded the surrender of every person in the house, under penalty of instant death.

Hearing rapid footsteps toward the kitchen door, I wheeled my horse around and leveled my carbine as the door was thrown open, showing the Confederate Colonel Warren in the act of drawing a revolver from his side pocket. If ever a fellow put in a yell I did when I thrust the muzzle of my uncapped carbine into the Colonel's face and demanded his surrender He surrendered and dropped his hands instantly I had, alone, under rather embarrassing circumstances, two prisoners on my hands, and felt very much relieved when after a few minutes Lieutenant Hinchman joined me. While I would have been much easier in my mind if my carbine had been capped, it would not have benefited me, as the cartridge was so water-soaked that it would not explode. Later in the day I exchanged the carbine for a captured one.

Not finding the pontoon train at Lagrange, Colonel Palmer pushed on after it. Our presence was a complete surprise to the enemy, and we picked up rebel soldiers at every house, who were spending the holidays with their friends. The advance struck one house early in the morning, where a party of four or five of them were just sitting down to a very tempting breakfast. They heard us coming, and took to the woods. We soon captured them, and, as we had not had any breakfast, entered the house and emptied the contents of the table—fried chicken, honey, warm cakes, etc.—indiscriminately into our haversacks, much to the disgust of several good-looking young ladies. We thus had a very satisfactory meal as we rode along.

We stopped to feed at noon, and the advance was stationed at a crossroads, where a rebel cavalry regiment had been ordered to rendezvous. A party of them joined some of us as we were getting forage at a farmhouse, and only discovered we were Yanks when we presented our revolvers and demanded their surrender. While feeding, our vedette reported a large party approaching, which reached us just as we mounted. We instantly charged, capturing most of them and killing one. We then pushed on rapidly and captured the pontoon train at dusk. It was strung along the road for five or six miles, and details were busy all night destroying the wagons and burning the pontoons. They were new and the finest I had ever seen, and most of them had the names of

prominent Southern ladies painted upon them, such as Lady Davis, Lady Bragg, etc.

The next night we crossed into Mississippi, marching in sight of a rebel cavalry force, and burnt a supply train bringing up the rear of Hood's army. Our raid thus far had been highly successful, but we were far within the enemy s lines. They had posted troops on the roads leading north to capture us, and it was a very serious question whether we could avoid them or cut our way through.

On the second day's return march we found the enemy posted in some force on the road in our front. Colonel Palmer disposed his troops as if he intended to attack, and at dusk withdrew and traveled rapidly south for some distance, and then taking a trail through the woods marched all night, and early in the morning reached the main road, about ten miles north of the rebel force.

After resting a few hours we were again moving, and the advance soon struck a regiment marching to join the rebel force now in our rear. We charged at once, capturing a number and killing some. On this day's march the enemy followed us, but whenever the rear guard, under the command of Lientenant Kirk, formed to charge them, they retired. We went into camp about 10 o'clock at night, and soon had our horses and selves fed and blankets spread out, and were congratulating ourselves that we would have a good night's rest, when orders were given to saddle instantly as a large force of the enemy were preparing to make a night attack on our camp. We left very quietly, leaving our fires burning, and it was reported during the night they surrounded the abandoned camp and charged into it. We continued our march all that night and the next day, when we safely arrived inside our lines.

In this raid we were on the march almost continually for six or seven days and nights, and did most of our sleeping in the saddle, and as the nights were very cold, suffered considerably.

Colonel Palmer showed, by his admirable management of this and other raids, that he was a born cavalry leader. He had a remarkable talent for acquiring information about the roads and bypaths of the country He usually had a half dozen citizens marching with him, under guard, from whom he obtained information. As they were never released until it was verified by actual observation, and knew the consequences to themselves if it was not accurate, he was never deceived.

AN INCIDENT OF THE RAID.

EDMUND B. JONES. COMPANY C, PITTSBURG, PA., DECEASED.

ON the night of our starting from Decatur I was detailed for advance guard, Sergeant Lyon commanding, and after moving out and passing the picket post of General Steadman's command, a camp fire of the rebels was seen about a mile ahead of us, and orders were given Sergeant Lyon to charge the enemy just as soon as the vedette was struck.

It was but a few moments afterward when the rebel picket and reserve post were driven back. In a short time we were again ordered to push forward and drive the enemy. How well I remember, after riding at breakneck speed in the dark for a short distance, coming upon a camp of the rebels, in which were two pieces of artillery, and which the rebels were endeavoring to hitch up and get away! I believe there were only ten of the advance guard who were really present at the time. Instead of the command returning to the camp of our main army or going into camp at the point where we first encountered the rebels, Colonel Palmer decided to bring the Regiment up and camp on the ground where the artillery was captured. The next morning the command moved out, and struck the rebels in small squads all day, and kept them moving quite lively. At night we went into camp at Leighton crossroads. I remember very distinctly that it snowed during the night. We were awakened very early the next morning with orders to move about quietly, the rebels being immediately in our front, so that caution had to be used.

I saddled my horse, and tied him to a stake which I had used to secure one corner of the shelter tent under which my messmate and self had slept during the night. I then started to make coffee. While drinking it my horse pulled up the stake and walked away without my observing him. I only knew of his departure by comrade Geo. C. Laws yelling to me, "E. B., there goes your horse!" I jumped to my feet quickly and said, "Where—where is he?"

Not being able to see him on account of the camp fires partly blinding me, I started immediately in the direction which I was told he had taken, making every effort to find him, but was unsuccessful. In the meantime the command was quietly falling into line and moving out of camp, taking the road back to Leighton crossroads.

All had gone but myself, and I assure you the position I found myself in just then was not one of the most pleasant or assuring.

I walked to the main road, and looking in the opposite direction from that which the Regiment had taken, I saw coming toward me a horse without a rider, and when he was within a few yards of me I threw up my hands, and the animal stopped. I caught him and made all haste to mount, discovering however, that it was not my horse, as the only equipment which he possessed was a halter and strap. Slipping the strap through his mouth to serve as temporary bit, I hastened to the crossroads to catch up, if possible, with the Regiment. Daylight not having made its appearance, and not being able to discover which road the Regiment had taken, I paused to listen a moment, and hearing some voices coming from the direction of Decatur I made a dash for the party, and upon catching up with them discovered that it was a detail of the Regiment returning to General Steadman with dispatches. Making known my condition to the non-commissioned officer in charge, I remained with the squad, reaching Decatur the same evening. It has always been a mystery to me as to what became of my horse, as I was never able to find him. And another question which always came to my mind and which had an air of mystery about it was, whose horse did comrade Wm. Mullin, of Company F, ride on the morning the command left Leighton crossroads? for the horse I picked up was Mullin's, and had a very sore back.

This is the end of my actual participation in the forward movement of the Mississippi campaign. Now comes what happened to me as a result of this campaign. The next day after the squad arrived in Decatur, a detail consisting of eighteen men, under command of Lieut. John Johnston, was ordered out to scout south of Decatur, your humble servant being one of the number. Taking the same road which the Regiment had taken on the night of January 1st, and when about four or five miles out of Decatur, and while stopping at a plantation some little distance from the

main road, a man riding a white horse was seen by our force, and immediately eight of us started in pursuit. The Confederate, who had evidently been sent out as a decoy, made a dash for the woods a short distance ahead of him, and turning into it was lost from our view

Six of our squad—Harry and Frank Craig, Joseph Bontemps, George French, O. T McConnell, myself and two other Comrades whose names I cannot recall—struck for the woods and scattered in squads. Comrade McConnell and myself followed a road running along the edge of the woods, and before we knew it we were within fifty yards of about twenty-five Confederate cavalry drawn up in line and ready to receive us. I believe that I was the first to notice this band, and told McConnell of their presence.

The rebels immediately commenced firing at us, and seeing at once that our little band was scattered, I shouted to Lieutenant Johnston, who with ten men had by this time reached the main road, to fire on the Confederates. This would have distracted their attention, allowed all of our force to become united, and we could have made a stand.

The Lieutenant failed to take in the situation, and without making the least resistance turned toward Decatur, leaving us eight men to take care of ourselves. Discretion at this time seemed to be the better part of valor, and after giving the rebels the contents of my revolver I turned my horse toward the main road, McConnell following close behind, with not a few Johnnies very close behind him, shouting at us to surrender I gained the main road, and after making the turn toward Decatur I felt my horse gradually going slower and slower, finally stopping and falling over having no doubt been shot by two rebels who were within twenty-five feet of me at the time.

Of course, I surrendered upon the demand to do so, and upon looking around saw that eight of our command had been made prisoners. I was soon placed astride the same horse with comrade French, and we were marched off to be kept as prisoners of war for a short time, getting as far south as Rock Springs, Ala. I cannot recall the exact number of days we were kept in confinement, but I think it was about three weeks before we joined our Regiment at Huntsville, Ala., having been exchanged through the exertions of Colonel Palmer

THE LYON SCOUT

CAPT. H. K. WEAND, COMPANY H, NORRISTOWN PA.

BATES, in his "History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers," in speaking of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, says: "Upon its return the command was ordered to Huntsville to rest, but on the night following its arrival Colonel Palmer was directed to take all his available mounted men and intercept the rebel General Lyon at Fort Deposit. Failing in this, Colonel Palmer crossed the river in pursuit, came up with Lyon on January 16th, surprised his camp before daylight and routed his command, capturing his only piece of artillery and ninety-six prisoners, which were brought off. Lyon himself was taken, but succeeded in making his escape after shooting the Sergeant who had him in charge—the only loss."

To the Regiment the affair was of more interest, excitement and importance than the above brief statement might indicate, and I have been asked to give a detailed account of the scout.

On January 11, 1865, we were encamped at Masten's plantation, near Huntsville, Ala., to rest and recuperate, but on the next day orders were received from Brigadier-General Wood, commanding the district, directing Colonel Palmer with all his available mounted men to pursue and capture the rebel General Lyon, who had been raiding in Kentucky. We had just completed a very successful campaign in the rear of General Hood's army and our horses, much worn and tired out, were in no condition for a hard march. An order sent to the First Sergeant of each company to know the number of animals available for a scout resulted in 138 being so reported. In addition to the number of men were those upon the Colonel's staff and the company officers, so that our total force was about 160 officers and men. An immediate start was made. Captain Harris, our scout, with Lieutenant Hinchman and the advance guard, under Serg. Arthur P Lyon, upon reaching the Tennessee River, signaled the gunboats by building signal fires and waving lighted torches, and were an-

swered by the gunboat "General Thomas." Upon advice of Captain Morton of the "General Thomas," we marched to Clarksville Landing, where we were ferried across the river on the gunboats "General Thomas" and "General Grant." When near Warrenton we received reliable information that General Lyon with one gun and about 300 men had left the river and marched down Brown s Valley toward Talladega, but were expecting to camp at Red Hill. Now commenced a rapid march, our object being to reach "Summit," in rear of or southwest of Red Hill.

By passing ourselves off as rebels we found that General Lyon and staff were stopping at "Tom Noble's house." We were evidently on the right track, for on the afternoon of the 14th Lieutenant Kirk, in charge of the rear guard, permitting Wm. L. Bratton and John L. Yost, of Company A, to visit a house, they returned shortly after with two captured horses and six of the enemy. Charles Godfrey Leland, in writing his "Hans Breitman Ballads," says that "the type of Breitman as a soldier was a cavalryman in the company of Capt. William F Colton, named Yost." In selecting Yost as a type he hit on a very worthy man and an excellent soldier.

About 4 A.M. of the 15th, it being then very dark, the command was divided. Colonel Lamborn with Kramer's battalion was sent by the Back Valley road to join Palmer's command by a crossroad. Palmer now came upon the enemy's pickets, but found them asleep, and they were easily captured. One post, of six or eight men, all asleep, was taken by Corp. Geo. Headley and one man. The main column without difficulty now marched directly into the sleeping camp, and our men by details aroused them from their dreams and made them prisoners. In the darkness many escaped, but left their horses and arms. It was a strange sight and a novel experience to find ourselves in their company streets, unmolested, and able to convince them at the point of the carbine that we were the real, genuine Yankees of whom they had heard so much. Colton's men were left to gather up the prisoners and horses, while Palmer with the balance of the command pushed ahead.

Arthur P Lyon with the advance guard, under orders, reached Noble's house. The General's escort were in the yard, but unsuspicious Sergeant Lyon entered the house and demanded the

surrender of the General, with the result that the Sergeant was killed, and the General and his staff escaped. The noise of this shooting alarmed the escort and the remaining camp, and general firing now took place. The enemy showing a disposition to fight, Palmer ordered a volley and a charge, and those not already captured or who had not previously escaped had to flee. The darkness enabled us to surprise the camp, but it also enabled the other party to elude pursuit.

At this time Lamborn s command was marching on a road parallel with Palmer, and also succeeded in picking up a number of men from houses along the road. At one place we observed a white horse tied in the yard. Kramer always had a fondness for a good horse, especially if he belonged to a rebel, so we rode into the yard to investigate and interview the owner. Knocking at the door, a window was opened, and a man inquired "what was wanted." Upon being told that we were seeking General Lyon, with dispatches, he replied, "You can give them to me; I am Colonel Cabanus, of Governor Brown's staff." We told him "our orders were to hand them to General Lyon personally, but we could not locate him." He kindly told us where to find the General, and then, seeing his horse being led away, shouted, "Whoever takes that horse gets shot." He now saw that we were not friendly, and closing the window he took his leave impolitely through the one in the rear. We got his saddlebags, horse and the information.

After proceeding some distance we came in sight of a picket fire on a crossroad. Colonel Lamborn had been led to believe that we were to encounter a large force in this vicinity, and ordered Kramer with his command to charge, which was done in gallant style. Firing was now heard from several quarters, and we knew that it meant a fight. With Kramer away and the rear guard, under Kirk, not yet up, I was the only officer with Lamborn. When we came in sight of another picket post the men composing it were up and acted in an excited manner. By the light of their fire we could see them, while they could not see us in the darkness. Colonel Lamborn, not realizing our position, turned to me and said, "Lieutenant Weand, charge that post!" To which I replied, "Colonel, I have but one man on a lame mule." He again said, "Charge!"

Fortunately for me and the mule, just then Lieutenant Kirk arrived with eight or ten men, when the Colonel again said, "Lieutenant Kirk, charge! charge!" Kirk and myself at once started with our available force, and once away from Colonel Lamborn, agreed to approach quietly, and give them a surprise by leading them to believe we were their own men. We succeeded, and rode up to them without shot or hail. One of their number approached Kirk and said, "This is a d—d mean kind of business," and "where in the h—l are the d—d Yankees?" Another said to me, "Fall in! Don't you hear the firing? The Yankees are on us." Kirk, placing his pistol to the head of the man who had spoken to him, demanded his surrender, but the fellow, laughing, said, "Oh, you can't play that on me; it has been tried too often." A Sergeant just then joined us and the man was placed in his charge.

We now charged the balance of the party, who fled without resistance. Colonel Lamborn now joined us with a few more men, while coming toward us on a run was a body of the enemy. It was too dark to see their number, but they filled the road and outnumbered us. Bluff was again our game. Colonel Lamborn shouted: "Colonel Weand, take your regiment up the hill and skirmish!" "Colonel Kirk's battalion to the right!" and into them we went with shot and saber, yelling like Indians. They turned and fled without a show of fight. To our left was a bank and woods, and in this direction the majority escaped. A few retreated on the road, whom we followed until, reaching a cross-road, they disappeared to our left, and here we came upon their artillery, a twelve-pounder, to which was yoked a pair of oxen.

Colonel Lamborn now formed us in line, for a new trouble appeared. Coming on our right we could hear approaching horsemen, cheering and yelling. By the dawn, as they came near, we saw that it was Kramer and his men, who had evidently been pursuing the party that we had just met, and this accounted for their not retreating by the road on which they had come. Kirk, during the charge, had an opportunity of putting into practice his saber exercise after emptying his revolver. As no dead were found, they no doubt were reported as "wounded." Firing had now ceased, and it was daylight. Gathering our command and

prisoners, Colonel Lamborn marched us over to join Colonel Palmer.

In the darkness this was accompanied with considerable risk. Colonel Palmer's advance guard sent word back to him that they were challenged and asked what reply they should make. The Colonel directed them to answer "Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry" which at once clarified the situation.

At this late day it seems incredible that our small force could have successfully attacked over twice our numbers and accomplished so much. The ground covered by our different attacks was large and our little force divided, but just before daybreak it was very dark and the yelling and firing of Lamborn's men, charging the force on the road to our left, which had charge of their artillery, with Wagner's command noisily routing out the rebels in their camps, half a mile to our rear and the shooting and yelling of our advance guard attacking General Lyon's escort, so disconcerted the Confederates that they believed our force greatly outnumbered them and that their only safety was in flight. On the other hand our men were there for a definite purpose, to defeat them and capture as many as possible, and in the darkness and tumult of the melee, the intelligence and character of the men guided them to victory. Following the general "mix up" of the two commands not much attention was paid to the particulars of Sergeant Lyon's death. The morning was so dark and the events so confused that his movements after he entered the house where General Lyon was sleeping could not be followed. From information given Colonel Palmer at the time, it appeared that after the Sergeant had captured the General and brought him to the front of the house, the latter asked if he could get his clothes, to which the Sergeant replied, "Yes, if you are quick." He then followed the General into the room and stood in front of the open fireplace with his back to it and his pistol in his hand. The General went to the bed apparently to get his clothes, and at this moment one of our men opened the door and called out "Sergeant Lyon, be quick! the rebel escort is rallying," and went out again. In an instant the General seized a pistol from under his pillow, fired at and killed Sergeant Lyon and ran back in the darkness to his escort in the barnyard.

The enemy now being dispersed, the command was formed for

the return march. We had captured two Captains, four Lieutenants, over 100 privates and non-commissioned officers, besides 100 good horses and a lot of plunder they had stolen in Kentucky, consisting of boots, shoes, hats, shirts, silks, gloves, etc. I had charge of the rear guard, and for a time was attacked from a distance by some of those who had escaped.

When we had all arrived at the river we awaited the arrival of the gunboats. Kirk was ordered to announce our presence by firing the captured gun. He succeeded in firing three rounds, without injury to anyone, we having taken the precaution to give the gun a wide berth, and as the sound of the firing echoed among the hills, we heard whistling, and soon saw the smoke of the approaching boats. They came toward us prepared for action, the men at the guns and others were stationed at different parts of the vessels with muskets in hand. A white undergarment, fastened to a branch, announced us as friends, and soon the gunboats "Grant," "Thomas," "Stone River" and "Burnside," under Fleet Commander Forrest, took us on board and across the river. We were cordially received by the officers, and handsomely entertained during our short stay on board.

We spent another day in search of part of Lyon's party, who still remained on the north side of the river, and were said to be in Rogers' Cove, but they had taken alarm and disappeared. We succeeded, however, in dispersing Colonel Mead's guerrillas, after capturing several of their number, and gave them a more vigorous pursuit later.

We now took up the march for Huntsville, where, on our arrival, we turned over our prisoners and cannon to the proper authorities, and received their commendation for our success. The movement was splendidly managed by Colonel Palmer, and our victory saddened only by the loss of that hero, Arthur P Lyon, and the escape of the General.

Lyon's body was sent to his home, in New York State, under special escort of members of the Regiment; and in the cemetery in which he is buried there has been a monument erected to his memory.

There never lived a nobler son, a braver man or a better soldier than Arthur P Lyon, Sergeant in charge of the advance guard of the Anderson Cavalry.

SERGEANT LYON'S LAST RIDE.

CORP. S. A. ABBEY, PUEBLO, COL.

IN writing about incidents that occurred almost forty years ago, one is apt to make mistakes as to minor details, but the principal facts were such that they impressed themselves upon my mind so clearly that I can write of them with some certainty.

Arthur P Lyon belonged to Company A, being a Sergeant. The object of this expedition was to attack the brigade of the rebel General Lyon, which had been raiding in Kentucky and had just effected a crossing of the Tennessee River. The advance guard was composed of twenty men selected by Arthur P Lyon from the different companies, and were under his command. Sergeant Lyon was selected by Colonel Palmer for this hazardous duty because of his known bravery and daring. The Regiment at the time was encamped at Masten's plantation, from which we rode on a cold January evening in 1865. Huntsville was four miles away, and in passing through that place we halted there perhaps an hour. The Regiment followed the detail, which acted as an advance guard.

Captain Kramer joined us without an overcoat, and borrowed a gum coat from a member of our company Sergeant Lyon and a scout named Harris led us up the valley, and I judge it must have been midnight when we turned into the Tennessee River bottom, which was overflowed to at least three or four feet in depth. Previous to turning into the water, Harris, the scout, had us equipped with pine torches, and after going quite a distance toward the channel he ordered a halt. We lighted these torches and began to swing them over our heads.

In the course of a short time we could hear a steamer coming up the river, under a slow motion and exhaust. When very nearly opposite to where we were, the boat, without warning, turned loose with apparently a thirty-two-pound gun. The shell, passing through the timber and striking the surface in our rear, made

more noise than any Rocky Mountain thunderstorm I ever heard. Harris ordered us to continue to swing our torches. No other shot was fired, but we could hear a boat being lowered. We could see nothing. When the boat got close enough to hail, the men in it asked who we were, and in course of time they recognized Harris' voice. They came on, and Harris made arrangements for the crossing of the Colonel and the full command on the following day.

We all remember the crossing of the Tennessee, by taking our horses and ourselves on that pretty gun deck, polished as highly as soap and water could make it.

After disembarking we shortly began to climb to higher ground, and I remember that I rode with Lyon most all that afternoon, and I recall distinctly also that late in the afternoon on winding around that crooked, uninhabited mountain road we heard horses and talk on the road ahead of us.

Lyon rode his horse like a soldier—always on the alert. The least sound or noise ahead on the road attracted his attention. Throwing the spurs into his horse, he said, "Come!" and we all followed, and in course of 100 yards we ran into two men, one old and one young. They were pretty nearly scared to death at our wild approach, but Lyon saw they were unarmed, and told me to stay with them, and turn them over to Colonel Palmer, which I did.

The Colonel and Captain Harris began to ask questions, and finally Colonel Palmer said that we would take their horses and let them go. The old gentleman spoke up, saying, "Mister, if you take my horse I will starve to death right here in the road, as I have been unable to use my legs for the past twenty years." The Colonel smiled, and told him he could retain his horse.

While traveling that lonely road, Lyon remarked to me that he was sorry that we were again on the south side of the Tennessee. He said we had just escaped having a very serious time on that side of the river, and he hoped we would be successful in returning from the present raid.

I recollect of no incident occurring from there to where we halted late at night. From this place the Colonel sent Harris down into the valley, for the purpose of locating the rebel camps.

Upon his return, the command moved off the high ground

into a valley. After turning to the left and going up this particular valley, Lyon told us what was expected, and directed us in riding through between two rebel regiments—one on each side of the road—to hold our sabers so that they would make no noise. As we learned afterward, there was no picket on that road, the sentries being to the north of the command. Lyon's orders were to go along at an ordinary gait, and if not challenged to pass through these regiments in camp and get to the General's house without a fight, if possible; but if he found it necessary to cut his way through, he was ordered to do so.

We who composed that twenty will all remember our experience with those rebel soldiers lying covered under their blankets, with horses tied to trees and ropes. The fires were dim, it being almost daylight, and there was not a sound. As it was, we passed through, and had begun to trot when one man, apparently on guard at the commissary, called out, "What are you fellers in such a hurry about?" Some person answered, "We are always that way." The next question he asked was, "What regiment is that?" We answered, "The same old regiment with new clothes on." By that time we were beyond the challenger. From there to the rebel General's house we traveled at a lope.

Serg. Levi Branthoover told me in Leadville, Colo., in 1879, that Colonel Palmer, Harris, Lyon and himself had in detail all that Harris had learned, on his return from his scout, and under the instructions of the Colonel, he (Branthoover) was to ride with Lyon, and on arriving at the house where the rebel General Lyon was staying, he (Branthoover) was to dismount, go into the house and secure the rebel General. Sergeant Lyon's instructions were to go beyond the house, turn to the right, go through a swinging gate into the yard, and then in the immediate rear of the house capture the escort. We who were on the advance know that the order was not obeyed. His last command to us before he dismounted was: "Under no circumstances should any man dismount." Every man under Lyon's command understood that he was expected to obey him.

There was in our Regiment but one Arthur P Lyon. Born a soldier, daring, reckless and ever alert for a fight, he was the ideal raider. He had no sense of fear and no admiration for cautious soldiers. On this occasion he immediately walked in alone through

the gate, leaving the detail outside mounted, and fortunately found a negro boy gathering wood to start the morning fire. He learned from this negro where General Lyon's room was and immediately afterward he rapped on the door, and when the rebel General opened it the Sergeant said, "You are my prisoner." The General replied, "To whom am I surrendering?" Sergeant Lyon told him to a Sergeant of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry The General asked permission to return and get his clothing, as he was in his night robe. My memory makes it appear but an instant until General Lyon returned and fired a shot from a revolver straight at the Sergeant. We knew it meant death—the stricken soldier with a bullet lodged in his brain fell heavily on the floor General Lyon escaped in his night clothes through the woods in the rear of the house.

We immediately started into the lane where the rebel escort was and—I am not sure, but I think Sergeant Branthoover gave the order. I will not be positive as to this, as I was at that time about midway between the front and rear of the advance guard. I do know that I had a contest with a great, long-haired, mounted man at the gate. He called for his men to come, but they did not respond. Finding himself alone he passed back into the yard out of sight, and I and others proceeded to help ourselves to some good horses that were in the yard.

The rebels had absolutely deserted everything and disappeared in the woods in the rear of the house, for when I reached the road Colonel Palmer was there with the command.

Somebody told him Sergeant Lyon was dead. He seemed terribly shocked. It appeared as if he would never be able to command. But when he recovered, he immediately turned to Captain Kramer and told him to take charge of Sergeant Lyon's advance guard, as there was more work ahead, and for the men to let go of the extra horses they were holding.

There was a rebel battery to the left, camped in the woods, that must be taken before daylight. Captain Kramer came up on the jump, with his gum coat flying in the air, and cried "Come on, men!" and we charged from there to the battery, but found that the detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn had already captured it, first driving off the rebel regiment who were supporting it.

I do not know of any incident worth mentioning until we arrived at the river, where our gunboat apparently awaited us. I have never forgotten how pleased the officers and crew were to receive that gun and prisoners, and evidently made up their minds not to lose them, as they placed the prisoners on the hurricane deck with a guard apparently every three or four feet, each armed with a cutlass. These prisoners were the rebels who had fired a shell from the captured gun that struck in the center of the bow of the boat and went clear through to the gun deck without exploding.

If this had been the only brave act performed by Sergeant Lyon, he would be deserving of a finer eulogy than I can pen. But this was simply the culmination of a series of like daring deeds, reaching back all through his service. He was one of the bravest, and belonged to that devoted number of Union soldiers who did the actual fighting in the Civil War. He was always voluntarily at the extreme front, right against the enemy, where danger was the most imminent. If the firing at any other point was heavier, there he would hasten, without orders, taking with him all under his immediate command and as many others who would follow

ON THE LYON SCOUT

SERG. WM. MCGEE, REGIMENTAL SADDLER, TOLLGATE, W. VA.

I WAS in what is known in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry as "the Lyon raid." I don't propose to write a history of the raid, but only a part of my personal experience. We reached the enemy's camp just before day. I was mounted on a mule, and, as every cavalryman knows, a mule is not a satisfactory cavalry horse. The soldier who is mounted on a mule feels disgraced. He soon loses self-respect, and if he sees anyone looking at him he wants to apologize. He is sure to commence using profane language, even in his sleep.

When the rush was made into the camp I went in with the rest, not to fight, but to trade horses. The first horse I came to I jumped off my mule, and felt of his ears, throatlatch, legs and feet. Remember, it was very dark, but I decided he was all right. It took but a moment to strip the mule and transfer my traps to the horse and mount. I immediately felt my self-respect coming back in great hunks. When daylight came I discovered I had made a fine trade. My horse was a mouse color, with dark holster marks down the shoulders and a dark stripe the full length of his back, young and sound as a dollar

After we got back to Huntsville, Ala., in a short time an order came to camp from headquarters for all the horses captured on the Lyon raid to be brought to headquarters. It was talked around camp that the commissioned officers wanted to select the best for their own use. I didn't like to give up my fine horse, and I concluded I wouldn't without an effort to save him. I took him down to the creek and wet him thoroughly and turned the hair all the wrong way, tied him to a tree, and left him to dry. In the afternoon I took the horse down, tied him up with the others for inspection, and stepped back some distance to watch. Pretty soon the officers came out and went along the line, and they all passed my horse without taking the second look at him. He was the best horse I had while in service, and lasted me until way down in North Carolina with Stoneman.

ARTHUR PEACE LYON.

SERG. E. W. ANDERSON, COMPANY M, PHŒNIXVILLE, PA.

MY first acquaintance with Sergeant Lyon dates from the time of my enlistment in the Regiment, I having had the good fortune to meet him in our neighborhood, at the residence of a friend, when he was here on a "French" furlough from Carlisle. He had been in the employ of the Adams Express Company, at Phœnixville, before he enlisted, and as neither he nor I knew anyone in the Regiment, we became companions and formed a friendship which lasted until his death.

One day we were sitting at the big spring in Carlisle reading a letter from a lady friend greatly encouraging us to be good soldiers, and then and there we made a compact for a race for honors in our Regiment, and strange to relate, our promotions and favors were the same throughout our military career. It is appropriate that I should write this account of Sergeant Lyon's life, as our lives were thus strangely linked together.

We will pass over our early campaign life of 1862, as both of us avoided all military duty as much as possible, until we reached the battlefield of Stone River, on the 27th day of December, 1862, when military life commenced in earnest.

At this time Lyon commenced to distinguish himself before the Regiment. Discipline being lax and officers scarce, he was able to leave his command, acting as a staff officer under General Stanley, during the fight with the Texas Rangers. Here he first came into prominence in the sight of the officers. On our return to Nashville he was twice sent out to the battlefield of Stone River with ambulances for the wounded, remaining each night at the home of Dr Manson, where Major Ward died.

In March, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of Corporal. Being chiefly engaged around headquarters at Chickamauga, there was no opportunity for him to distinguish himself until the Knoxville campaign after Longstreet, where innumerable opportunities were presented, of which he promptly availed himself.

Scarcely a week passed during which he was not engaged in driving in the enemy's pickets, or out with a scouting party, frequently bringing in more prisoners than he had men in his command. It was a common occurrence to see him at the head of his advance guard, on his gray bobtailed horse, flying after the enemy with the speed of an Arabian charger, and as Colonel Palmer told me, "He was a battalion in himself."

News having been brought to the camp that a number of the Confederate soldiers belonging to General Martin's and General Armstrong's brigades had been accustomed to spend the nights with their families, we were detailed with twenty-five or thirty men to capture them. Having succeeded in capturing twenty-two prisoners, among the number Captain Walker, and drawing near to their pickets, Corporal Lyon was restrained with difficulty from making a dash on the enemy's picket post and thus starting the whole brigade in pursuit. However, we stopped at Nick Swan s for breakfast, and then proceeded on our way after feeding our horses, but had not been gone a half hour when the two brigades reached the place in hot pursuit, but they followed us no farther.

After the Knoxville campaign, Corporal Lyon on his return to Chattanooga was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and complimented at the head of the Regiment for his soldierly conduct.

But little remains for me to relate regarding the remainder of his military career, as I have had the good fortune to secure a copy of a letter sent to his mother by Colonel Palmer himself, giving the following sketch of his military career:

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY,
"HUNTSVILLE, ALA., February 15, 1865.

"*My Dear Mrs. Ferguson,*—I avail myself of the opportunity afforded by the departure of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn to the East to write to you my sense of the loss my Regiment has met in the death of your brave boy, Serg. Arthur P Lyon, and also to express my profound sympathy and that of every officer and man in my Regiment with you and with all his friends and relatives in this affliction.

"Your son first distinguished himself at the battle of Stone River, at which time I was not with the Regiment, but I have heard an account of his gallant behavior on that occasion from officers who were present. I first became acquainted with his personal merits in March, 1863, soon after taking command of the

SERGT. ARTHUR P. LYON

Killed at Red Hill, Alabama, January 15, 1865

Regiment. In a skirmish toward the last of that month with a regiment of rebel cavalry, under Colonel Smith, Private Lyon was in the advance guard, and exhibited so much courage and dash that he was immediately promoted to the position of Corporal of his company by a complimentary order read to the Regiment at dress parade.

"In our active and hazardous campaign of seventy days in East Tennessee, in the winter of 1863 and 1864, against the forces of Longstreet, Corporal Lyon showed such hearty bravery and zeal that I selected him as 'the habitual leader of the advance guard' of our Regiment, and by this honorable title he was known to the day of his death. I never knew him to hesitate when an enemy appeared, but with a noble enthusiasm that inspired all that were about him, he invariably dashed upon the rebels with his little party at the first sight, and thus, in the skirmishes that occurred almost daily in that campaign, he had generally half won the victory by demoralizing the enemy before the main body of our Regiment could reach them and form for the attack. In these dashes he took a great many prisoners, and I think he personally captured more prisoners than any man in this army.

"In the battles of Mossy Creek and Dandridge he behaved with his usual gallantry. He received, as you know, his first scratch at the cavalry battle of Indian Creek, along the French Broad River, in East Tennessee, when in the course of a few hours he first had his horse killed under him; next the stock of his carbine shot off by one of the enemy's skirmishers, and lastly, to our sorrow, he was severely wounded in the arm and had to be carried, faint and bleeding, from the field. He had previously during the same day, while we were hunting up the enemy, dashed with his 'advance' of twenty-five men upon the pickets of General Armstrong's brigade, consisting of a Colonel and eighty men, whom he pursued for four miles, capturing prisoners and finally running into the camp of the brigade itself. The dexterity with which he extricated his little party from their perilous situation, rejoining his Regiment (which had halted in a suitable position and formed, on learning of the proximity of such a large force), with the loss of but one man, showed that Corporal Lyon was not brave without judgment, and reflected great credit upon his military skill. For his gallant conduct in this campaign Corporal Lyon was promoted to Sergeant, and complimented before the brigade in general orders.

"In a second campaign in East Tennessee, last summer and fall, 'our leader of the advance guard' displayed still more prominently those daring and chivalrous qualities which had already won the tribute of admiration and regard from every officer and man of our Regiment. In a reconnoissance ordered by General Gillem, near Jonesboro, where my Regiment drove a larger force

of General Vaughan's cavalry for several miles, from Jonesboro to the Watauga River, capturing a number of prisoners and holding the crossing at Devaults Ford, Sergeant Lyon led the advance, and by his impetuous charges over a difficult and easily defended country made it impossible for the enemy to form, and enabled our command to accomplish this important reconnoissance without the loss of a single man.

"The same month (September) he accompanied me on a dangerous expedition with seventy-five picked men from Bristol through southwestern Virginia into Kentucky, and finally to the Ohio River, made almost entirely within the enemy's lines, for the purpose of conveying an important dispatch from General Sherman to General Burbridge, who was then retreating from the Virginia salt works. On this expedition, though continually surrounded by the enemy, we succeeded in crossing the Cumberland Mountains into Kentucky, taking with us a number of prisoners and a large number of captured horses, and in delivering the dispatch at General Burbridge's camp without ourselves losing a man; and this result was to a great extent due to the spirit and elan with which the little handful of men that we placed in the front, under Sergeant Lyon, charged the different parties of the enemy that appeared in our route or crossed our path.

"It was my repeated desire to promote Sergeant Lyon to the position of a commissioned officer, which he had most richly earned, and I now regret that, although there was no vacancy in his company to the day of his death, I did not endeavor to partially reward so much soldierly worth and chivalry by recommending his appointment to a Lieutenant in another Regiment.

"After the recent campaign against Hood, which closed early in January by the pursuit on the south side of the Tennessee River, even into Mississippi, of the rear of his shattered force, and the capture by our body of 600 cavalry, of his entire pontoon bridge, and nearly 300 wagons with the mules and a large number of prisoners, I recommended Sergeant Lyon for honorable mention in general orders of the army in my report to General Thomas. This was both for good conduct throughout the pursuit and particularly for having with fifteen men of the Anderson Cavalry captured, by an impetuous dash on the night of December 28th, in front of Decatur, Ala., two pieces of artillery, with horses and harnesses, from the rear guard of General Roddy's command. I had also determined to nominate him to the Governor of Pennsylvania for appointment to the first vacancy occurring in the commissioned officers of the Regiment.

"Unfortunately, immediately after our return from the Mississippi expedition, we were ordered out from Huntsville, after the rebel General Lyon, and on this expedition our brave Sergeant Lyon, by his magnanimity to the captured General, lost his life in

the manner you have heard. If the Sergeant had been captured, instead of shot, I would have exchanged the rebel General for him, had he remained in our hands, without the slightest hesitation; and although, on the official records, our expedition with its capture of prisoners and artillery is considered quite a success, yet I assure you there is not a man in the command who would not have given them all back if that would have restored your brave and generous boy to life.

"But this is war, and only by such costly sacrifices does it seem that Providence is willing that our beloved country should be saved.

"I will close this letter by assuring you that with the scarred remains that we sent home to you from Huntsville went the heartfelt sympathy of every man in the Regiment for those who, although nearer to Sergeant Lyon in blood, were only a little nearer in ties of affection than themselves.

"I am, yours very truly,
"WM. J. PALMER, *Colonel Commanding,*
"Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) Cavalry."

During the battle of Indian Creek, mentioned by Colonel Palmer, we met the enemy's skirmishers, who were gradually forced back until near their line of battle, when they made a stubborn resistance, compelling our skirmishers to dismount. Sergeant Lyon, however, remained on his bobtailed gray and rode through the timber, a regular target for all the Confederate bullets. I begged him to dismount, but he refused, saying, "There is not the rebel bullet made that will kill me." My attention was soon called to the fact that Lyon had been wounded, and on looking up I discovered that one ball had struck the horse's shoulder, nearly disabled his left leg and covered his side with blood; another had struck Lyon's left arm above the elbow, passed under the skin, lodged between the shoulder blades, and carried with it quite a wad of clothing, making a very painful wound. While being helped on his crippled horse, from the field to the rear, he shouted to me, holding up his shattered arm: "This is good for a furlough," showing his absolute unconcern at the thought of death, and I hope changing his opinion that "the rebel bullet was not made that could kill him."

After his return from the Knoxville campaign little opportunity was afforded for him to achieve distinction until called out after "Hood's pontoons." Of this campaign I know nothing, as I had

received a commission in the Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and had left for that command on the 27th of November, 1864.

We, in our frequent plans for our future careers, had built castles, not in Spain but in Mexico, and had fully decided that after the termination of the war we would go to that country and fight against Maximilian. I little thought then that when I bade him good-bye it would be for the last time.

Colonel Palmer has testified very fully as to Lyon's bravery, honor and fidelity, but in his chivalry and reverence for all Southern women he was unexcelled by any gentleman, North or South. Never, at any time, would he permit any of them, whether Unionists or Confederates, to be molested or insulted in any way

I am pleased even yet to hear the compliments to his military glory, but I realize that my comrade is with the silent throng and hears them not. What would a living soldier not give to win such tribute from his commanding officer?

After Sergeant Lyon's death a Second Lieutenant's commission was received bearing the date of Dec. 28, 1864, the day he led the charge on Colonel Wine's regiment below Decatur, Ala., and captured prisoners and two pieces of artillery.

The following inscription on his tombstone, at Port Henry, N. Y., is an enduring testimonial to his bravery:

Died for his Country.
Arthur P Lyon, 2d Lt. 15th Pa. Cav
Was killed at Red Hill, Ala., on 15th of Jan., 1865.
Aged 24 years.

[Other face.]

Lieutenant Lyon led the advance guard of his Regiment and captured the rebel General Lyon, who, after he surrendered, shot Lieutenant Lyon through the head, killing him instantly. His remains were sent home by his Regiment under escort, with the message from his Colonel, "He was the bravest man in my Regiment."

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

CORP. SMITH D. COZENS, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

MUCH of the little story that follows has been a matter of confidence between Bratton and myself during all these years.

Serg. Arthur P Lyon was killed on Sunday morning, January 15, 1865, just before the break of day, at a place called Red Hill, near Warrenton, Ala., some miles south of the Tennessee River.

It is not my intention to go over the story of our brave comrade's death, but rather to tell how Lyon s body was taken from that place to his home.

As with one other comrade I stood in front of that old farmhouse, with the body of the Sergeant, clad in his greatcoat, lying on the porch, a bullet hole in his left temple and the blood slowly trickling over his face, I realized that the Regiment had lost a valuable man, and myself a friend with whom I had been peculiarly intimate. The firing in the road and field beyond and back of the house had ceased, and the boys were rapidly gathering together the prisoners and horses that had been captured in this successful attack, when Lieutenant Hinchman and one other member of the Regiment rode up, and after discussion, the Lieutenant thought it best that the body of the Sergeant should be conveyed to where the Regiment was, some yards down the road, and there await orders from Colonel Palmer.

With another comrade we carried the body out into the road and unhitched the Sergeant's horse, which was fastened to the palings. The comrade who was with Lieutenant Hinchman held the horse while the three of us tried to place Lyon in the saddle. We got him properly placed after considerable difficulty, and succeeded in tying his arms around the horse's neck, and in trying to fasten his legs under the horse the animal became very restive and reared up, throwing the body to the ground. I can remember distinctly the horror of our little party at this accident as we picked up the body from the hard, frozen ground and placed

it upon another horse which was not so restive. We were then joined by two or three other members of the Regiment, who assisted, while one of them and myself held the body upon the horse, another led him down the road to where the Regiment had moved on ahead. Lieutenant Hinchman then left us, and after traveling probably about a mile he joined us again, having procured an old carriage, and the body of the Sergeant was placed in it, the Lieutenant getting in and driving, and in this way we rejoined our companies.

The Regiment crossed the Tennessee River on gunboats, and on the night of the 17th inst. we arrived at Huntsville, pretty well tired out, and encamped in a piece of woods, four miles out of town, the officers' quarters being in a large house at the edge of the woods. We reached camp late, and it was not long before the most of us were sound asleep.

I can remember distinctly that I was awakened by someone loudly calling my name, and as the Colonel's orderly stumbled and climbed over the sleeping comrades toward me, he said that Colonel Palmer desired me at headquarters immediately When I reached the house I found the Colonel and most of the officers assembled in a large room, drinking coffee, etc., and as I entered the room the Colonel looked up, and with that peculiar twinkle in his eye, said: "Cozens, how soon can you get ready to go home?" Hardly comprehending him, and looking down at my too well-worn clothes, I said, "Colonel, I am ready now." All laughed, and the Colonel said to me, "You will turn over to the Quartermaster Sergeant of your Company all property in your possession except your saber, belt and pistol, and report at the railroad depot at 6 o'clock in the morning, and take charge of the body of Sergeant Lyon, and I want you to take it home, and say to his mother, expressing my deep sympathy for her loss, that 'her son was one of the bravest men in my Regiment, and I deeply deplore his loss.' When you reach Nashville you will take this letter to General Miller, commanding that place, where you will receive the required authority for you to proceed on your journey." He also gave me an order on one of the leading houses in Nashville for $100.

In the early morning I walked to the railroad depot and took charge of the body, and shortly afterwards the Colonel's orderly

handed me a letter directed to Mrs. Lyon. At the same time comrade William L. Bratton, of Company A, reported to me that by order of the Colonel he was to be my companion on the journey, for which I was very glad, as Bratton and I had been personal friends for a long time.

We started for Nashville, Bratton and I and Lyon's body being the sole occupants of a freight car, and a long, cold and miserable ride it was. We seemed to go about a mile an hour, and then would stop every little while. We became so cold that finally, toward night at one place we stopped, got out and put in the car a lot of wood and a large piece of sheet iron, probably about four feet square, and then shut the doors, and in a short time had started a small fire on the sheet iron and got a little warmth, and finally fell asleep. When we awoke it was daylight. The piece of iron had become heated and burned a large hole in the floor of the car, and finally, fortunately for us, had cooled.

At the next stopping place we conveyed the body of the Sergeant to the next empty car, and took possession as innocently as you please. We reached Nashville, reported to General Miller, and were furnished by him with an order for our transportation going and returning and a pass through all guards and picket posts.

It was necessary to have the body properly coffined and embalmed, and that with the express charges cost us within a few dollars of our $100. I think we had between us five dollars. We reached Louisville in good time, banqueted at the usual place, "Soldiers' Rest," and then crossed the Ohio River. After that every mile counted to two men who had not seen home for two years and three months. I shall never forget when we reached Crestline—how we went into the dining room there, with sabers dangling, dirty and nearly ragged; but we fared sumptuously off some of those five dollars. We passed Pittsburg, then across the mountains to Harrisburg, Lancaster, and finally the goodly city of Penn loomed up in the distance.

Before leaving the train we hunted high and low for Lyon's body but we could not find it anywhere. However, we went home, and the next morning Bratton and I, having procured some good clothes and looking like two new men, started for New York. On our arrival there no trace of the body could we find,

but, after inquiry at the railroad depot, were finally assured that the body would arrive safely at its destination in due time.

On the cars going up the Hudson River everyone on the train seemed anxious to know what two armed cavalrymen were doing up in that part of the country, traveling northward. We told the story how Lyon was killed by General Lyon, and then someone else would want to hear about it, and about the time the story was half told another would want to know about it, and before an hour had passed everyone on the train had been in to see us and hear the story. We reached Albany and made more inquiries about the body, but without success, and finally reached Whitehall about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, which was as far as we could go by the cars.

The stage (or sleigh) which was to take us the balance of our way to Port Henry had four occupants—the driver and myself on the front seat and Bratton and a young lady, returning home from school, on the back seat. I always liked Bratton, but I discovered that night that selfishness was his besetting sin. He and the girl monopolized nearly all the rugs, and I almost froze to death during the long hours we rode right up through the center of Lake Champlain. The snow was so deep that you could hardly distinguish where the lake was. We changed horses two or three times, and each time, against the protest of the driver, I went into the warm rooms at the relay, and at one place an old man gave me a big tumbler full of apple-jack, and I drained it to the bottom, and it was to me just as so much water.

Some time after midnight we reached Port Henry, stiff and frozen, and went into the big hotel, where I planked myself down alongside the red-hot stove, and was hardly civil to Bratton or anyone else. We sat there until morning, and then condescended to tell the people what our business was. Everybody knew Arthur Lyon. Was he killed? How did it happen? Where is his body? Bratton and I began slowly to realize that we were not in the most pleasant situation. Aye, where was the body?—that was the question.

We ascertained that Lyon's folks lived about a mile from the village, and the landlord hitched up his sleigh and we soon arrived at Lyon's home. It was a sad and sorrowful scene—mother, sisters and relatives—and it wasn't long before the house was full,

and we commenced the old story over again in all its details. The Colonel's letter and message were delivered, and then we sat down to await results.

During the afternoon anxious inquiries were made of us as to when the body of Sergeant Lyon might be expected, and we assured them that it would be there soon. Night came and no word of our charge. Everybody around the country for miles soon knew what had happened; and when it is remembered that we were not far from the Canadian line, and that during the entire period of the war we were the only soldiers who had ever been in that part of the country except someone of those living in the vicinity who had been enlisted and returned home on furlough or discharge, the gay jacket of the Andersons, even if it was a little faded, with the new clothes that we had bought, made us conspicuous objects everywhere we went.

The next morning Bratton and I went into Port Henry and worked the telegraph for all it was worth from every point from Cincinnati to New York, but without success, and at last concluding that something must be done, as every preparation was being made for the funeral, it was agreed that I should start back over the route and leave Bratton there to do the best he could.

That night I started, and the next morning as I stepped off the train at Troy I saw the body of Serg. Arthur P Lyon, for the first time since we had shipped it at Nashville, just about being put on the train for its journey home. I immediately telegraphed to Bratton and a heavy load was lifted off our hearts. At the funeral they took the body into the church, which was crowded with friends and relatives. After the services, Bratton, upon invitation and on behalf of the Regiment, retold the story briefly, and repeated the message I had delivered from the Colonel to the mother.

Bratton and I spent two weeks in Philadelphia, by the kind permission of the Colonel, and rejoined our Regiment at Huntsville just as they were being remounted, and in time to go with the boys upon the raid through Virginia and the Carolinas, to close up the war. My friend Bratton and myself discovered when our final accounts were settled that the Government was not out any on this affair, as every cent for our transportation from the Regiment to Whitehall and back was deducted from our pay.

OUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST COLONEL MEAD'S GUERRILLAS.

LIEUT. JOHN KNOX MARSHALL, COMPANY F, BOSTON, MASS.

FROM the period in 1862 when our army first occupied the country around Huntsville, Ala., until the close of the war, all the mountainous country to the east of it, with its rich valleys, was the stamping ground of those irregular partisans of the Confederacy generally known to us by the term guerrillas.

They were not soldiers. They did not do one atom of good toward the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, and, in a military sense, they did the Union no harm. They were an annoyance to us. They would attack a small party which they overwhelmingly outnumbered, or would murder a Union soldier who straggled from his command. The last-named outrage only served to increase the discipline of our army. They pillaged from the Union farmers and made the others contribute to their support. At night small bands of them fired into the railroad trains that passed, and killed and wounded a good many men. They murdered the wounded Gen. Robt. L. McCook in his ambulance. They never attacked an equal number of men and never expected to. They were made up principally of the worst element in the rebel army, who had deserted from their regiments in the field, to get out of fighting, but at the same time, to keep up the semblance of being Southern soldiers and avoid being branded as "deserters," and to escape the conscription officers, they had joined these bands. In reality they were only murderers and thieves, banded together to better carry out their purposes, and late in the war the Confederate authorities came to this conclusion, and issued orders for their suppression.

The guerrillas were provisioned, clothed and assisted by the rebel farmers in the mountain valleys, and late in 1864 was inaugurated the policy of laying waste these places and destroying the crops, so that the guerrillas would have no supplies to

draw on. The duty was an exceedingly distasteful one, although considered a military necessity, and we were glad that so little of it fell to our share. About the middle of January, 1865, Lieut. David C. White, of Company F, was ordered to report in Huntsville to General Wood's headquarters, with a detail of thirty men from the Regiment. Here he was introduced to a Captain McCarty, by one of General Wood's staff officers, and told that McCarty would take charge of the detail.

They proceeded to Paint Rock Valley and were there joined by the 101st Ohio Infantry, Lieut.-Col. McDonald commanding. Here White was informed by Captain McCarty that they were to destroy all the houses in the valley that were being used as harbors for the bushwhackers and that General Wood had ordered it done. Lieutenant White felt disgusted at this character of service, but a soldier's duty is to obey all lawful orders from proper authorities, and reluctantly they started down the valley applying the torch to such properties as Captain McCarty designated were to be burned. The pleadings of innocent women and children that their homes should be saved were too much for the Lieutenant and he made a strong protest to McCarty that this was not warfare but simple cruelty and wanton destruction of property, but the Captain insisted on obedience to his orders and his orders were to direct the movements of the cavalry. They were approaching a house at this time and were met in the yard by a woman who pitifully begged they would not destroy her home, as her daughter was very sick in it and could not be moved. Just then she looked at McCarty and recognizing him asked "what he was doing with the Yankees?" White asked her if she knew him, to which she replied that "she had known him for years, that he owned property in the valley and had never been in the army" At this White refused to take any further orders from McCarty and took his thirty men up the valley and reported to Lieut.-Col. McDonald that McCarty was not an officer, not even a soldier, and that he declined to serve under him. McDonald told him that "he (McDonald) had no orders for him; all he was to do was to support the cavalry and was glad of White's stand, as he was opposed to that kind of warfare."

Lieutenant White returned to our camp at Huntsville and reported to Colonel Palmer. He had misgivings how his conduct

would be considered, as McCarty had threatened all sorts of trouble for him for disobeying the orders of General Wood. But Colonel Palmer heartily approved of his action and long afterwards the men of the Regiment learned that our Colonel had declined to receive any orders to burn houses sheltering innocent women and children, and protested against any part of his command being used for that purpose.

About a week after, while this man McCarty was in Paint Rock Valley, he was captured and shot by those who had suffered from his vengeance.

On January 23, 1865, the Regiment was ordered to look after Col. L. G. Mead, who was known as the head man of all these gangs, and our scout was distinguished not so much by fighting as by the easy time we had of it. In fact, the talk among the men was that Colonel Palmer took this opportunity to rest up his horses and keep away from headquarters at Huntsville, where they seemed to be intently anxious to have us on the go all the time. Colonel Palmer was too good a soldier and too conscientious to resort to anything like this, and no doubt the object of our slow movements was to feed his Regiment at the expense of the rebel farmers and cripple the enemy by using up his stores.

The first day we camped at Widow Rose's plantation, but the next we caught a guerrilla Captain and several of his men, and went into camp at the plantation of an ironclad rebel—Mr. Toney. The next day our advance met twenty-five of them, under the command of Lieutenant Jones, and chased them two miles, capturing five, besides killing one and wounding another. These fellows, as a rule, had good horses, and their riders knew all the trails in the mountains so well that it was hard for us to follow them. They had no camps, but stopped at the different houses instead, and a large portion of our captures was made at them. After our chase of Lieutenant Jones' command and its dispersal, Colton's and Kramer's commands were sent around by Valley Head, while the balance of the Regiment crossed the mountain over a rough trail into Clear Creek Valley, and at Cox's stillhouse found a large party, where a short, sharp fight took place.

Around the house was a fence, which being too high for our horses to jump, halted our mounted charge. Lieut. Chas. S. Hinchman, who led the advance, turned to Philip Miller, of Com-

pany M, just in the rear of him, and ordered him to jump off his horse and throw down the fence, but he, bewildered by the firing from the house not twenty-five yards away and by the noise and confusion, was slow in obeying, so Hinchman slipped out of his saddle and did it himself. At the same time a shot, no doubt intended for Hinchman, struck Miller and passed through his bowels. The delay at the fence had been sufficiently long to enable most of the guerrillas to escape, but we succeeded in capturing seven, and among them was the Lieutenant Jones we had chased earlier in the day. We camped that night at Shadrack Tipton's. Miller died that night, and we buried him the next morning, with military honors, in the woods on the side of a hill, and as a fit ending set fire to and burned the distillery to the ground.

There was a curious circumstance in the shooting of Miller. Early in the morning and all through the day Lieutenant Hinchman had been possessed with a premonition that he would receive a mortal wound that day through his bowels, and believed he could put his finger on the spot the ball would strike him, and by no effort on his part could he get rid of that dread feeling. When the advance was stopped at the fence around the stillhouse, Hinchman was between it and Miller, and no doubt saved himself by the quick jump he made from his horse. The shot that took Miller was at the identical spot on the body where Hinchman's premonition told him the shot would hit him.

The next day Colonel Palmer took the first battalion off in one direction, but the balance of the Regiment did not move until 1 P.M., and after a short march we all came together again at Duckett's, near the mouth of Dry Valley. Mr. Duckett had three sons in the Confederate army. Here our Commissary killed and issued to the men three calves, which was enough for one day's ration.

This campaign was the most remarkable of any for its short marches we ever took. All of our scouting before and after this was signalized by hard marches—all-night rides—which used up both horses and men, and much of our sleep was had while mounted and on the march. Just now we were in a beautiful, rugged country, the weather was fine, forage was plenty for our horses and provisions for the men. After our fight at Cox's still-

house, the guerrillas seemed to have left this part of the country, for, although they fired a few shots at our pickets one night, we saw no more of them.

Our marches for the next three days were so short, so very unusual, as to make them worth recording. On the 27th of January we went two miles to Bridges, across the Paint Rock Valley On the 28th we marched one mile to Parson Taliferro's—Tolofer, the people all pronounce it. We killed his sheep and had fresh mutton to eat. The next day we marched nearly two miles, to Russell W Clay's place on Lick Fork, where our meat ration was pork and turkey. The creek was full of fish, and although our tackle was of the crudest kind, many of the men had fresh fish added to their diet.

The next day we crossed the mountain again. We never rode over these high hills. As the Regiment began the ascent, the order was given to "dismount," and we walked to the top. If one's horse was not well trained it was necessary to lead him by the bridle rein, but many of them would follow their owners, just as a well-trained dog follows its master. Reaching the top of the mountain the Regiment was mounted again, and continued so until the descent was reached, and then we dismounted and walked down. This saved horseflesh and gave the men a kind of exercise they needed. Crossing this mountain, the name of which was Cedar Ridge, brought us over to Larkin's Fork, and we encamped near Salem. Our march next day was by way of Mountain Fork, and we fed at Hambrick's, on Hurricane Creek, which the people here call "Harricane." Stopped at Whitman's, where we spent the night.

About 9 o'clock that night, while Dager, of Company F, was on vedette on the Newmarket road, he heard approaching what, from the sounds, he thought was a battalion of cavalry, and gave the usual hail, "Halt! Who goes there?" and getting no reply, fired his carbine, and got back to the reserves. The shot was heard in camp, and almost instantly the different companies were formed in line, and one of them was out on the "double-quick" to reinforce the reserve picket. Then it was found that the innocent cause of all this was a Dr. Norris, who, in his rattling one-horse shay, was out visiting some patients, and only knew of our presence when a bullet whistled by his ear and went out through the back curtain.

This Dr. Norris was a most estimable gentleman, as we found out later, when we became acquainted. He had two brothers in Philadelphia, celebrated as locomotive builders, but he had made his home in this country, where he resided all through the rebellion.

The next day's march took us to our old quarters at Masten s plantation, just outside of Huntsville, having finished one of the easiest and most pleasant scouts we ever took, and both men and horses were in better condition at its close than at the beginning.

OUR LAST CAMPAIGN AND PURSUIT OF JEFF DAVIS.

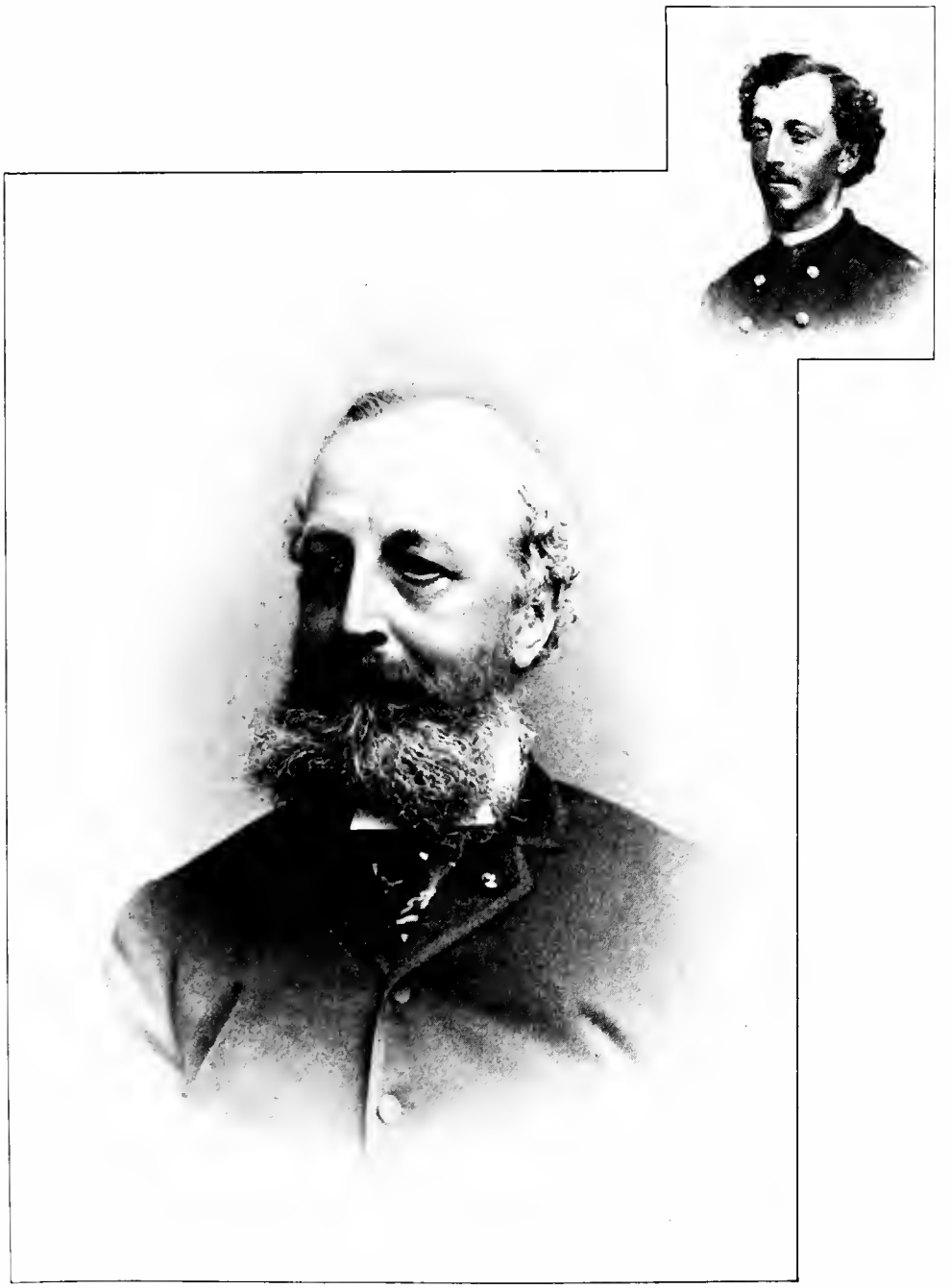
CAPT. H. K. WEAND, COMPANY H, NORRISTOWN, PA.

ON March 5, 1865, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry broke up camp at Masten's plantation, just outside of Huntsville, Ala., and made a leisurely march to our old camp at Wauhatchie, where we arrived on the 10th. On the way we were unfortunate in losing Thomas Ginn, of Company A, who was drowned while crossing Battle Creek.

March 16th.—The Regiment was put on the cars for Knoxville, where it arrived the next day. Before leaving quite a number of changes took place among the officers. Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn having resigned, his place was taken and ably filled by Chas. M. Betts, who had been our Major. Capts. Wm. Wagner and Abraham B. Garner were promoted to Majors; Lieut. Geo. Hildebrand to Captain Company B; First Lieut. and Adj. Chas. E. Scheide to Captain Company K; First Lieut. J C. Reiff to Adjutant; Serg.-Maj. Jno. F Conaway to First Lieutenant Company B; Serg. Theo. F Ramsey to First Lieutenant Company H. Colonel Palmer, having received his brevet rank as General, commanded a brigade, composed of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, Tenth Michigan and the Twelfth Ohio Cavalry Col. Chas. M. Betts commanded our Regiment; Capt. Henry McAllister was detailed as Assistant Adjutant General, and Lieuts. Anthony Taylor and Jno. F Conaway as aids on General Palmer's staff.

March 21st.—The long march began. We started from Knoxville in an ordinary rainstorm, which increased in intensity during the day, and at night had developed into a furious hailstorm. We are in the lightest marching order, and our shelter tents are a poor protection at such a time. Encamped at night at Strawberry Plains, where we were joined by the other Regiments of our brigade.

The expedition is commanded by General Stoneman, while General Gillem commands the division, and the brigades are



LIEUT. COL. CHAS. M. BETTS

commanded by Generals Palmer and Brown and Colonel Miller. We have a battery of four guns, and in all about 5000 men.

March 22d.—Crossed the Holston River to-day and went into camp at Mossy Creek, where we had a hard fight over a year ago. Here, in a rude graveyard, Lieut. Harvey Lingle, killed in that battle, sleeps his last sleep. His old company sodded and planted flowers on his grave.

March 23d.—Marched to Morristown, and had a cordial, hearty welcome from the loyal citizens. These people came from all the surrounding country to see us, and while perched on their rail fences greeted us with smiles and many a ludicrous expression. At this place four horseshoes and nails were issued to each man, which has a smack of a hard campaign in it.

March 25th.—Met the first rebel force to-day, consisting of about sixty men of General Vaughan's command. Company E of our Regiment had the advance, and charged with such spirit that they were driven off, leaving four prisoners in our hands. No serious loss on our side, except that Sergeant McNair's horse was shot and gave him an ugly tumble in a ditch.

March 26th.—Went thirty miles to-day, through Leesburg, Jonesboro and Dry Cove. As we get nearer to the mountain forage becomes more scarce, and to-day our horses went hungry

March 27th.—Moved early to find something for our horses to eat, and found a short feed for them on the south bank of the Watauga River. Marched eighteen miles, and bivouacked on the mountain pass near the top of Stone Mountain at 4 A.M., on the 28th. Our march this night was one that those who participated in it will never forget. The road at times ran close to dangerous precipices, over which occasionally a horse or mule would fall, and in like manner we lost one of the artillery caissons, but no man was hurt. Many loyal citizens built fires along the road and at dangerous places, and also at difficult fords over the mountain streams. Looking back as we toiled up the mountain, the scene was grand and imposing as the march of the column was shown by the trail of fire along the road. Occasionally an old pine tree would take fire and blaze up almost instantaneously, looking like a column of fire. It was an impromptu illumination, and the sight of it repaid us for the toilsome night march.

March 28th.—After a rest of four hours, we started at 8 A.M.

and marched until 1 P.M., when we halted at Sugar Grove, N. C., and after an hour's rest went on to Boone. Here the rebel Home Guards foolishly tried to stop our march, but the advance brigade went at them at once, and killed six, wounded three and captured fifty-six, while our only casualty was one man wounded. We continued our march through the valley and across the Blue Ridge, which is not so difficult to ascend or descend as the Great Smoky range.

March 29th.—Started at 8.30 A.M. and marched over a good mountain road, coming down to the Yadkin River, which we forded twice to secure forage, the last time when it was raining hard and so dark that the horse in front could not be seen, and many an unfortunate one got a thorough soaking in the river when his horse stumbled over the rocks. Got as far as Wilkesboro, and went into camp at a fine plantation, which gave us an abundance for both horse and man.

March 30th.—Rained hard all night long and everything was wet through when we moved, early in the morning, down the stream four miles to a point opposite Wilkesboro, crossing Reddies River. The water rose so rapidly that the balance of the command could not cross, and we were on this side alone, but in no danger, unless the enemy should come at us in boats.

March 31st.—Still raining, but it is impossible for the men to get any more wet than they were yesterday There being no chance for the other troops to cross to our side, we marched down the river ten miles to Roaring River, but that, too, was impassable.

April 1st.—Marched through extensive pine forests to-day, where few inhabitants were found. About 4 P.M. we reached the village of Elkin, where we found a large cotton factory, in which sixty girls are employed. All of them welcomed the Yankees. We did not molest the mill, which was a fine one, but connected with it was a storehouse filled with supplies of flour, meat, butter, honey, molasses, tobacco and chestnuts, all of which was a perfect Godsend to us. We miss our "hard-tack" very much, now that it is all gone. In place of it flour and cornmeal are issued, which usually is mixed with water and fried, but if we stop long enough the colored women bake it for us, and how good it tastes!

April 2d.—Started at noon, and passed through the towns of Dobson Courthouse and Mt. Airy which are very ordinary vil-

lages, although post offices, and all the letters in them we collected and read as we rode along. Marched until ten at night, with the word that we must start again at 2 A.M.

April 3d.—Started on time with our Regiment in the advance. It was learned that a rebel wagon train was in our front, going to Bristol. Lieutenant Phillips with his Companies G and E was sent after it, and captured the twenty-two wagons which composed the train, and destroyed them. On arriving near Hillsville, Va., a few Home Guards made some resistance, but soon let up, when they found we wanted to get into the town. Here we found supplies of flour, butter, etc., and all the men were supplied with tobacco. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when we went into camp.

April 4th.—Off again at daylight, and at noon entered the pretty village of Jacksonville, where we were met by two citizens —a lawyer and a doctor—who, in regulation style and with the aid of a large white flag, surrendered the town to us. It was not necessary for them to have done this. It looked to us ridiculous, as just now anything we wanted we took. But these people have been so deluded by their papers that they are under the impression that to burn houses and rob them of all we can carry off is our mission here, and they are relieved when they find the mistake.

There had been assigned to the brigade a young telegraph operator, John J. Wickham, who, when opportunity offered, rendered valuable assistance. Before reaching Christiansburg we had learned that the office of the telegraph company was in a freight car at the farther end of the town, and before the Regiment reached that place, Lieutenant Hinchman, with a small detachment with Wickham, was sent to capture it, and learn what he could of the movements of the rebels from the dispatches he could gather in. Making their way round the town in the evening they reached the car without discovery, and captured the operator at his instrument. Wickham began calling "Lynchburg," but recalling the fact that the operator there would know a stranger was telegraphing, forced the Christiansburg operator to send the messages. He asked if they had any news of the Yankees, and kept up the conversation for some time, until a pointed question by Wickham, about the rebel forces, aroused the suspicion of the Lynchburg man, who said, "I believe I'm talking to the Yankees

now" Wickham then took the key and told him truthfully who he was, and at that the Lynchburg man let out with all the "cuss" words he was able to recall, and even these could not express his feelings at having given any information that could give aid and comfort to the enemy, and especially was his blasphemy heaped on the poor operator who had been forced to send the messages. But here Wickham stopped him, and wired back that he should not blame him, as a fellow with a pistol at his head is apt to say just what the fellow who holds the pistol wants him to say. That ended the telegraphing, but the operator at Christiansburg thanked Wickham for the message he sent, as it would put him right with his associates in the rebel service. Wickham was a strenuous youth in those days, and continued to make his mark, so that when he died, a few years ago, he occupied the position of a Judge in the Superior Court of Pennsylvania.

The Regiment stopped to rest and feed the horses, late in the afternoon, some four or five miles from Jacksonville. About dark the first battalion, under Major Wagner, left the Regiment with details from six companies—about 221 men. It rained hard all night and we marched until 3 o'clock in the morning, when we halted in a ploughed field until 5 A.M. During the day we captured a lot of good horses.

THE MARCH OF MAJOR WAGNER'S BATTALION.

April 5th.—Rainy; marched all day; passed through the town after a railroad train, but they heard us coming and got away. It was, however, a close call for them. We then burned the railroad bridge over the Roanoke River, and marched to Coyners' Springs, a railroad station. Here we captured a car, loaded with express goods, and got all the tobacco we could carry, giving our colored followers the rest of it. We then burned the car and the station, and marched to Buford's, camping at 10 P.M., near the Peaks of Otter. We were fired on by bushwhackers several times along the road.

Mr. Buford had relatives—Colonels and Generals—in both Northern and Southern armies, and treated us courteously. Before breakfasting with him he took several of the officers into his yard, where there was a great slab of granite, on the side of which was inscribed "Peaks of Otter," and on the upper surface

were two depressions used as basins. We washed in these, so we could say we had bathed our faces on the "Peaks of Otter." This granite slab had been intended a few years before as Virginia's contribution to the Washington monument, but had been broken in bringing it down from the peaks. Mr. Buford was in the habit of inviting his guests to do as we did.

April 6th.—Left camp at 10 A.M.; marched to Liberty, Va., where the Mayor of the town came out with a white flag and surrendered the town to us. This is a very pretty town. We passed through some very fine country during the day. After leaving Liberty we marched to two very high trestle railroad bridges across the Big Otter. We halted here, and filled the bridge with fence rails, so as to have them ready in case we should want to burn it. We then went into camp by the bridges at 9 P.M., eighteen miles from Lynchburg, which was reported full of rebel infantry

April 7th.—The battalion laid in camp all day. Sergeant Anderson and twelve men marched to within eleven miles of Lynchburg, meeting a few rebels on the road and exchanging shots with them. About 11 P.M. we were ordered to saddle up, formed column and started out toward Lynchburg, but before starting we fired the railroad bridges.

April 8th.—About daylight we ran on the rebel pickets; both sides fired, and we had one man, King, of Company D, killed. We charged, and drove them to within three miles of Lynchburg, capturing two of their pickets. We halted and fed until 7 A.M., then marched to another road and started back, as our force was too small to attempt to capture the city. During the morning the battalion had a fight with a party of about forty rebels, and soon drove them off. Corp. Wm. J Curren, of Company B, was wounded, and had to be left at a citizen's house, as we had no way to bring him with us. Marched forty-six miles since 11 P.M., passed through New London, and went into camp near Goose Creek at 5.30 P.M.

April 9th.—Saw this morning from camp a squad of about forty bushwhackers. We started out at 8 A.M., crossed Goose Creek, and had not gone far before they fired on us. They followed us six or seven miles, firing whenever they got a chance, and managed to shoot one of our horses. We left a squad of our

men in ambush near a crossroad, to wait for the whackers. They soon came along on the crossroad, and when they got within range our party fired on them, shot two men and captured two horses. Crossed the Roanoke River, and went into camp about dark.

April 10th.—Left camp at 8 A.M., in a hard rain, marched over a mountain, passed through Franklin Court House, Va., and marched to within seven miles of Henry Court House, where we halted and fed. Here we heard that about 1500 rebels were at Henry Court House waiting for us. They had heard of our coming, and had been sent from Danville to capture us. We struck out to the left of Henry Court House, and marched all night to get away from them. We marched fifty-five miles, from A.M. of the 10th to A.M. of the 11th.

April 11th.—Halted about 7 A.M., to rest and feed, six miles from Ayresville. We marched again at 11 A.M., and passed over the mountains into North Carolina. About dark the advance guard ran on to twenty rebels, and recaptured three men of the Eleventh Michigan. Halted here and fed. We marched again at 10 P.M., passed through Germantown about 3 A.M., also passed through Salem, N. C.; marched forty-six miles.

Among the rebels captured here was Thomas W Wheat, who had the distinction of having loaded the first gun that fired on Fort Sumter. He was in a South Carolina battery, and Captain Hallenquist, who commanded, pulled the lanyard which discharged the gun. Wheat's captured comrade told us of this, and our good-natured Major Wagner said to Wheat: "So you are the man who caused all this trouble? What did you fire on Fort Sumter for?" "Because I wanted to capture it," retorted Wheat. With others he was given his parole and an extra lot of provisions, and started off for his farm, way off on the Oostanula River.

April 12th.—Halted at 7 A.M. and fed, having marched all night. Started on the march again at 8 A.M., passed through Louisville and Huntsville, crossed the Yadkin River, and at 5 P.M. halted and fed until 7 P.M., when we started out again, and passed through Mocksville. We caught up with the balance of the Regiment about 3 A.M. It was raining very hard, and we went into camp, about three miles from Salisbury which place was captured this morning by Stoneman's command. This was a very impor-

tant capture, and we got immense quantities of all kinds of stores. In the last three days and four nights our battalion marched 207 miles. Major Wagner was highly commended for the skillful manner in which he had accomplished his mission, which was to destroy the railroad and bridges and lead the enemy to suppose that an attack was to be made on Lynchburg. When he left the main column of Stoneman's force it was left to his discretion as to where he should go after his work was done. Fortunately he heard rumors of an advance of Basil Duke's Confederate command and of a movement of troops in the direction of Salisbury, and concluded that these must be Stoneman's forces, so he took the same direction.

The movement of Major Wagner's battalion around Lynchburg was of much greater importance than we had at that time any idea of, as it was a factor in bringing about the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, on April 9th, at Appomattox, less than 20 miles off. When General Lee was forced out of Petersburg and Richmond, it was his intention to move south, by way of Danville, join General Joe Johnston's army and overwhelm that of General Sherman. But the rapid movements of Sheridan's cavalry and the advance of our infantry forces headed him off from Danville, leaving the Lynchburg route the only one open to him. There had been rumors that General Thomas was to move through East Tennessee and Virginia, and the report of Major Wagner's force at Lynchburg gave great concern to the Confederate Commander, as it looked like the advance of the Army of the Cumberland. Lee was then at Amelia Court House, and waited twenty-four hours to find out the situation at Lynchburg. It was a fatal wait for him. The old tactics of following up the enemy had been superseded by that of heading him off, and the twenty-four hours which Lee lost gave Sheridan's troopers and Ord's Infantry time to get in his front at Appomattox.

MOVEMENTS OF THE REGIMENT.

April 5th.—The Regiment was at Christiansburg, which is a beautiful village, with a fine seminary. We had the opportunity, and soon all the negro women in town were baking bread. We took our first lessons here in destroying railroad tracks. We also

captured some cars loaded with Confederate stores, but as we could make no use of them they were destroyed.

When we left Knoxville we had thirteen ambulances, but our march had been such a rough one that all were broken down. The medicines were all lost, and what sick men we had were sent to the Confederate hospitals here.

April 6th.—Rested all day, and at 10 o'clock at night started on our march, which was kept up all night and until noon of the 7th, when we stopped to feed. Crossed the Blue Ridge again at Kennedy's Gap. While we are now experts at mountain climbing, it gives us no pleasure. It was late at night when we went into camp, too tired to get supper. We seize all the horses as we go along, and get so many, that as those in the column become exhausted, a fresh one is at hand, and the exhausted one is abandoned.

Passed some extensive Confederate stables, but the rebels had left no horses in them.

April 8th.—A charming day, and the country presented a magnificent appearance. Marched from 3 A.M. until 3 in the afternoon, to Henry Court House. The Tenth Michigan, which was in advance of us, had a fight with Wheeler's cavalry, and drove them.

If we are working hard we are living well. There are chickens, ham, eggs and biscuit for the men and plenty of forage for the horses. Captured some stockings, which were intended for the rebel army.

April 9th.—Started at 2 in the morning, passing through a fine section of country, the home of the aristocratic Virginia tobacco planters. The houses and yards are beautiful. Tobacco is so plentiful that all are smoking very fair cigars. We captured some fine horses, for although all the stock has been run off in the woods, the negroes tell us where they are concealed, and if we have time we go and get them.

Reached Danbury a little after dark, having marched forty miles.

April 10th.—After a sound sleep, jumped into the saddle again at 6 o'clock in the morning, and reached Germantown at noon. This is unlike the Germantown that many of us know, as it is without paint or whitewash, and laziness is apparent all over it.

At 6 P.M. we reached Winston and Salem. Each has a name of its own, but the two towns are really one. Here we met with a most cordial reception, very different from the usual greetings we receive. The ladies cheered us, and brought out bread, pies and cakes. The towns were settled by Moravians, from Bethlehem, Pa. The people showed much enthusiasm at the sight of the flag we carried, and many were the touching remarks made about it. Old men wept like children and prominent citizens took off their hats and bowed to it. Some women got on their knees, while we heard such expressions as "Look at the old flag!" "God bless it!" "Let me kiss that flag!" "Once more the flag goes through our town." There are plenty of stores here, and in the center of the town one of the finest seminaries we have seen in the South. It was a charming place and they were good Union people, but we had no time just then to do more than acknowledge it.

At 9.30 in the evening the command left, and at 11 had reached Kernersville, where Captain Kramer with eighty-six men left us, and took the road to Jamestown, and traveling steadily all night got there at 5 o'clock in the morning. Immediately he commenced the destruction of the railroad depot, and freight cars loaded with commissary stores, and burned the bridge over Deep River, capturing more prisoners than he cared for just then. One man, Geo. Alexander, took twelve, all by himself. At Florence, Lieut. Ed. Smith captured and destroyed a gun factory, which was filled with small arms and valuable machinery. Having accomplished this, Kramer returned to Kernersville, where he was joined by Colonel Betts, having marched fifty-two miles in twelve hours. He brought in thirty-five prisoners, besides remounting his men from horses captured on the road.

At the time that Captain Kramer's force left us, Major Garner with 100 men was sent to burn the bridge over Reedy Fork. It was the expectation that by an all-night march these detachments would arrive at their destination about daylight. But Garner encountered some trouble, which forced him from the direct route, so that he did not arrive until 11 the next day, and as the bridge was a new one, built of hardwood, it took longer to destroy. By two hours' hard work with axes and saws on the main beams it was put in condition for fire to do the balance of the work.

In the meantime the enemy was constantly being reinforced,

so that Serg. John K. Marshall, who was defending the working party, had serious doubts at times whether he could succeed, but eventually all was accomplished, and the command started back. Lieut. Theo. Ramsey was detailed to lead the advance guard, but Marshall objected, and he (Marshall) was told to go ahead, while the enemy continued to follow at some distance.

Garner expected to cross the Yadkin at Shallow Ford, but learning that it was held by a superior force of rebels, he made for Conrad's Ferry, some distance above. After a wait of a couple of hours he got his men and horses across on a boat, at 2 o'clock in the morning. In crossing South River in the darkness and rain, the horses swimming, one man was captured. He had lost his horse, the mule he rode would not swim, and while he debated what to do the rebels came up and settled the question for him.

Garner made numerous captures of men and horses, and brought the first authentic news of the whereabouts of Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, who had passed over the Reedy Fork bridge just an hour before it was destroyed. To prevent the enemy from sending any forces to stop Kramer and Garner in the work laid out for them, Colonel Betts with ninety men moved forward to demonstrate on Greensboro, where the enemy was said to be in heavy force. Just at daylight he learned that a cavalry regiment was encamped within a mile of him, and feeling the importance of neutralizing its movements he determined to attack it. Strengthening his advance he moved ahead cautiously, and when in sight of the camp charged at once, making all the noise possible. Strickler, the bugler, sounded the charge as well as he could, on a blind horse, who needed more guiding than the bugle he held to his lips. The attack was a surprise, and although many escaped, Betts found he had nearly as many prisoners, including the commanding officer, Colonel Johnson, as he had of his own men. The Regiment was the Third South Carolina Cavalry.

Soon after the capture, Serg. Selden L. Wilson was detailed to take ten men, burn the bridge over South Buffalo Creek and cut the telegraph wire. The bridge was ten miles from their present position and within two miles of Greensboro, and from the known superior force of rebels in the neighborhood it was not considered likely that the work could be done without the loss of all or part of the detachment. However, Wilson did it, and rejoined, without

the loss of a man. A few days after we learned that while the bridge was being destroyed Jeff Davis and party were in a train on a siding in Greensboro, two miles away, expecting to be captured. Had Sergeant Wilson known it, Davis would have been caught then, had it taken every man he had.

Colonel Betts' column was somewhat amazed by the numerous parties of rebels who hovered around, but no serious attack was made. At Kernersville, Captain Kramer's command was awaiting their arrival, and without stopping for Garner, who came in the following night, the command moved toward Salem. A courier from General Palmer met them, ordering them on at a gallop, as the rebels were pushing into that place. A second courier soon after arrived with word that the attack had been repulsed, and to bring the column on at a walk, and at this orderly gait Salem was reached about 2 P.M. on the 11th.

It was considered that the marching in the last forty-eight hours had been sufficient to satisfy all, but it was not so, for at 5 P.M. "boots and saddles" sounded again, and the weary ride was again taken up. Crossing the Yadkin at Shallow Ford, the column continued until 3 o clock in the morning, when it stopped near Mock Mountain, having been constantly on duty for forty-eight hours. "Shallow Ford" over the Yadkin, as well as the ford we used over the Dan River, three miles from Danbury, were both used eighty-five years before by the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, while pursuing the troops of General Morgan, who had so beautifully whipped the British, under Colonel Tarleton, at Cowpens.

April 12th.—We had thoroughly destroyed the railroad around Greensboro, and attracted the attention of the rebels to that place, so that General Stoneman with the greater part of his command could capture Salisbury. We started for the latter place early in the morning, and trotted our horses most of the way It was a long, weary ride. Forded the Yadkin again at a very deep ford, but arrived within five miles of Salisbury by 10 P.M., and went into camp.

In capturing the place General Stoneman got over 1000 prisoners and fifteen pieces of artillery. One of the rebel batteries was manned by "galvanized Yanks"—those who had been prisoners in Andersonville, but had gone into the rebel service to get

something to eat. As they were charged by our men their cannon was fired over the heads of the charging party, who, as they came nearer, were greeted with cheers for the old flag. Two hundred of our men, Salisbury prisoners, were recaptured, but the great majority had been hurried farther south. The men we recaptured were emaciated and gaunt looking. In the burial ground, attached to the prison pen, thousands of our men sleep. A great fire in the town that night lighted up the heavens, while the bursting of shells sounded like a heavy battle. Salisbury had been a hated place, and was paying dearly for its iniquities.

April 13th.—Major Wagner rejoined us at 5 P.M., and the Regiment moved toward Statesville, but marched only twelve miles, and bivouacked at a place called Fleming.

April 14th.—The second battalion rested to-day, but the third, under Captain Kramer, was sent to destroy a bridge and guard a ford in the river. It was here that we learned of the surrender of General Lee. Quartermaster-Sergeant E. H. Engel, of Company L, with one man was sent by Lieutenant Morton to report to Colonel Betts, and on the way met two Confederate cavalrymen, displaying a white rag, to show they were friendly. They reported Lee's surrender to General Grant, and were then on their way home. At 7 P.M. the Regiment marched to Statesville, which place was reached some time after midnight.

April 15th.—Daylight showed us that Statesville is a very pretty town. It was said that it had been picked out as the future capital of the Southern Confederacy, but from present appearances the latter won't need a capital. We meet now plenty of returning Confederates, and they give interesting accounts of the fall of Richmond and Lee's surrender. They say it was Phil. Sheridan and his cavalry that did the mischief. They never saw any fighting equal to what our cavalry did on that campaign. All are glad it is over, and to get home once more. After resting in camp all day our command started on the march at 6.30 P.M., and after midnight reached Taylorsville, and went into camp. There was considerable firing at us by the rebels on the march, but it was harmless, so no attention was paid to it. The word has been passed around that as the chief object of the campaign—the destruction of railroads and the capture of Salisbury—had been attained, the whole command will now return to East Tennessee.

General Stoneman, who has been in command, has gone back to Knoxville, and General Gillem, who is the next in rank, is on his way there, while the brigade commanded by Gen. Wm. J. Palmer is to go to Lincolnton, to pick up and parole all returning rebels who have not yet surrendered but have simply "slid out, as the jig is up," as some of them expressed it.

April 17th.—Marched thirty miles to-day. At Hickory, a station on the road, the rebels destroyed a large amount of stores and cotton. In a military sense it was wise to destroy stores that might be of use to us, but to burn their cotton was rank foolishness. We cannot use it and have no way to transport it North, where it is selling at seventy-five cents per pound. Everyone recognizes that the rebellion is on its last legs, and that in a short time they could realize from a waiting market an amount of money which would go far to make up for their losses, but a madness seems to make these people believe that in so despoiling themselves they are in some way hurting us. About dark we reached Lincolnton.

The advance guard entered the town without any disturbance, but when the column appeared a half hour after, with General Palmer at its head and the buildings of the town in sight, one shot was fired from the side of the road in front which came near ending the career of our General. Without waiting for an order to do so, the orderlies, under Serg. Jas. Agnew, dashed forward, followed by Company E, which was the leading company that day. The bushwhacker running across the field was in plain sight, and in a few moments our men were across the fence and had him surrounded. The prisoner, a beardless boy of fifteen or sixteen, was taken along, the General ordering that he be brought to him as soon as we were quartered in the town. To this hearing his mother came also, and her pleadings for the boy's life were so strenuous that the General told her to take the boy home and keep a better watch over his actions.

April 18th.—The Regiment rested at Lincolnton. The Tenth Michigan and Twelfth Ohio were sent off on the railroad, while Major Wagner's battalion was out after horses. This is a pretty town, of about 1000 inhabitants; they are extremely rebellious—bitterly so—but with it all are refined and intelligent. They have hardly felt the ravages of war, and we are the first "Yankee invaders to pollute their soil." But even with these sentiments the

proverbial Southern hospitality governs them, and invitations to dinner are generously given, while the colored people are eager to help us by baking biscuits and cakes for the men. Cigars are plentiful, too, and for a time the pipe is discarded and we revel in some of the best the town affords.

It was here that we lost the last man killed in our Regiment, Corp. Geo. J. French. He was on picket at the time, and was shot by a bushwhacker, dying shortly after being brought to camp. His gentlemanly manners had endeared him to all, and the loss was felt deeply. Before he died he sent this message: "Tell mother and sisters that I die like a brave man and my comrades carried me from the field."

So far on this campaign our loss has been very light, only fifteen men.

Major Wagner's battalion, the first, started at 3 o clock in the morning, and shortly after daylight went into a large rebel camp, but they, hearing of his approach, had just left. Continued on to the Catawba River, and after driving off a small party guarding a bridge, burned it. Next they destroyed a splendid railroad bridge, over the same river. On the following day details from the battalion were sent in all directions, hunting up the enemy, but they had all fled from the vicinity. Our troops were the first Federals the citizens had seen, and it seemed comical to us to witness the fear they had of being killed or robbed by us. Major Wagner was at the Vesuvius Iron Furnace, paroling men from Lee's army, and George Neil, of Company D, started up the furnace to see how it worked. The battalion rejoined the Regiment in Lincolnton on the 20th.

April 19th.—A good many prisoners and disbanded men were brought in and paroled. We were visited by three Confederate officers under a flag of truce, bearing despatches from General Sherman announcing that an "armistice" between his forces and those of General Johnston, which was subsequently disallowed by Secretary Stanton. They also brought us an order from General Sherman to join his command, but before we could get started orders came from our commander, General Geo. H. Thomas, ordering us to return to Tennessee. One of the flag of truce escort was Colonel Prentice, son of the editor of the *Louisville Journal*. He said: "There will be no further need for my services

in this war, but in case of a foreign one I am a United States man."

We buried Corp. Geo. French to-day with military honors, in the Episcopal graveyard, and several of the ladies in the town contributed wreaths of flowers to place on his coffin. It is pleasant to record this of them, and also of the change in their feelings toward us in twenty-four hours. They say we are not destructive and are so gentlemanly, and wish their own soldiers were more like us.

Lincolnton was a pleasant place to be in, and we lingered here until the 24th, which was a long rest for us, in the meantime capturing and paroling over 800 Confederates. Our General had strong hopes that we would join Sherman, and possibly such would have been the case had not General Gillem, who was off some distance with his brigade of Tennesseeans, sent for General Palmer to join him, when threatened by a rebel force.

These Tennesseeans in their present condition do not add any strength to the Union forces. In the beginning and during most of the war they had suffered terrible cruelties at the hands of the rebels. They had been hunted and shot down as unworthy of any humanity being shown them. Their homes were burned and their families driven away, and all because they were loyal to the flag, but now that the tables were turned and disloyal families were at their mercy, they repaid what they had suffered by an indiscriminate pillage. The result was a demoralized command, out of which little military duty could be had, and their General knew they were in no condition to fight an organized force, no matter how small.

It was while here that we heard the rumor of the assassination of President Lincoln. The three Confederate officers, one of whom was the son of Geo. H. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal,* had heard the report in their camps before they left. Its truthfulness was doubted, but on being confirmed, it is safe to say that if any citizen of Lincolnton had expressed himself in sympathy with the assassin, it might have resulted in the destruction of the town and many of its inhabitants.

April 24th.—Marched thirty-five miles to-day toward Rutherfordton, crossing the South Catawba and First Broad rivers.

April 25th.—Entered Rutherfordton about 9 A.M. It is a very

ordinary town, and the two days' stay of the Tennesseeans did it no good. They stole everything they could carry off, put pistols to the heads of the citizens, persuaded them to give up their pocketbooks, and even took the rings from ladies fingers. The sympathy we used to feel for the loyal Tennesseeans is being rapidly transferred to their enemy

April 26th.—Left at 2.30 P.M., but only marched ten miles, when we made camp. The next day we marched sixteen miles, to the top of Blue Ridge, on our way back to East Tennessee, whither we were ordered. Our march to-day was through the grandest scenery we have looked on during our term of service. We went up through Hickory Nut Gap in the mountain, along the Broad River, up to its source. Towering above us, almost to the clouds, were the precipitous crags of Hickory Mountain, and at High Falls the water drops 380 feet from the summit. It was so imposing that the usual chat of the riders was hushed, as they gazed with awe on the sight. As we rode along we plucked the fragrant magnolia from the forest trees, and the wish of all was to stay longer with it, but that could not be done, and we went on up to the top, where plenty of forage was found. Our camp was at the entrance of the present "Biltmore" grounds, near Asheville, North Carolina.

April 28th.—This morning other orders were received from General Thomas by courier from Nashville, bearing a despatch from the Secretary of War, Stanton, saying that the Sherman "armistice" was disallowed and that we were to return and continue the war, "living on the country" and "pursue Jeff. Davis to the ends of the earth, if necessary, and never give him up." General Palmer was to take command of the whole division and get in Gen. Joe. Johnston's rear, destroy his communication and supplies, and do him all the damage possible. It was some disappointment to the men. The greatest desire was to get letters from home, but to offset that, Stoneman was gone, and Gillem, who had asked for and received a leave of absence, had gone too, and our Colonel, as Brevet Brigadier General, commanded the whole division. So we marched down the mountain again and enjoyed the scenery once more, and took up our quarters again in Rutherfordton, where the citizens furnished us horses and corn. They did not do so willingly They supposed we

had left them for good, and at once began bringing both in town from the places where they had been concealed, and we got back just in time for them.

April 29th.—The orders were to concentrate all the division at Yorkville, S. C., and to prepare for fighting again, so we marched twenty-three miles in that direction. At the same time we received a large package of posters, which as we marched along were displayed on trees and at all prominent places. They read:

"$100,000
"REWARD IN GOLD.

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, MIL. DIV. MISSISSIPPI.
"MACON, GA., April 28, 1865.

"One hundred thousand dollars' reward will be paid to any person or persons who will apprehend and deliver Jefferson Davis to any of the military authorities of the United States. Several million dollars of specie reported to be with him will become the property of the captors.

"J. H. WILSON,
"*Major General.*"

The news we have of Davis is that he has an escort of four brigades of cavalry, under Basil Duke, Ferguson, Dibbrell, and one made up of scattered detachments, none of which had been included in the surrender to Sherman. With these was a small wagon train, said to be loaded with specie, which the Confederates estimated at $10,000,000. They were marching from Yorkville, S. C., toward Abbeville, with the avowed intention of crossing the Mississippi and keeping up the rebellion in that section. But the cause was on its last legs now, and desertions were numerous. The Federal forces were close to Davis, and he saw the futility of trying to make his escape, encumbered with troops who were only half-hearted in his cause, so he disbanded all but 500 men, under Breckenridge, and with these continued his efforts to escape. This force he found too cumbersome to escape the notice of his pursuers, and on his arrival at Washington, Ga., they also were discharged, after each one was paid $35 in gold.

Colored men would visit our camp at night, and tell us they heard an officer tell their master that Mr Davis was in camp a few miles off, at a certain place, but when a detachment of our

men was sent there nothing was found. This and similar incidents were of daily occurrence. The white people seemed to be doing all they could to throw us off Davis' trail and impart false information to their slaves, knowing the latter would lose no time in bringing it to us.

April 30th.—Started on our march at 5 A.M., and crossing Broad River at Island Ford, and the South Carolina boundary line at 9 A.M. reached the pretty town of Spartanburg at night. This was the first State that moved to go out of the Union, and just now none of them is more willing to come back. One of the most prominent citizens of Spartanburg, a Mr Shivers, made a speech on our entrance into town, asking us to respect private property. In conversation afterward with our Hospital Steward, Chas. P Sellers, he said: "I was as bad a secessionist as there was in the country. We are badly whipped and very willing to return to our former allegiance, and my feelings are an index to those of most all." The people were surprised to find us in this part of the Confederacy We found plenty of rations here. This is the oldest town in the State, the center of wealth, and has many fine residences.

It is a positive pleasure for the men to take up their old civic pursuits once more. Probably it is done to see if what was once learned has been forgotten. Company G was placed in the town, and Serg. Jos. R. Lonabaugh was in charge of the guard. Originally a printer, he naturally took up his quarters in the office of the *Carolina Spartan,* to the expressed disgust of its editor, Mr. Trimmier. Lonabaugh told him that he was a printer, and to prove it took a "stick" and turning to a case of type set up the following extra

"SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 30, 1865.

"This evening, about 5 o'clock, Brevet Brigadier-General Wm. J. Palmer arrived in town with his brigade of Yankee cavalry. Much to the relief of the citizens, no private property was disturbed, strict orders having been given to prevent it. It is to be hoped that their conduct may meet the approval of our citizens, and that they may learn to know the Yankees and not find them such devils as they were led to imagine they were.

"PHILADELPHIA."

This was published the next day and brought Lonabaugh an invitation to take supper with Mr. Trimmier A few days later our

Sergeant had another opportunity at Athens, Ga., and worked all night to get out an edition of the *Southern Watchman.*

May 1st.—Made a long march to-day to Raiborn Creek, and on the way pressed about 100 mules into our service. We are about twenty-four hours behind "Jeff," who we hear has several thousand cavalry with him as a guard. Our first battalion was sent by way of Lawrenceville, and the whole command went into camp at Abbeville, S C.

May 2d.—Early in the morning a detail was sent out to pick up horses, and as they reached the only bridge over the Saluda River they found it burning. They picked up two Confederates, and brought them to camp. Adj. J. C. Reiff, on questioning one of them, who had belonged to Dibbrell's cavalry, learned that Jeff Davis and his party were only a few miles ahead with a mixed group of wagons, Generals, officers and their staffs and his Cabinet. The prisoner stated that Jeff had with him a force of cavalry as an escort. He told, too, of the large amount of specie, which they estimated at $10,000,000, he was carrying along in the wagons.

Seated on a log, Colonel Betts held a council with the seven or eight officers with him, and with the exception of Reiff they were for pressing after Jeff Davis and his party, insisting that with our organized force we could defeat all the disorganized escort which Davis had. Reiff maintained that our efforts were to capture Jeff, and not merely to whip his men; that if a fight should take place the result would be a number killed and wounded, and in the confusion the man we most wanted to take prisoner would escape. Colonel Betts concluded to be governed by Reiff's reasons and at once hunt up General Palmer and report the situation to him. It was said that Davis and most of his Generals were headed for the rebel armies across the Mississippi, and the policy on our part should be to hasten across the Savannah River, head him off and force his surrender. Just then Corp. J. P Fullerton, with ten men, arrived from General Palmer with orders to march to Anderson Court House, and by a forced march we reached that place at 2 o'clock in the morning, where we met Lieut. Anthony Taylor with further orders. After a few hours' rest the march was continued, and we met General Palmer, who with some of his command was making for the crossings of the Savannah River

The wealthy men of Charleston, in order to save their fine old

Madeira and port wine from being used by the Yankees when they captured that city and sent it to Anderson Court House for safekeeping, and we got it all. Nearly all our men had a canteen full, and barrels of it were emptied in the gutters of the streets by standing orders from General Stoneham, who was fearful of its demoralizing effects on his troops. When General Gillem's division reached North Carolina, a short time ago, they ran across a distillery from which they took enough apple whiskey to intoxicate the whole force, and Stoneham wanted no more of it.

May 3d.—Started at 8 A.M.; crossed the Savannah River, and got into the State of Georgia. Continued marching until 2 A.M. The column was continually fired on by bushwhackers, but no one was hurt. We learned to-day that the greater part of the Confederates had reached the Savannah, near Petersburg, and had there disbanded, but a small force with Davis and his Cabinet were reported to be at Washington, Ga., about 18 miles away, and to find the correctness of the report General Palmer sent the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry there to investigate. The Colonel of that Regiment started, and when nearing the place was met by a flag of truce, under Colonel Breckenridge, who asked time to consider whether or not to surrender. Instead of forcing the issue, the Colonel stopped and sent back to General Palmer for instructions. Breckenridge having stopped the Tennesseeans, Davis and his party went again on their wanderings, and after much tribulation fell into the hands of the Fourth Michigan, of General Wilson s command. The rebel President had only narrowly escaped the clutches of the Thirteenth Tennessee, of General Palmer's command, through a lack of enterprise on the part of the Tennessee Colonel.

May 4th.—At daylight on the march again, going through Danielsville, and reaching Athens at noon. This is another beautiful town; the fine weather, roses in full bloom, and the air filled with their fragrance make a happy resting place. In this place 500 rebels were encamped, but not a shot was fired at us, which seemed strange. Plenty of rebel Generals were there, and all mingled with us with the greatest freedom. There is nothing exultant about our men. The people treat us kindly and appreciate the treatment we accord to them. Howell Cobb lives here, and is at home. We have opened communications with General Wilson,

whose forces are coming in from the West, and between us expect to bag Jeff Davis. The trains are running between Augusta and Atlanta—Federals and Confederates traveling together. In this town yesterday Confederate money had some value, but to-day it has none. In the town barber shop, which was well patronized, a Confederate officer offered a twenty-dollar Confederate bill for a shave, and the barber refused it, on which the officer twisted the note into shape, lit his pipe with it and stalked out of the shop.

May 5th and 6th.—Nominally the Regiment remained here, but small parties were out thirty miles in search of Jeff. Most all the rebels we mingle with are glad the war is over and that they are going home. A very few don't feel that way John H. Metzler, of Company K, talking to one on this subject, was informed "that he (the rebel) would rather soldier all the days of his life than go behind the plough again."

The following Sunday Metzler was on picket, under Sergeant Izett, of Company K. Coming up the road through the pines was a colored girl, crying most distressingly She was well dressed and bright looking. Following close behind was a young rebel officer, mounted, with his revolver drawn. The Sergeant halted him and demanded an explanation. The young rebel said he was driving his remaining slave girl back, and claimed he had a right to do so, as he was a paroled officer. Izett had no particular use for negroes. He was a war Democrat, an excellent citizen and a good church member, but he gave the rebel a scathing lecture, such as he never had before. He was sorely tempted to shoot the rebel, and the fear of the church did not prevent him from using the "cuss" words that the ungodly use, and "he set the captive free."

May 7th.—One of General Wilson's scouts reported Davis to have been twenty-five miles south at 3 A.M. He had been in Davis' company as a Confederate soldier, going home, but left as soon as he could and reported to us. Marched at 6 A.M., by way of Georgia Factory, to Watkinsville, where Major Garner was detached with his battalion to pursue General Bragg, who is reported in the vicinity of Fair Play The balance of the command marched to Willis Ferry on the Appalachee river, on the way capturing seven wagons of the old Conestoga type, drawn by twenty-three large French Norman horses. In these wagons were four iron-bound kegs containing $188,500 in gold; several large "W"

dry-goods boxes in which was $4,265,500 in Confederate money. There was also $945,000 in bonds and securities of several Southern States; $480,000 in bonds and securities of the Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia, and $460,500 in notes, bonds, etc., of the bank of Macon. In addition there was $68,000 in specie, and three boxes of silver plate and other valuables belonging to private parties. In all, there was, perhaps, about $2,000,000 worth of valuables, besides the large amount of Confederate money. This property had been hastily loaded on wagons by the officers of the Bank of Macon and other citizens of Macon and vicinity, in order to secure it against capture by the cavalry forces of General Wilson, who was scouring the country to the south. In their efforts to avoid Wilson they fell into our hands and, as the future proved, they had no cause to regret their capture by us. Colonel Betts at once placed Sergeant E. W Wood and eight men on guard over the wagons, sending the whole train to the headquarters of General Palmer at Athens, who, after having a careful inventory taken of the valuables captured, sent them to Augusta, Ga., where they were turned over to General Upton in charge of the Union forces there. Captain McAllister, A.A.G., of General Palmer's staff, with a small guard, accompanied the treasure. As the country was filled with the enemy, most of whom were still in arms, it was deemed advisable to secure a pass to Augusta from the Confederate General Reynolds, who was a prisoner in our hands at the time, in addition to the proper authority from our commanding General. The party took a train which was crowded with Confederate officers and soldiers who regarded them with great interest, but did not in any way molest them.

After the war General Palmer was informed by John Edgar Thomson, who had been in charge of the Georgia Railroad before he became Chief Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that all the captured money and other property had been returned to the owners without the loss of a dollar.

Scouting parties were out in all directions, but nothing definite was learned until a dispatch was received from Major Garner saying that Davis and General Bragg had passed through Fair Play at 3 A.M. The command immediately started for that place at 3.30 P.M. and arrived at 10 P.M. We crossed the Appalachee River at Furlowe Bridge, from which place Captain Colton was

sent to Madison to obtain information. After waiting at Fair Play for the return of this party we started again at 1 A.M., and marched until 6 A.M., when we halted near Covington to feed.

May 9th.—Major Garner's battalion was guarding the fords and ferries on Ocmulgee River. Scouting parties were out in all directions, and information from one of those, from the Twelfth Ohio, said they were chasing the Davis party, but it turned out to be General Wheeler and his staff, who were captured and brought to Colonel Betts, who had his headquarters at the house of a Mr. Strong.

When the news of his capture spread around our camp many of the boys strolled over to get a look at the man whose command we had been fighting ever since we joined the Army of the Cumberland, and who had on two occasions burned our wagons. But he and his party were treated with all the courtesy due to prisoners. No words of derision were uttered that could reach his ears. He was not communicative, but a sullen expression marked his countenance; dejection was in his looks; fatigue and want of sleep and rest had nearly worn him out. He would like to have stayed that night with his friend, Mr. Strong, but Colonel Betts could not gratify that desire, as our orders were to move, and Betts was of that kind of a soldier who always obeyed orders, so he mounted and went. Wheeler rode a little spotted horse, apparently an Indian pony. Gradually we learned that it was one captured from General Kilpatrick, of Sherman's command, and later on it was sent to its rightful owner. General Wheeler was sent under guard to General Palmer at Athens.

May 10th.—Lieutenant Philips, commanding a party, captured General Bragg below Concord and west of Monticello, together with his wife, staff officer, three wagons and one ambulance. He stated that he was on his way to General Wilson's headquarters, to be paroled. Philips sent him with a Sergeant and ten men to report to General Wilson. At 9 P.M. orders came to push on, as all trace of Davis' trail had been lost, and the Regiment moved to Rock Bridge, where we arrived and fed at 6 A.M., having marched twenty-six miles.

General Bragg's wife was not altogether amiable. She scolded our men and applied all sorts of epithets to them, but the principal burden of her song was the disgrace of having been captured by a

Philadelphia fireman. We were close to Jeff Davis here. Sergeant Levi Sheffler secured a note in a house, directing them to prepare supper for Jefferson Davis and party. and General Bragg and his party were simply the advance guard to see that the way was clear. In his book, since published, he speaks of being headed off at this place and having to go farther south.

May 11th.—Soon after starting we received orders to proceed to Decatur, and thence to cross the Chattahoochee, and guard all the fords between Sandtown and Suwanee and westward to Atlanta. Moved to the latter place, where we drew four days' rations for the men and two days' forage, the first supplies we have drawn from the Government since leaving East Tennessee. There was a bustle in camp when the ration wagons came out to give us a supply The last of Uncle Sam's provisions we had was six weeks before, in East Tennessee, and since then we had been living off the country, and had the "fat of the land," but were tired of it. Three hearty cheers from the boys greeted the hard-tack, coffee, sugar and flitch, on which we regaled ourselves, and nothing ever tasted sweeter to us than these rations which we had once despised.

May 12th.—Started at daylight, but before we got our positions to guard the fords orders were received to move the Regiment to Asheville, west of the Coosa River, and from that point, in connection with the rest of our brigade, guard all the intersecting and Crossroads from Croxville and Wills Valley south to Wilsonville, on the Talladega Railroad, and to intercept all parties bound for the trans-Mississippi department. The Regiment crossed the river at Campbellton by a small ferry, and encamped on the west bank.

May 13th.—Our march this day was through a very barren country, entirely stripped by our army in the Atlanta campaign. The citizens had to haul corn for a distance of 100 miles, in many instances. Marched thirty-six miles until 9 P.M., and then turned our horses into a large field to graze and rest, as it was impossible to find anything for them.

May 14th.—Moved forward at daylight, and by sending small parties to different farmhouses, over a distance of twelve miles, we got our horses fed. Marched twenty-eight miles through Possum Snout and across the Tallapoosa River, and went into camp at 6 P.M. The ford was a deep one and the bottom rocky.

From necessity some of the men were mounted on mules, which are not as safe as a horse to ride in such cases. Lieutenant Morton seeing E. H. Engel, of his company, so mounted, told him to ride by his side and he would protect him, as his horse was sure, but in the middle of the river Morton s horse stumbled and fell and took Engel's mule with him, so that both riders had to wade ashore in water nearly up to their necks. Little incidents like these gave great enjoyment to those whose horses got over safely, and the bath the two got was needed sadly by all in the Regiment. Our rapid and lengthy marches were very hard on our horses, but we captured sufficient from citizens to keep generally well mounted. In most cases this was only a forced trade of our wearied animals for fresh ones, and in many cases after ours had been rested up they proved better than the ones we had taken. Not a half dozen of the men returned with the same horses they started with, and some of the men used up twenty horses on the campaign.

May 15th.—Started at 6 A.M.; crossed Dugdown and Terrapin Mountains, through Shoal Creek P O., White Plains to Jacksonville, where we camped at 7.30 P.M. A courier from the Tenth Michigan, marching parallel and south of us, brought word that Jeff Davis had been captured at Irwinville by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry This news caused great cheering by the men of each company as the word was passed down our line of march. It was mortifying to lose our prey after all our hard marches and sleepless nights and our only consolation was that we made his capture easy for others to accomplish. It was as Gen. Geo. H. Thomas remarked to his staff at that time "General Wilson held the bag and Palmer drove the game into it." At Jacksonville, Captain Scheide with his Company K was detailed to communicate with General Wilson s forces at Montgomery, Ala.

May 16th.—The Regiment started at 6.30 A.M., but Major Garner and four men were left to parole some Confederates and to intercept any dispatches which might arrive. Some of the enemy entered the town, captured the Major, and would have killed him but for the protests of some citizens and the sudden appearance of the four men, who at once opened fire and drove the rebels off. About the same time two men, of Company L, riding in the rear of the column, were captured by some of Wheeler's men, who

stripped them of their arms, horses and any personal property they wanted and then let them go. Colonel Betts, fearing for Major Garner and his party, sent a detail back for his protection, which arrived at Jacksonville just as the Major s own guard were driving the rebels off. The command crossed the Coosa River at Ten Island Ford, from which place the first and third battalions were sent south to guard the roads above and below Broken Arrow. The second battalion moved to Greensport and encamped.

May 17th.—The Regiment was broken up into small detachments and stationed at different points, from Blairsville south for twenty-five miles, with orders to arrest all fugitive parties not paroled, and also those whose paroles were irregularly made out. A good many of these irregular paroles were those we had given to the returned Confederates in Lincolnton, N. C. At that place one of the largest rooms in the court-house was used for this purpose, and one of the companies of the Fifteenth was detailed to make out the papers and administer the oath of allegiance. It ought to have been a solemn affair, but instead it was amusing and jolly When told to "kiss the book" the smack was given with a gusto, and one enthusiastic rebel said "he was so glad that if necessary he would eat the book." Instead of attending to each one separately, which was slow, they paroled them in squads. The rebels said the politicians had fooled them into going to war, but would not acknowledge being whipped, only overwhelmed. Between jokes, handshaking, speeches and cheers many of the paroles were not made out correctly, and later on the process had to be gone over again. The headquarters of the Regiment were at Ashville, Ala.

May 19th.—Forage being scarce, the whole command moved west across to Murphrees Valley, twelve miles, and took up a new line, parallel to the former one. Colonel Betts' quarters were at Colonel Staton's plantation, who was known in this region as a Union man.

May 22d.—In obedience to the orders received to move to Guntersville, Wagner and Kramer marched with their battalions by way of Brooksville and Big Spring, and Major Garner's by way of Campbell's store, the whole command reaching Guntersville on the 23d, where the boys were made happy by receiving the first mail after a two months' absence.

May 24th.—Crossed the Tennessee River and marched for Huntsville, forty-two miles distant, where we arrived the next day, and encamped in a beautiful grove, one mile from town, on the Meridianville road. Since we left this place on March 5th the Regiment has participated in the longest raid made by any of our forces during the war, having marched about 2000 miles.

June 10th.—Major Wagner's battalion took the cars for Nashville, and the balance of the Regiment followed the next day, arriving on the morning of the 12th, and making camp about two miles from the city, on the Murfreesboro pike. By the 21st the muster-out rolls were completed, and the command was mustered out of service by Major Hough, excepting 162 recruits, who were retained for duty at Department Headquarters, under Capt. Jas. H. Lloyd, First Lieut. W. W Borst and Second Lieut. Eben Allison. This company, known as A, was soon after mustered out of service by order of the War Department. In addition to the above the Regiment numbered 627 men when mustered out.

WITH GILLEM'S TENNESSEEANS ON THE YADKIN.

HOWARD A. BUZBY, COMPANY E, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

THE order was to report "light," turning all else into the company; so I went hustling around, had new straps put on my Texan spurs, gave "Camelback" an extra rub, sleeked out his mane and tail and cleaned up my boots. My messmate Lewis had received a commission in another regiment and was gone, but the whole company helped to spruce me up, and I take this opportunity to thank Chalmers, our saddler, for his many acts of kindness. Among the rest he made a leather arrangement for me to carry my grub, which is now hanging up in my room over the head of my bed. Finally the fixing was over, and bidding the partners of my toil good-bye, I went on my way to report to General Palmer, humming the tune of "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" I had often been away from the company on this same kind of duty, but this was to be permanent. Arriving at our leader's headquarters I soon found out all about it. Six men, from different companies, had been selected as an escort to the General, to be used as the reader will soon learn. Sergeant Agnew was our head, and as he was one of the handsomest men in the Regiment, as well as one of the bravest, we were satisfied.

We are now mounting for the start. The General is in the saddle. His command consists of our own Regiment, the Fifteenth, the Tenth Michigan and the Twelfth Ohio. Our work begins at once. One goes to the Fifteenth with orders, another to the Tenth Michigan, another to the Twelfth Ohio and another to General Stoneman. So you can easily see we were beginning to know all about it. As we were not at liberty to tell what we knew then, I am going to take that liberty now. The Fifteenth, with General Palmer, takes the advance, followed by the Tenth Michigan and the Twelfth Ohio, Stoneman and Gillem with other troops bringing up the rear. We have, all told, some 1500 or 1800 men, and General Gillem about 4000 or 5000—Stoneman, a

Major General, commanding the whole—and in this order we took the road over the Blue Ridge into North Carolina. General Palmer had sent back the wagons of the Fifteenth before this, and he now dropped the wagons of his entire brigade. We had a mule to each company to carry horseshoes, and that was all.

We are far up on the Ridge, and when darkness begins to cover the land one of our fellows is sent back with orders for the troops to build fires alongside the road, which is steep and narrow. Another one is sent back to see how General Stoneman is coming on, with our General's compliments, etc. The writer was this one. The job, however, was not an enviable one. The fires were lighting everything around about, and the troopers looked like mounted specters, moving silently along. On the one side were the troopers, taking up nearly the whole road; on the other was the dark ravine below, with the tree tops coming up nearly on a level with the road. On a steady hand and a sure-footed horse depended your safety. The whole scene was one never to be forgotten.

My get-up was the same as a Fifteenth man, and for some reason the Tennessee troops called us dragoons. I think it was because we wore the orange colors of the dragoons and had been drilled by the dragoons of the regular army before taking the field. Time and again a trooper would shout out, "Where are the dragoons?" and the answer would come back, "The dragoons are leading." Then they would pass the word along the line, "The dragoons are ahead," which seemed perfectly satisfactory, as they knew they would clear the road if possible, as they had done many times before.

But here come Generals Stoneman and Gillem with their troops. I turn and ride beside Stoneman. "General Palmer sends his compliments, etc." Stoneman has no orders, only "not to get too far ahead." I am now going with the tide, and making better time than on the down trip. "Camelback" and I are forging ahead, and arrive at the head of the column, which has gone into camp. I reported Stoneman's order not to get too far ahead, and was soon asleep on my blanket.

Time and tide wait for no man, and morning came before I was ready for it. But Agnew was a just one, and he used the others, leaving me to rest as long as possible. But we are all soon in the saddle and on the road, leaving the Blue Ridge behind us. The

Tenth Michigan is ahead, the Fifteenth closely following and the Twelfth Ohio in the rear of our brigade. The rain begins to come down in torrents. I had ridden behind Palmer many hundred miles, and knew when his heel would go in toward his horse's side, but not touch it, that he was in deep thought, and wanted to hurry more than he could to make some point. Both heels were going now, and even my own were, but why I did not know We are now passing through quite a village, and at last come to a wide river (the Yadkin), which is running wild, and which we soon find out we are about to cross, as those at the front are already entering.

I am ordered to remain on this side until all our troops have crossed, to note the place where they came out, and when General Stoneman comes up to show him where we entered and where we came out on the other side. The streams rise very suddenly in this section of the country—caused by the water from the mountains, in times of heavy rains, and it was doing its best in that way now. I had nothing to do but to sit on my horse and look into the faces of the troopers and watch the horses as they went down into the river. Some never reached the other side. One out of our Regiment, and how many more I do not know, was drowned. It was a fearful sight. Almost any horse can swim, but you must let him have his head, ease up off the saddle and swim a little yourself.

A large house, with a piazza in front, was on the right of where we came out, and as I could see men moving about on it, I took it for granted that General Palmer had taken that house for his headquarters, and with his field glasses was looking for the head of Stoneman's command. As the rain was coming down in torrents and my horse was very restless, and not wishing to be left, I rode back to the village we had passed through. A blacksmith shop, with a shed in front, seemed to afford a good shelter, and so I rode under the shed and dismounted. The houses seemed deserted, but I could see children peeping with frightened looks out of the windows. All was quiet with the exception of the downpour of rain. Maybe those children are now telling their children how the Yankees went through the town; how first, when they were not thinking about it, a whole lot came—and they thought they would never stop coming—in the pouring rain, went

quietly along and down to the river and crossed; and how, after a while, a Yankee came tearing back and went under the shed of the blacksmith shop, got off his horse, shook out his gum talma and tried to get the door open. They thought, perhaps, he came back to get his horse shod, but mother said he was a vedette and to be careful, for these Yankees would kill anything they saw. Then he sat on a log, took off his boots and emptied the water out of them. His horse seemed like a pet, and went smelling about the shed as if he wanted to see everything. Every once in a while the Yankee would get up and look down the road, and at last jumped on his horse and rode out in the road. That is what those children, who are now grown men and women, could tell their children, for that was about the way it was.

Generals Stoneman and Gillem, at the head of their troops, are coming, and after saluting, I told Stoneman I had been left and why and so down to the river we went. I saw at once that the river had risen a foot or more and was running wild. "How long has it been since they crossed?" Stoneman asked. "Easily an hour and a half," I replied. Swearing does not look well in print, nor sound well in talking, so what he said you will not know I would have tried had he let me, for I knew "Camelback" could swim it, but he ordered one of his staff, on a fine, big strong horse, to try it. He was hardly in, however, before his horse began to flounder about. Stoneman swore at him to come out, that he would drown the horse. It may seem strange to you, but some cavalry officers would as soon lose a man as a horse. I thought both man and horse would be drowned, but after some trouble they got out. I also thought that Gillem's last day had come. In fact, I thought everybody around Stoneman would be killed. He fairly roared like a lion, and in his roaring would say, "Palmer on one side of the river with those Pennsylvania boys and me on this side! Gillem, I am going to see what you have." So we drew back from the road and Gillem's troops passed in review before us.

Of all the reviews that were ever seen this one beat them all. The very heavens had opened their floodgates, and the water was coming down in sheets, which accounted somewhat for the appearance of the troops on the outside, and several whisky stills, which had been struck back of the Ridge, accounted for their appearance

on all sides. The number of the "wounded" was startling, and a good many were "dead," for corn whisky is fearful stuff. With the rain coming down in torrents and mud knee-deep, and the stuff warm in the stills, our brave allies were driven to drink. Stoneman blamed the officers for this, and was calling them down. Palmer had a way of hypnotizing everything he looked at, and everything about him in his command moved like clockwork.

All the carriages and omnibuses along the route had been confiscated. There was a carriage of the George Washington kind, filled with soldiers, their big boots sticking out in all directions. Here was the stage coach, which in times of peace had run between Rutherfordton and the Blue Ridge, filled to its full capacity, with some on top. If my memory serves me right, this caravan of carriages and buses reached a mile or more. All the different kinds of carriages were there. General Stoneman was a powerfully built man, standing six feet four, with a face that showed the marks of long and hard service in the field. He would stop the parade occasionally and make a general reduction of Captains and Lieutenants. But when the "wounded" came along in the carriages he said something like this: "By — if — I — I'll — — you — can it — where in — this — beats —they ought —to be — be killed — — if I don't — —."

A halt is ordered, and they are all tumbled out of the carriages, and ordered to dump into camp wherever they choose, and to go no farther. All this time Palmer was signalling on the other side of the river with flags. Not understanding the code, I do not know what those signals were. Stoneman's headquarters' wagon came up and his tent was unloaded. The staff tried to pacify him, but he was mad at them, and blamed them for the condition of things.

I do not write this through egotism, but as his salvation was with those on the other side of the river and as I was one of them, his conversation was now addressed to me, and I was nowise slow to talk. He seemed to think that if the enemy came down on his side he was a goner. I told him that if they came down on the other side General Palmer and the Fifteenth would clean them out. I did not know as much about the Tenth Michigan and the Twelfth Ohio as I found out afterward. Sufficient to say they were the real thing, and feared no noise. The rain began to

slacken, the signaling seemed to be more encouraging, and Stoneman began to grow more composed. As night was coming on we began to put up his tent, he helping and superintending the work. We became so sociable that I crawled in, and was soon asleep. The morning opened fine, and everybody was in better humor. The "wounded," after a good night's sleep, awoke quite refreshed. Although treated with all kinds of respect, I was anxious to be with my own "Camelback." I found a way to accomplish this, and surprised General Palmer by standing before him in the early morning, and telling him what I have told you—it was fresh, then. Palmer rarely indulged in a good laugh, but did this time.

The General is in the saddle, and so are we all. The order has gone forth to burn the bridges behind us, and if anybody should ask us what we wanted, to tell them earth and water. Railroad stock was still on paper, but nowhere else. The rolling stock and the roadbeds were destroyed. As we went along the escort was kept very busy, and would be away from Agnew and the General three or four days at a time, riding with one of the other regiments and unable to get back.

The troops were divided into squadrons and battalions, and were scouring the country in every direction, and would only close up when nearing some place that was fortified and garrisoned.

When Salisbury, N. C., was reached the General had the Fifteenth close behind him. The squadrons and battalions were now with the Regiment. Agnew was called to the front. He came back with an order for me to go forward and report to the General. We had passed the Tenth Michigan some two or three miles back, dismounted. The General ordered me back on the road we came, to give his compliments to Colonel Trowbridge and order the latter to bring his Regiment up at a trot.

I guess Colonel Trowbridge knew what to do when this order came, it being understood by those high in authority how this fort and place were to be taken. The order to mount was given, and we were soon at a smart trot. In going up the road we passed the place where I had left the General and the Fifteenth, but kept on with the Tenth Michigan. We took a road to the left, and soon came in full view of a fort, and a few shells came whistling over our heads. The Regiment was ordered into line, the trot was changed to a gallop, and before I hardly knew what was going on

"Camelback" and I were carried over the entrenchments into the fort.

"Camelback" was bad when excited, and persisted in tramping on the toes of our illustrious Southern brethren after they had surrendered. He was a Fifteenth horse, and wanted to show off before the Tenth Michigan horses, and if I had not sawed him with the curb bit he would have had me into the fort before I was ready Horses are very intelligent, but when excited, like men, do not know what they are about.

I used to like to talk to our prisoners, who to a man blamed the politicians for bringing on the war I was astonished to hear this from so many that I had met at different times, and told them so. They asked me if we had any politicians in the North. I had not been North for several years, and had to stop to think. I told them we had some before the war. "Yes," they said, "then is when we had them, and they blathered and called your people doughfaces and cowardly Yankees, who would run if we said boo to them." "I suppose these stirrers up of strife are all killed now, as they would be first in war?" I ventured to say "No," said they, "not one of them went, but sat secure in Richmond to attend to the financial end of the affair. Did yours come out?" I did not like to say they did not. I hesitated a moment, and then said

"They did, and were in the first battle of Bull Run. They could not all be Generals, although they wanted to be anything but privates. A battle is not much without privates, you know. They went down in carriages. Your folks commenced with cavalry and our folks will end with cavalry. Your cavalry got after those carriages and other things, and they all came flying back to Washington, never stopping to take breath. Some never stopped until they arrived way up North, where I live when at home, and told their tale of woe, occasionally looking over their shoulders to see if the Black Horse Cavalry was still coming. So our Government decided to call out 300,000 more men and a regiment or two of cavalry, and we are some of them."

They said the way we came over their breastworks "was a terror" There are more flies caught with molasses than with vinegar, so we gave them everything we had to eat, shook hands with them all and told them they had fallen into good hands, as

our General was not a political one, but a soldier built up regularly from the foundation, and would send them all home to their families, as we had hundreds before. After swearing them back into the United States of America they were all glad to get back.

The command was again scattered and each company had a story of its own. The General kept the main road, while the troops operated both to right and left. Neither army had invaded this part of the country before. There were no marks of the dreadful thing called war. We were not expected. We would come suddenly into the cities and towns. The stores would be open, and even the banks. We saw things that reminded us of the past at times. The Tenth Michigan had just charged into the place. I think it was Statesville. The banks and stores were open to do business, and did more than they ever did before. The boys of the Tenth Michigan were examining the bank. I do not know what the assets were before the examination took place, but knew that afterward they were "nothing."

Some of the "examiners" had nearly all their clothing torn off, in their eagerness to get at the assets. One would try to get out with a little bag of gold, but he would be downed, the bag would be bursted, and then there would be a scramble, and he would be glad to get out with whole bones, his fingers nearly tramped off by heavy cavalry boots. This is but a sample of war. These men had become warriors, and had forgotten all about home influences, and were but doing that which has been done in every war. No doubt some are now the pillars of the church. But I am sure they are all sound money men. They were then, I know. They would take silver, but preferred gold, the same as we all do. Some of the banks heard about our coming and ran their specie to the woods, but a soldier's scent is something wonderful, and they had no trouble in finding it.

Things were getting very warm at Richmond, and they concluded to send their valuables farther south. Col. Charles M. Betts with the Fifteenth came across the valuables, however, and captured them. The amount was large, and he put a strong guard over it, and brought it in. It was sent to Macon, Ga., and turned over to our Government. A part of the Fifteenth, under Major Wagner, drove the pickets into Lynchburg, and would have gone right into Richmond if they had not been called off. They were

operating on the left of us, the Tenth Michigan on our right, the Twelfth Ohio in our center.

To give an idea of how we traveled, say for instance, we have started from Valley Forge, Philadelphia being the place we were aiming for. The Fifteenth would be on the York road, the Twelfth Ohio on the Germantown road, the Tenth Michigan on the Ridge road, and in that order would clean up everything between the two rivers. If one regiment was attacked and wanted help, the nearest regiment would hurry to its assistance. The orderly s duty was to carry orders from the General to the different regiments. The opportunity to see the country was fine. The roads were known to our General as well as if he had lived there all his life. He had maps, and would hypnotize a colored man or a man too old to be with our illustrious Southern brethren, so his directions always carried us through. The guerrillas, however, bothered us a little. The escort was mounted on running stock, and we lost only one of our number, one of our best men.

WITH THE FIRST BATTALION TO LYNCHBURG.

GEORGE NEIL, COMPANY D, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

ON the fourth of April, 1865, the First battalion of the "Fifteenth," and details from the Second, in all about two hundred and thirty men, under the command of Maj. Wm. Wagner, left the Regiment at Christiansburg, Va., on a rapid march for the neighborhood of Lynchburg, to do what damage we could to the Southern Confederacy by making a demonstration on that place.

Just at this time General Grant had broken up the rebel lines around Richmond and Petersburg and was pushing Lee's army to that last ditch of which we had talked for four long years, and which was found at Appomattox Court House, just twenty miles east of Lynchburg. Our force, approaching from the opposite direction, created some consternation and confusion in the rebel lines, which was the main object intended. It had been rumored throughout our army that it was to move up through East Tennessee and Virginia, and attack General Lee from the rear, and, no doubt, many of our enemy looked on our demonstration as the beginning of that movement. Our commanding General had little doubt of Wagner being able to reach the vicinity of Lynchburg, but we had serious misgivings of his ability to join the Regiment again, and his orders allowed him, after making his demonstration on the town, to go north in case he found the rebels had closed up in his rear and prevented the return march.

It was after nightfall when we left the Regiment. As if to hide our start, a heavy downpour of rain drenched us, but it also hid our march from rebel sympathizers who would carry the news of our approach, and the result was that the next day we marched through a country which had never known the tread of hostile forces, and so we were not expected. The good horses of the farmers, instead of being run off and secreted, were kept in their stables, where we found them, and traded our played-out

ones, without the usual dickering, which goes along with a horse trade.

Passing through Salem, Va., and nearing Big Lick, we learned that a trainload of provisions was about leaving that point for the rebel army and we tried to capture it, but the clatter of our horses' hoofs as we charged through the town gave a warning to the train crew and they started too soon for us to intercept them. Horseflesh cannot equal the steam engine for strength and endurance and, while we had some hope at first, the train gradually pulled away from us and escaped. It was some consolation to burn the railroad bridge over the Roanoke river and to feel that our enemy would not use that track for some time to come. To make up for our loss we captured at a small station, called Coners Springs, an express car filled with tobacco and provisions, and, after taking as much of these as we needed, gave the balance to the negroes, who were always our friends and naturally gravitated to us, and then burned the car.

We stopped one night at Beaufort. If anything was needed to prove that we were in the enemy's country, the constant fire from the bushwhackers did it. Always from such a long distance as to be harmless, their fire was kept up and the ping of their bullets added to the excitement, and served to drive away the monotony of long and tiresome marches. While we were under fire all the time, no particular attention was paid them, nor did they succeed in hitting any of our men or of stopping the march of the column. When we neared the town of Liberty, we were met on the road by the Mayor and the Town Council, who, carrying a white flag to show their peaceful errand, surrendered the place to us.

This was the fashionable and proper manner of surrendering cities several centuries ago, but these formalities just now do not make any particular impression on us except the humorous side of them. Since we became soldiers, the habit has grown on us of taking anything we wanted, and while there was nothing particular in the town of Liberty that we wished for, or was worth taking, it stood on our line of march and we had to take it, and the ostentatious display of the white flag by the town officials made no difference to us, while it probably made them feel the importance of their civic position.

After leaving Liberty we reached the Big Otter River, which

was spanned by two high trestle railroad bridges. These were enclosed and roofed over with pitch pine, being dry as tinder, were in good condition to burn. All the fences in the neighborhood were levied on and the rails piled inside the bridges. It was nine o clock in the evening when all was in readiness for the torch. From this place the distance to Lynchburg was eighteen miles, and Major Wagner, giving his men two hours rest, started for that place at 11 P.M., first firing the two bridges. They burned rapidly, and when the entire framework bursts into flames, the column started on its march, burning also one other railroad bridge nearer Lynchburg. Wagner endeavored to reach that place in the early hours of the morning and, if he found the enemy unprepared, to capture it. He had no definite idea as to what force he might encounter, and, although his orders called only for a "demonstration," it left him at liberty to capture the town, if he believed he could do so. When about five miles from the place, the first of the rebel pickets were met, and these were hastily driven back two miles, capturing two of them. King, of Company D, was killed in this first attack. The reserve picket was found to be in such force that Wagner did not care to hazard an engagement, and after a volley or two marched his command over to another road at a point within three miles from Lynchburg and fed his horses and men. The coolness of the Major in thus inviting an attack and waiting for it, must have impressed the enemy that his force was greater than it really was, for they made no effort to drive him away After a leisurely wait the battalion started back on another road. The advance guard met a force of rebels, and in the action which followed Corporal Wm. J. Currin, of Company B, was severely wounded and had to be left at a house on the roadside. That night the camp was made at Goose Creek.

At this time Major Wagner heard that the Yankee cavalry was marching to Salisbury to release our prisoners there, and he determined to move south and rejoin the regiment if possible. The bushwhackers were more annoying this day, and exhibited greater boldness in their operations. Heretofore they had been satisfied to take a long shot at the column which, while it may have pleased them, did us no harm, but now they boldly rode up to within a few hundred yards of the rear guard, fired a volley and then raced off. They kept this up for six or seven miles and were successful

in shooting one horse. To stop this annoyance one company was placed in ambush and waited till the enemy came along, and then suddenly fired on them at close range, killing two and taking several of their horses. This put a stop to their operations for that day.

The next morning we left camp in a heavy rainstorm, crossed a mountain, passed through Franklin Court House, and marched to within seven miles of Henry Court House, where a halt was made to feed. Major Wagner here learned that General Basil Duke, with fifteen hundred men, was at the Court House waiting to oppose our further progress. The enemy had located our line of march, and had also sent troops from Danville to head us off, and had planted a battery so that it would sweep the road we must take. To avoid all this calamity, Wagner took to the left across the country, forded a river, and that night passed so close to the rebel troops that strict orders were given to light no matches, nor talk loud, and to hold the sabers to prevent them rattling. The march was kept up all night and was a continuous one of twenty-four hours.

The next day we crossed the mountains again into North Carolina and about nightfall our advance guard ran into a detachment of twenty rebels, and by a quick charge dispersed them and recaptured three men of the Eleventh Michigan the rebels had as prisoners.

Our march took us through Lewisville and Huntsville, and at 5 P.M., on April 12th, we crossed the Yadkin. Passing through Mocksville during the night, the Regiment was reached at three o'clock next morning, during a heavy rainstorm.

This camp was three miles from Salisbury, which had been captured that day. During the last three days and four nights the battalion had marched two hundred and seven miles.

THE REGIMENT AT HILLSVILLE, VA., IN APRIL, 1865.

SERG. JOHN W ECKMAN, COMPANY B, PULASKI CITY, VA.

OUR Regiment entered Carroll County, Va., from North Carolina on April 1, 1865. We were then part of Stoneman's command, and on our way, as it transpired later, to destroy the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad west of Lynchburg.

Ours was the first organized body of Union soldiers seen in this part of Virginia, and as we approached Hillsville, the county town of Carroll County, there was much apprehension and alarm among the citizens as to the treatment they might receive at our hands. It was this feeling of uncertainty and fear that gives point to this brief narrative, and, too, has caused me much litigation and provoking losses during the sixteen years that I have made my home in southwest Virginia.

Old residenters assure me that Pennsylvania troops were the first to enter their town, and that General Palmer was in command, but they also state that General Stoneman was with the troops, and made his headquarters at the home of my old friend, Jas. Wilkinson, which stands in the center of the town, next door to the court-house.

An old well, with windlass, chain and bucket, still remains in the center of the main street, immediately in front of the court-house, just as it was in April, 1865. It was from this well that Stoneman, Palmer and their staff officers obtained a refreshing supply of good cold water, and doubtless many of our boys filled their canteens from the old bucket. The windlass, bucket and perhaps the chain have been renewed since those days, but improved methods of drawing the water from the well do not find favor, and their daddies' plans and ways of doing things are quite good enough for the present residents of this old-fashioned town.

James Wilkinson, in 1865, was about thirty years of age, and was a Captain and Quartermaster in the Confederate army. It was his duty to stay home, and return to their command paroled men, "leave-of-absence men" and men at home without leave, and also

to buy and forward food and supplies of all kinds to Richmond for the use of the troops in the field.

He was at home when the news of the approach of our command was brought to Hillsville, and tried to quiet the excited people by advising them to remain at their homes, assuring them that they would not be molested. He said that we would likely take any serviceable horses, also provisions and food for use of men and horses, and that these should be given as cheerfully as possible, for if we needed them they would be taken.

The proprietor of the old grist mill was told to stay at his mill, which he did, kept his burrs busy grinding for our use during our stay, and concluded the Yankee soldier was a real clever sort of a man after all.

The Captain's advice was taken generally, but there was one notable exception. A. M. Hale, clerk of the Circuit Court, in his anxiety to preserve his court records, carried many of them quickly from the clerk's room, and loaded them on a wagon, with horse attached, that stood in front of the court-house door. In his haste he carried out several deed books belonging to the County Court records. In driving away he was seen by our Pennsylvania troops, was quickly captured, and, as the story goes, his wagon with contents was destroyed.

If any member of our Regiment can recall this incident and can give any detailed account of the destruction of this wagon and court records, he will receive a very patient and welcome hearing if he will communicate with me.

With some friends and associates I became the purchaser of large tracts of mineral lands in Carroll and the adjoining county of Grayson in 1889, and the absence of these deed books has kept my associates and myself in perpetual litigation, and there is apparently "no end to it."

During the war a portion of these lands was worked and copper mined for use of the Confederates, but aside from this the lands purchased were not regarded as especially valuable. They were assessed at a very low valuation per acre and no attention paid to them—no disputes about title until we purchased, when innumerable claims to title were presented. Titles to these lands were traced back to grants from the Commonwealth, and, of course, there were numerous interlocks, and the missing deed books pre-

vented us, quite too often, from preparing a clean brief of title, and this confusion greatly encouraged claimants.

Counsel on both sides, but especially plaintiff's counsel, on every excusable occasion, delighted to repeat the story that Eckman's command of Pennsylvania troops in April, 1865, had destroyed the court records and the deeds to his property. There has always been a doubt in my mind as to whether any part of our Regiment actually did destroy the wagon with its court record contents. I do not know what other troops, if any, accompanied us to Hillsville, nor can any of the then residents of Carroll County recall the presence of any but Pennsylvania Cavalry on that second day of April or during that particular raid. The people of Hillsville do not condemn or censure our troops for destroying the wagon and contents, but reflect upon the haste and bad judgment displayed by the clerk in moving records from the court-house.

During one of my visits to Hillsville, Captain Wilkinson introduced me to Mr. Burnett. In April, 1865, Burnett was a young man. He was then, and is now a cripple, which fortunately kept him out of the Confederate army. At the news of the approach of a "sure enough" Yankee army and during the excitement and uneasiness that prevailed in Hillsville, Burnett's actions are thus told by Wilkinson. Getting his gun and mounting Judge Kyle's gray mare, Burnett sallied forth to stop the cause of all this confusion. He very soon and unexpectedly got close to the advance, and wisely concluded to retrace his steps, but a shot from one of the advance struck the mare and Burnett sought safety by crawling into a culvert, under the road. He was ordered forth, and compelled to step lively by the side of a trooper, and thus led the advance of the Yankees into the town.

Of course, I was presented to him as the Yankee soldier that shot his mare, that brought him from the seclusion of the culvert, and made him trot lively with us into the town.

It was this southwest end of the State of Virginia that supplied, in large part, the iron, copper, lead and salt so much needed by the Confederacy. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains, and it was exceedingly difficult for our army to effect an entrance except from the south, making these industrial operations comparatively safe from raiding parties.

A HIGH-PRICED MEAL.

A. D. FRANKENBERRY, COMPANY K, POINT MARION, PA.

DURING the war of 1861-65 the infantry constantly made the charge that they never stole anything, as the cavalry was always in the advance, and got all the good things, and so nothing was left for the "doughboys" to steal.

But we are fully prepared to prove that the cavalry did not steal, but most liberally paid for everything.

On the 3d day of April, 1865, we were with General Gillem's headquarters at Hillsville, Va. The General's cavalry division was composed of three brigades. The first brigade was made up of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, Twelfth Ohio Cavalry and Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, all under command of Gen. Wm. J. Palmer. The command was here divided; Colonel Miller's brigade was sent to Wytheville, Va., and Maj. Wm. Wagner with a portion of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry was ordered to Big Lick, and thence toward Lynchburg. We left Hillsville at 7 P.M., and on the morning of April 4th reached Jacksonville, Va., or Floyd Court House, and were ordered to halt only to feed and get breakfast.

My chum took our stock of provisions, consisting of a small ham, some Yankee coffee, sugar and a few potatoes, into a house to cook breakfast, while I took both horses into a nearby stable, and passing through a garden I found a "tithe" corncrib, from which I obtained food for our horses. In the garden I noticed a small grave, freshly made, and, as I well knew no human body was buried there, I quickly opened the grave, and found buried a tin box, about six by six inches and about sixteen inches long. Opening the box I found it contained the tax book and money of the Confederate war-tax collector, a legitimate object of capture.

I "appropriated" all the Confederate funds I thought I needed, rolling up the bills and bonds in a bundle, and, stuffing the bundle into my boot leg, went into the house, where I found my comrade

busy talking to three women, the mother and two rather elderly daughters. The women had nothing in the way of provisions except corn meal—not even a grain of salt. The meal was mixed with water and baked, ham fried, potatoes boiled and coffee made. All five sat down to eat breakfast. My comrade and myself were blessed with grand appetites, but we were excelled in that blessing by each of the three women, and when the meal was finished only a little of the bread and meat was left. I put some of it into my haversack. I had in the meantime told my comrade of my "find."

As we had furnished the meat, potatoes, coffee and sugar and the women had furnished only the corn meal, and as there were three of them and only two of us, the equity of the claim for remuneration did not impress me strongly I was willing to call the matter square, but the old lady remonstrated about taking the food, so I thought I would be liberal, and handed her two $500 Confederate gold bonds, with several coupons yet attached and due. Taking the bonds, she disdainfully said, "We'uns don't like that ar money, but we'uns likes you'ns' money the bestest;" so, not wishing to be at all mean or stingy, I handed her two more $500 bonds, but even then there was no blessing on our heads as we departed. How many thousand dollars of the now worthless stuff I had I never knew, as I did not even count it.

May 1, 1865, we entered Anderson, S. C., and there I captured from a Confederate Major a fine black horse. The Major pleaded to retain the horse. He said he had lately bought him for $4000. He further urged that it was Confederate money and belonged to the Quartermaster's Department of the South. I told him, therefore, that as the horse was the real property of the Confederate army and a proper subject of capture, I could not give him up; but, as I was a Yankee, I would "trade" him another horse that was only tired, as I had then ridden him more than 400 miles; that I would make all the bargain, take the shoes off my horse and give him "$5000 to boot." So again the cavalry paid for what they got.

The bonds were printed on very common thin, white paper, plain back, nine by fourteen inches. The loan was authorized by Act of Congress, C. S. A., of August 19, 1861, and the one of the lot I still retain is No. 335. The bonds were sold for gold, the rate of interest, 8 per cent. per annum, being payable semi-annually.

"AN ORDERLY ENTRANCE INTO TOWN."

CORP. SMITH D. COZENS, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

HOW well I remember it! We learned that the next day we would probably reach Salem, N. C., and very early that morning I was ordered to report to General Palmer, and he put me in command of the advance guard. In giving me my instructions he said that in all probability we would reach Salem about the middle of the afternoon, and added that he had ascertained that there were no rebels in the town, and that when I came in sight of the place to halt until the column came up and fall in rear of Company L, which was the advance company of the Regiment that day. He desired to make an orderly entrance into the town.

I think the detail was about twelve men, and we mounted and moved out the Salem road as far as our picket post, probably a mile from camp, and there awaited the start of the Regiment. We had hardly got to the pickets when it commenced to drizzle, the boys donned their rubber coats, and pretty soon we heard the bugle in our rear sounding "forward!" when we started off.

It was a fine country through which we traveled, and the ride was without incident, although we kept a sharp lookout for the enemy. About noon the command halted for a rest, and soon after we started on again. It was still quite cloudy and occasionally drizzled a little. As I looked around at my little company, most of whom I knew intimately, I felt that if any emergency should arise there would be no laggards. The only one whom I can remember of that advance was Joseph S. Overholt, of my own company—"Little Joe," as we used to call him. He and another man rode in advance of the guard, probably 100 yards.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, as we arrived upon the top of a hill, we caught a glimpse of the town, and could plainly see the church spires directly in front of us. Then I motioned to the two men in advance to halt. We were now going down a hill, and

just in front of us was another high hill, similar to the one which we were descending. It was suggested that we go to the top of the hill before we halted to allow the Regiment to come up, to which I assented, and as we went up the hill I looked back and could see nothing of them.

We reached the top of the hill, and right in front of us lay the town in plain view, about a mile and a half away, and at the bottom of the hill a rebel picket post of five or six men. We all saw them at once and they us. I can remember so distinctly Overholt's remark, "Cozens, there's the Johnnies!" Many things flashed through my mind in that instant. I recalled the General's injunction about an orderly entry into the town, and I remembered that always in our Regiment, at least, when you met the other side, you went for them at once, and I remembered, too, my old comrade "Pat" Lyon s example. I knew that my twelve men were waiting my orders, and instantly I whipped out my revolver and said, "Come on, boys!" and they came.

As soon as the rebels caught sight of us they, with one exception, mounted their horses and commenced to move toward the town; this one threw his carbine over the saddle of his horse and fired at us, and I heard the bullet whistle past me, when he fired again. Three times he fired, but we were going down hill at a tremendous pace, and were close to him before he mounted, and then he flew away from us like the wind and was soon ahead of his comrades.

We commenced to gain on them, and in another 100 yards I was within a horse's length of the hindmost. I shouted to him to "halt!" but he kept on. The boys behind called to me to shoot him, which I could have done, as I was almost touching his horse. While on the dead run I raised my pistol to fire, and as I did so he turned in the saddle and disclosed the terror-stricken face of a half-grown boy. I thrust my pistol into my blouse, and giving "Billy" an extra dig with the spurs, I grasped the bridle of his horse and pulled him back standing, snatching the pistol out of his hand. I looked behind me and saw that all my little party was close up to me. I heard the bugle from the main column sounding, and we kept on at the jump.

Our enemies had disappeared down a side road by this time, and we were getting close into the town, when I discovered, right in

front of us, a party of twenty or thirty men, drawn up across the road, holding up their hands and hats as if hailing us to stop. I saw that they were not armed, but our blood was up, and we went through them with a shout, scattering them like chaff. On into the town we went, the people flying in all directions, and in a few moments we were in the center of the place, right in the front of the post office.

I halted the little party, swung out of the saddle, ran into the post office, seized a large bundle of letters lying on the tables, returned to the street and faced as good an officer as ever led a cavalry regiment. I could not but wonder what his thoughts were of my orderly entrance into the town. I saluted him and passed the letters to one of his staff, and as he returned my salute, with what seemed to me a kindly smile of commendation, he ordered me to take my advance guard and go outside the town and picket the road until the regular picket detail from the Regiment was sent out.

CAPTURE OF THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY.

FIRST LIEUT. CHAS. E. BECK, COMPANY C, PALMYRA, N. J.

IT was in April, 1865, that our Regiment reached Salem, N. C. The battalion under Major Wagner, which had gone into Virginia and made a demonstration on Lynchburg, was still absent. It was this movement of Wagner's cavalry which General Grant commented on so favorably as having caused General Lee to halt in his retreat from Richmond, and had much to do with causing his surrender, a few days later.

In his autobiography he criticises the raids made from General Thomas' command at this time, as causing the destruction of much valuable property, which he would liked to have spared, and also that they caused no Confederate troops to be withdrawn from either Lee's or Johnston's armies. He commends the demonstration on Lynchburg, which Major Wagner and two hundred men of our Regiment made, in these words: "The only possible good that we may have experienced from these raids was by Stoneman getting near to Lynchburg about the time that the Armies of the Potomac and of the James were closing in on Lee at Appomattox," and adds "it was the cause of a commotion we heard of there."

Our other two battalions, under Major Garner and Captain Kramer, were with us, but the horses were not in good condition, as our long day and night marches had worn them out.

Soon after our arrival at Salem, N. C., Colonel Betts received orders to take the Regiment and destroy the railroad bridge north of Greensboro, and also a factory below that place, at which firearms for the Confederacy were being made.

Greensboro is twenty-five miles east of Salem, and it was said a considerable force of the enemy occupied the place, so the problem was not a cut-and-dried affair, but one in which the element of risk was a large factor

Our march began early in the evening, and at 2 A.M. Major Garner was sent with his battalion to destroy the bridge, and Captain Kramer was also ordered to take his men and destroy the gun factory. For himself Colonel Betts retained ninety men, with whom he intended making a direct demonstration on Greensboro, to draw the attention from the other two columns.

Just about daylight a colored man was picked up who said he was the servant of Colonel Johnson, who commanded the Third South Carolina Cavalry, who were in camp about a half mile distant. He said a good portion of that regiment was scouting, to ascertain the position of the Yankees. They must have gone into camp in some of the farm-houses, as they could easily have found us if half an effort had been made; but so great was Colonel Johnson's confidence in his scouting parties guarding his camp that he had neither picket nor camp guard to warn him of danger, and his command was just then at the homely duty of cooking breakfast.

All this information Colonel Betts drew from the colored man, who had been sent by Colonel Johnson to mail a letter in a nearby post office. It was not hard to do so, as all the colored men in the South were our friends, and this particular one jumped at once to the conclusion that we were Yanks.

Colonel Betts was just now in a "state of mind." The Confederate force far outnumbered his command. Each one recognized the fact that as soon as our presence was known we would have a fight on hand, in which we could hardly hope to be victors.

Our Colonel laid the situation before the other two officers, but beyond the assertion that they would do anything he ordered, received no suggestions, and he then quickly concluded the safest course was to charge the camp.

The dispositions were soon made. I was given ten men, mounted on the best horses, for the advance, with instructions to charge the camp as soon as sighted and to make all the noise possible, and the rest of the column could follow. The men on the poorest horses were to barricade the road at the point where we turned to the right, and protect our rear from any of the scouting forces which might return at any moment. Then the order to advance was given. Soon the camp came in sight, our advance and main column took up the charge, and the surprised enemy fled at once, after

firing a few shots. One of these shots was by Colonel Johnson, who made an earnest effort to kill Adjutant Reiff, but shot his horse instead.

The rebels fled to a neighboring meadow, and took cover in a ditch, where they might have made a good defence and beat us off, but our attack was so sudden that they never had time to get their second wind, and on demand they surrendered. The whole action and its results demonstrated what General Palmer had so often drilled into us, that a bold, dashing charge by a small body of good troops would overcome a much larger force.

After eating the breakfast which our late enemies had prepared for themselves, cutting the spokes of their wagons, destroying their guns and camp equipage and mounting the prisoners on the poorest horses, we continued our march to within a short distance of Greensboro. At this point Serg. Selden L. Wilson was detailed with ten men to destroy a railroad bridge on the outskirts of that town. After remaining here sufficient time to enable the battalions, under Garner and Kramer, to accomplish the work assigned them, our detachment started back for Salem.

Sergeant Strickler and ten men were detailed for the advance, and the same number for rear guard, which left only sixty men, who were presumed to do the heavy fighting when the time came and also to guard and take care of our prisoners.

As the column was ascending a long hill, not very steep, Colonel Johnson, who was riding with Colonel Betts, turned in his saddle to look at the column, and said with surprise, "Why Colonel Betts, where are your men?" Betts looked, too, and was also surprised, for the men he saw following him were principally prisoners uniformed in butternut clothing; but Betts, concealing his feelings, simply said, "There are others within supporting distance."

Colonel Johnson felt somewhat elated at the prospect, and said that he and Betts would change places before many hours. A small force of the enemy made their appearance on our left, but a dashing charge of our advance scattered them. Soon after a much larger force appeared around a house on our right, but another charge of our advance and a lucky shot from the revolver of one of the guard, which killed one man, dispersed and routed the rest.

As if we had not enough excitement for one day, a courier arrived from General Palmer with word that the Tenth Michigan was fighting a superior force and was being driven back on Salem, and that we should hurry back at a trot, and if the enemy were around the town to charge them on the flanks.

Hurrying along we soon reached the point where the other two battalions were to join us, but Kramers was the only one there. He had destroyed the factory and a great quantity of arms in the process of manufacture, without the loss of a man, and was loaded down with prisoners. Soon after this another dispatch was received, stating that the Tenth Michigan had driven off the enemy, and to join the column at a walk.

Major Garner and his battalion returned that night, having accomplished all they set out to do, without loss. This was a good day's work—very well done.

BURNING BRIDGE OVER SOUTH BUFFALO CREEK.

LIEUT. SELDEN L. WILSON, COMPANY I, WASHINGTON, PA.

THE Regiment arrived in Salem, N. C., in the evening of Sabbath, April 10, 1865. We found a very nice little town, with a female seminary in session. The young ladies were at the windows, and at one of them a United States flag was displayed, which was greeted with cheers as we passed.

Having procured provisions for ourselves and horses, I was ordered, about 11 o'clock, to report to Colonel Betts. By him I was informed that the Regiment was to move at once and that I was to take charge of the rear guard. My instructions were to follow the main road and to close upon the column whenever a detachment should make a detour to the right or left.

We rode all night with advanced carbines. Just before daybreak, on the morning of the 11th, Adjutant Reiff came back with information that there were less than 100 men with Colonel Betts, and that a charge was about to be ordered upon the camp of the Third South Carolina Cavalry Upon receipt of this information we drew revolvers, and scarcely had we covered the interval between ourselves and the column when I heard the Colonel give the command, "Charge!" I followed close, and we rushed pell-mell into the camp of the Southerners. Quite a number of shots were exchanged, but I believe no one was injured on either side.

After securing a number of prisoners, an incident occurred which I have always remembered. When Adjutant Reiff came back to the place where the prisoners were collected, the Adjutant of the Third South Carolina remarked, in a somewhat sarcastic tone, "Adjutant, allow me to congratulate you on your bad marksmanship." Quick as a flash came the reply, "The same to you, d—n you!"

Among the pleasant things I found, that morning, baking in an old-fashioned Dutch oven, was a chicken potpie, upon which several of us made breakfast; also, in an officer's mess chest, a canteen of peach brandy, which I threw across my shoulder, and

after getting the prisoners and horses gathered up I passed it around, as far as it would go, beginning with the commanding officer. I have always thought the heavy fog which prevailed that morning was a good thing for us.

We had moved out a short distance with our prisoners when I received orders to report to Colonel Betts, who instructed me to select ten of the best men and horses in the command. As soon as my detail was ready I was to report for further orders. It was not long before I returned, when I received the following instructions: "Sergeant, you are to take the detail and burn a bridge over South Buffalo Creek and cut the telegraph wires. I expect you will find a strong guard at the bridge. Do not get into a fight to burn the bridge, but cut the telegraph line if it costs every man and horse you have. Make the trip as fast as your horses will stand it." He explained to me that the bridge was ten miles south of our present position and within two miles of Greensboro, N. C. He told me that one battalion of the Regiment, under command of Captain Kramer, had gone to Jamestown to destroy a railroad bridge across Deep River, and he gave me the location of different detachments of the Regiment, with instructions to give this information to the detail as soon as we started, so in case we became scattered they would individually know where to go. In addition he said: "You will be a good ways from any troops, for as soon as we have finished breakfast we will start back to Salem, which is twenty miles." He introduced me to a citizen as the guide who would show me the road, then bade me good-by and good luck.

We started at a pretty fair gait, remembering we had a long day's ride. I was mounted on the horse which the day before belonged to the Adjutant of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, and, in fact, most of the men were on fresh horses. The guide complained that we were going too fast, but he kept up all right. I very particularly observed the road and advised the men to do the same.

When we got within one-half mile of the railroad I could see the smoke from a train which was getting away from Jamestown, where Captain Kramer had gone. We arrived at the railroad, but found that we had gone a mile below the bridge. When we arrived at the bridge we were delighted to find no guards.

I detailed Jonas Cotterel, who was a Samson, to cut the tele-

graph pole, while another man held his horse. He had to climb up the bank some distance to reach the pole, so when he cut it off, instead of falling over, as he expected, the wire held the top and the lower end slipped off at the stump, leaving the pole still standing almost erect. Well, the air was blue around that pole, but it did not interfere with Cotterel making the second cut. When the pole fell, the cutting of the wires was but a small matter.

In the meantime the rest of us had been working on the bridge, cutting kindling wood. The material of the bridge was yellow North Carolina pine, and was as dry as tinder, so we were not long in having such a blaze as could not be extinguished by ordinary means.

There was a citizen at the bridge when we reached there, who will figure in a part of this story later on. Another was an old farmer who was ploughing nearby and from whom we obtained an axe on our arrival. He came down to the bridge and took one of the axes and cut most of the kindling, saying: "Don't spoil my axe. I will help you, for I am as good a Union man as God lets live, but this is the first time I have dared to say so."

We left the bridge burning, but I told the guide we would not go back down the railroad, but take a short cut and strike the road at a little log house in the woods and save two miles. He said, "You will get lost." I told him he had done his duty bringing us in and I would be responsible for getting out. By taking the short cut we not only saved two miles, but also avoided meeting quite a squad of rebel cavalry on the way to the main road. We crossed a ravine which led back to the railroad, and hearing a noise in that direction we looked down, and there were at least three or four times as many rebels as there were of us, but they were more scared than we were, as they were getting away from Captain Kramer at Jamestown.

We arrived at Salem just about sundown, and found the Regiment formed, ready to start on a night's march toward Salisbury, N. C. I told the men to report to their own companies, and I went to headquarters to make my report, where I received a very hearty reception; in fact, I was almost pulled from my horse. The first question Colonel Betts asked was:

"Where are all your men?"

"Reported to their companies."

"Lose any horses?"

"No, sir."

"Did you burn the bridge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you cut the telegraph wire?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Sergeant, I never expected to see you all back alive."

Now there is more to tell in connection with the burning of the bridge, etc. Several days after burning the bridge an orderly came from Colonel Betts and told me to report at the head of the column. I did so promptly, although I did not know but that I was to be reprimanded for confiscating a ham, chicken or even a horse for the good of the United States. To my surprise, however, the Colonel pointed to a rather well-dressed young man, and asked, "Sergeant, did you ever see this man?" I replied, "Not that I can remember;" when the young man said, "Are you not the Sergeant Wilson who with a few men burned the bridge over Buffalo Creek, two miles from Greensboro, N. C.?" I said, "I am." He said, "Well, I am the man who was walking on the railroad track. You came up while I was on the bridge, and made me remain until you got the bridge well on fire. When I arrived in Greensboro, Jefferson Davis with his Cabinet and headquarters, expecting to be captured at any time, were in the cars on a siding." I replied, "Had I known that, although I had accomplished all I was ordered to do with the ten men I had with me, I would have attempted the capture."

An after-incident, which has reference to the burning of the bridge, occurred in 1892, when I was in Greensboro on business. One evening, before leaving, I got a horse and cart and started out with the intention of going to Buffalo Creek, where the bridge was burned. Having gone about one mile, I found two colored men sitting on the side of the road, talking. I stopped and asked them how far it was to Buffalo Creek. One of them replied, "About two miles." I asked about the road; he said it was not very good. I said, "I will pay you if you will come with me and show me the road." He got into the cart with me. After going a short distance we got into a very interesting conversation, and I learned that he had been raised not far from the place where the bridge was burned, and carried the news into Greensboro that the

Yankees had burned it. He told me the name of the man who lived near the bridge and helped to cut kindling was W——.

On our way back to Greensboro he told me many things not connected with the bridge affair which were interesting. He insisted that I should stop at his house and see his mother. I did, and found ten acres cleared, which was converted into a model home, with small fruits and everything one could desire. This plot of ground a few years before had been a cypress thicket. In his home I found the aged mother, who was active and quite intelligent. While she was very dark, her hair was white as snow. I asked her age. He replied that they had no record of her age, but from the most reliable information he could obtain she was about 103 years old, which I did not dispute.

He told me many things of interest, but do not think they would be considered a part of the history of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry

MY PART IN THE CAPTURE OF THE THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY.

SERG. WM. MCGEE, REGIMENTAL SADDLER, TOLLGATE, W VA.

IN the spring of 1865, when General Stoneman with his raiders had reached Salem, N. C., a halt was made, and detachments were sent across the country to burn bridges and tear up the tracks of the railroad leading from Danville, Va., to Greensboro, N. C.

Lieut.-Col. Chas. M. Betts took a detachment of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry out on the road in the direction of Greensboro. I presume the object was to hold whatever rebel force was there while the other detachment was destroying the railroad north of that town. My recollection is that Colonel Betts' command numbered less than 100 sabers. We started from Salem about dark, with Corp. D. A. Hunter, Samuel Skillen, Jno. D. Waychoff, Isaac Worl and the writer of this as advance guard. We marched all night.

A little before daylight we found a covered wagon by the side of the road. A white man was asleep in the wagon and a negro also asleep beside a log. Some of the boys found a keg containing five gallons of tar-heel whisky The other boys took the keg and pushed on up the hill. I stayed with the captured, and turned them over to Colonel Betts when he came up. I then rushed after the advance. After going about a mile, found them off in the road filling their canteens from the keg. After that duty was performed we took a drink all round from the bung of the keg. We then went forward, in high spirits, and were ready for anything that might happen.

Presently we came to a village called Ridgeville, and halted at the crossroads, at the end of the village. I saw a man running across the street, farther down, and dashed after and halted him. He proved to be a negro. To my inquiry as to what he was doing, he said: "I am a servant to Colonel Johnson,

of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, and am taking this letter to the post office. Their camp is only three-quarters of a mile from this town." Then I told him to give me the letter and come with me. When I got back to the crossroads Colonel Betts was just coming up. I handed him the letter and also turned the negro over to him. The Colonel immediately prepared to rush the rebel camp, increased the advance considerably and placed Lieut. Chas. E. Beck in command. The five of us who had been in advance all night asked to be allowed to march at the head of the advance, which was granted. It was now breaking day.

We started, and directly could see the enemy's fires. Our course was down a small valley; their camp was on a hillside, to our left, as we went down. When about 100 yards from the foot of the hill, where we would turn up the hill to get into camp, we drew our revolvers, and away we went at a gallop, yelling like Indians. When we got to the place where we would leave the road and take the hill obliquely, in looking around to see what was before us I saw a group of men standing by their camp fire, some distance from the main camp and directly to our left. My first thought was that they would get away. I turned my horse out of ranks, went straight at them and fired two shots. By this time I was getting close enough to see that their arms were piled under shelter, so I dashed in between them and their guns and ordered their "hands up," which order was obeyed instantly.

One big, fat fellow, a few feet up the hill above the others, was down on his knees behind a stump, both hands up, and yelling at the top of his voice, "I surrender! I surrender!"—long sound on the "I."

There were six of them. I had them dress in line, and then handed the man on the right my canteen, and told him they must all drink to my good health, and they did not decline.

Just then John A. Jamison came up, and one of my prisoners asked, "Do you fight this way all the time?" "Yes," I replied, "this is our style of fighting; how do you like it?" I asked them why they didn't get to their guns when they saw me coming up the hill at them. Their story was that the evening before they had started out two scouting parties, and when they saw us coming they thought we were their own men returning, and when they saw me coming straight at them and shooting they lost their heads,

and didn't once think of their guns until it was too late, as I was then between them and their pieces. The reason the Third South Carolina Cavalry was such an easy mark was that until shortly before we made their acquaintance they had been on duty at Charleston, S. C., where there had never been any fighting on land, and they were about equal to a regiment of Home Guards.

If we had run into one of General Wheeler's old regiments as we did into this one—well, I would not, in my seventy-fourth year, be sitting here writing this true story.

A RECRUIT WHO HAD GREAT NERVE.

CAPT. FRANK E. REMONT, COMPANY I, MOYLAN, PA.

SHORTLY after 9 o'clock on the evening of April 10, 1865, our battalion, under Captain Kramer, consisting of eighty-six officers and men, took one of those all-night rides with which we had by that time become very familiar, but which we never learned to love. It was to cut off the retreat from Richmond, Va.

Approaching Jamestown, N. C., toward morning, the tooting of a locomotive caused us to quicken our pace. I had the advance guard of twelve men, and charging through the town to the railroad depot, we drove off the Confederate guard and captured seven cars and a lot of merchandise stored in the depot. Here we halted, to make a thorough job of burning our spoils. At the same time a charge by the larger part of the command resulted in the capture of the railroad bridge over Deep River, and this was also fired and consumed.

Our great success was undoubtedly largely due to the fogginess of the morning, for the rebels were in greater force, but our exact number was concealed by the haze, in consequence of which the enemy quite likely exaggerated our forces.

One of the men placed on picket while the work of destruction was in progress at the depot, George Alexander by name, is still living in the city of Reading, Pa. His horse, like many others in the command, had become unserviceable from hard riding. Instead of going back to the depot when relieved he went out in the country, on an independent scout, in search of a fresh mount. At a plantation in the distance he found one horse, which he would have confiscated had not a young lady pleaded so hard not to be deprived of the only one they had that he granted her request and allowed it to remain.

Walking back to the point in the road where he had tethered his exhausted beast he found quite a number of horses tied to the

same fence, and, as he came nearer, discovered many men lounging about, one of whom was in the act of examining the contents of Alexander's saddlebags. When the fellow had desisted, at Alexander's command, the latter inquired of the stranger if he "had seen the lot of rebels we captured in Jamestown." "You're one of Wheeler's men, are you not?" retorted the man, and that was the first intimation Alexander had that he stood in the midst of rebels. Though they wore a uniform of varied colors, there was sufficient blue to induce such a mistake; while, on the other hand, his own was so stained and disfigured by soil and grease as to make it sufficiently unrecognizable to mislead the foe. The men were cooking and eating, with their arms and accouterments lying along the fence.

Alexander quietly backed out of their midst. As he did so he leveled his carbine and coolly informed them that they were prisoners of war, and that the first man who dared to move would be instantly shot in his tracks. Not a man stirred. Keeping them constantly covered, he reached the fence and succeeded in destroying their arms by bending the barrels of the guns between the fence rails. Thus far he controlled his captives without trouble.

They had carelessly placed their weapons where they could not now reach them without taking a shot from their captor, and no one cared to lead in such a hazardous venture. Had they been able to take concerted action and move suddenly in a body they could have overpowered their guard in an instant, for there were thirteen Confederate soldiers and ten colored men in the party But a loaded gun is an argument the power of which cannot be understood by those who have never had the experience; and, incredible as it may seem, Alexander successfully controlled his twenty-three prisoners—possibly by a species of hypnotism built upon a foundation of bluff.

Not permitting them to saddle, he compelled them to mount bareback, and driving them all before him he proceeded toward Jamestown. By the mighty power of constant reference to the deadly effect of his loaded weapons he dominated his mob of prisoners for over a mile, when he was met by George Stone, of our company, who helped him take them in. But it was well for Alexander and Stone that they had but a short distance further to go to reach their command, for the prisoners, gradually awaken-

ing to the fact that they had been captured by one man, and realizing the discredit this would reflect upon them, grew more and more ugly in mood and difficult to manage. Swearing and cursing at themselves and each other, they would soon have worked themselves up to the pitch of braving all hazards in a break for liberty or revenge. One of them, after abusing the rest for their stupidity, growled: "I told you this was a Yank when he came down the road, but you wouldn't believe me."

I think no one will deny that this performance was a plucky one. Alexander's name was read out on dress parade for his brave deed, and doubtless it was mentioned in the official reports of the day. But that was all, and even to the present time few know of the feat, for this man's modesty was even greater than his bravery.

Our capture of Jamestown and all it held was successful in every way, and reflects great credit upon the men who at this period of the war were satisfied with nothing short of absolute success. When we rejoined Captain Kramer our little advance guard of twelve men took in its train thirty-five prisoners and sixty horses and mules, besides having captured and destroyed two cars loaded with cotton, 1000 stands of arms, fifty barrels of flour, five bales of cotton cloth, twelve sacks of salt and several barrels of molasses—all belonging to the Southern Confederacy

Lieut. Ed. Smith, of our company, with five men captured and destroyed a factory where arms were made for the rebel government, and among the property he burned were 800 completed guns and 2500 partially completed, as well as all the machinery for producing them.

When the smallness of our force is considered and it is remembered that the Confederates were in larger numbers all around us, with General Beauregard in still greater force at Greensboro, but five miles distant, I think our men cannot be indicted of egotism in regarding this as a very creditable affair.

COMPANY A AT SHERRILL'S FORD, 1865.

WM. L. BRATTON, COMPANY A, NEW YORK.

OUR company was camped at what is called Sherrill's Ford, on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, some ten or twelve miles from Lincolnton. My horse had done such heavy service that his back was very sore, and it had every appearance of a fistula. In the meantime I had been fortunate enough to capture two horses, one of which I wanted to use, but the necessities of one of our Sergeants and another soldier were deemed much greater by Captain Colton, and he ordered that they should get the horses, although I, of course, felt like any soldier would—that I was entitled to first choice. Being at that time very headstrong I was determined to get a new horse, if possible, and started out on a raid "all by myself, alone."

Getting past the pickets, I made a tramp of about two miles down the river, and came across a handsome mansion for that section of the country, occupied by a wealthy family. When I examined their stable I found what appeared to be a very large Shetland pony. The house servants and slaves gathered around the overseer and the ladies of the family In the group was a fine, intelligent young boy, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age, who owned the pony. In looking around the place one of the negroes told me that if I "went down to Factoryville there were a few good horses there, but most likely they were hidden in the woods." He told me that "Factoryville was some two miles distant down the river, and that they were making cloth down there for the rebel soldiers." I obliged the boy to mount his pony, and told the ladies that "the boy was safe with me—they need have no fear whatever; that I was only going to take him to camp, and he would be allowed to return immediately." When we gained the road I told the boy to "guide me to Factoryville and to be smart about it."

In a short time we reached the edge of a small village, and there

about 100 yards in front of us was a fine bay horse hitched to a large swinging door, which the boy told me was "the entrance to a blacksmith shop." I rode up to this blacksmith shop on a free gallop, and found it large enough for me to enter. I had my pistol drawn, and when I entered I saw a fine-looking Confederate Sergeant, and a blacksmith in the regular "smithy" clothes. The Sergeant realized there was no use to do anything but obey my command to surrender. The blacksmith was a middle-aged, well-built man; but being, I supposed, a non-combatant, I hadn't sense enough to think he might attempt any harm. I asked this Confederate Sergeant if there were any more of them, and he said there was "one who was in some house in the village," and I made him guide me to the place where he was supposed to be. I didn't dismount, but I found in the yard of the house a very fine horse, well saddled. The Confederate Sergeant was attempting to parley with me for his horse, but as I had taken the Sergeant's arms I considered I had no further use for him, and told him so.

Now having captured two horses, I had gained the object of my little raid, and ordered a well-dressed house servant of one of the crowd that had gathered around to "mount the Sergeant's horse." Several ladies made their appearance at the gate and attempted to enter and go into the house, but I had a presentiment of trouble, and told them they "must not enter." The Confederate Sergeant again attempted to argue and wanted to let the ladies go into the house. I drew my pistol on him, and it was a good thing I did so, for I was told afterward that the Confederate Colonel who was in the house had a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot, pointing at me from the upper window, but he was afraid that the shot would strike some of the ladies. I told the people "the Yanks were coming in about 10,000 strong," and ordered the boy, and the darkey who was mounted on the Sergeant's horse and leading the officer's horse, to "follow me," leaving the Confederate Sergeant with the ladies.

The Sergeant was an intelligent fellow, and must have known something of the right surroundings, for he turned around as I left and yelled that he "believed it was a d——d Yankee trick." We went out of that village on a full gallop and reached the dirt road that led through the woods toward Sherrill's Ford. When we were half way through we were startled by a shot in our

rear, which we afterward learned was from the blacksmith whom I had left in his shop, and who had followed up and took a chance at us on the sly. I looked back, but could see only the heels of his horse, so we continued on a gallop through the woods until we were halted by our pickets. I reported to Captain Colton, and got a new mount, of course. When I told him what I had discovered he detailed four others, and told me to "go down to Factoryville and see if we could capture any more horses or gather in any prisoners." We also took with us a volunteer negro servant of Company B.

Having come over the road before, of course I acted as advance guard, and was very much surprised, before we had reached the village, to meet one of the finest looking Southern gentlemen I had ever seen—one of the Buffalo Bill stamp in build and looks. He was apparently unarmed and rode a good saddle mule. He looked like a fighting man, however, and I took the precaution to search him. Finding a six-barreled revolver upon him, he was turned over as a prisoner to the colored servant who accompanied us, and whose name I believe was Joe.

When we were within about 300 yards of the village I told the boys the best thing we could do would be to make a dash right into the place, which we did, and rode some 400 or 500 yards without any opposition. Then we scattered around to see what we could find in the house where I had been a few hours previous. I gathered in Colonel Lane, of the Virginia army, who was a Colonel of artillery, and said to be one of the sons of Senator Joe Lane, of Oregon. The other son was said to be in the Union army.

I found out that they had made and were making a great deal of cloth for the Confederate army at Factoryville, and I told everybody that we were going to destroy the factory, and I wanted everyone to get pillow cases, mattresses and bags of all kinds and fill them with cotton and take them to their homes, for we would burn all the cotton in a short time, and we did not want them to suffer by it, but we would not allow any more cloth to be made there.

In a short time bags of all kinds filled with cotton were being carried by the people. I do not know how much they took, for in a few minutes someone told me that there were some horses hidden on the island in the Yadkin River The island being right

opposite Factoryville, we forded the river, scouted over the island, but could not find any, and returned to Factoryville, doing no further damage and finding no more soldiers.

We had gone about a fourth of a mile when a mulatto, about twenty-five years of age, appeared suddenly on our left, coming through the woods. He was leading three elegant horses and riding another equally as good. He was making a bee line for freedom at the first opportunity presented, he frankly told us. Of course, we accepted the horses and brought him along with us. I met this same mulatto in 1866 driving a four-horse team for Babbitt's soap, opposite the State House in Philadelphia. He knew me at once, and left his team on the side of the street and made a demonstration of thankfulness that attracted the attention of many people and made me feel very good. He said "he had been very successful since coming North, had married and was very happy."

We returned to camp with our prisoner and horses, and again reported to Captain Colton, and as our boys who had been guarding Sherrill's Ford had been fired upon, the same squad was detailed to go to the other side of the Yadkin River and search the houses for firearms. There were several fine houses near there, but we could gain no information, and our search was only successful in securing a few squirrel rifles, which are very effective for use under certain conditions.

When we reached camp from the Factoryville raid the Colonel we had captured was very much depressed, but he was treated so nicely by our Captain, who put him on his parole, that when he passed our camp fire, at which we were making our evening meal, he recognized several of the boys who were on the little raid, and complimented them very highly for the manner in which they had acted throughout. Of course, he deplored his loss of freedom.

CARRYING DISPATCHES ON OUR LAST RAID.

J. M. BROWN, COMPANY B, CIRCLEVILLE, PA.

IN the spring of 1865 our Regiment, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, broke camp at Wauhatchie, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn.

At this time with about twenty others I was detailed to store away cavalry equipments in a small house in Chattanooga which had been set apart for our Regiment. We remained there for two weeks, and were then ordered to follow the command, and took train for Knoxville, East Tennessee. At Knoxville we were joined by some thirty or forty of our Regiment, and were supplied with five days' rations, 120 rounds of cartridges, horses, horseshoes, nails, etc. These rations, equipments, etc., were all that we received from Uncle Sam for the next sixty-seven days.

We were placed in command of an officer—a Lieutenant Colonel, I think—whose home, before the war, had been in the South. Colonel Palmer, the Commander of the Fifteenth Regiment, had about this time been promoted, and was now in command of three regiments, and later on of the whole division. The officer who was now placed over us undertook to take us by a shorter route over the Smoky Mountains into North Carolina, where we expected to join our command, then on its way to capture Salisbury Prison. He lost his way, and we wandered among the mountains for days without a sign of civilization, but we finally found our road and joined our command. We marched to Salisbury and destroyed the public property effectively The escape of the commander of the prison and the horrible condition of the prisoners are so well known that I shall barely mention them in a communication of this length.

Shortly after the destruction of the prison we reached a small town in North Carolina, where six of us were detailed to carry a dispatch to General Stoneman. Corporal Jones, of Philadelphia, had charge of us. When about to start General Palmer said to

Corporal Jones: "Here is a blank dispatch, which you yourself must keep, as the rebels will naturally look to you for any dispatches. Let the man who has the swiftest horse have the genuine dispatch, and if you are captured let him escape at the risk of his life." Corporal Jones was a three years man and had seen service, but he had an undertaking on his hands when he started out with five of us, all recruits, who had enlisted in July, 1864. We set out, and as soon as we were away from our officers took more liberties than we should perhaps have done. Before we had gone fifty miles the man who had the "best" horse traded him and got $24 "to boot."

We decided to ride at a moderate rate of speed all day until after night, then retire from the road some distance into a thicket, and without fire, picket or guard lie down and sleep.

On the fifth day we were riding along a straight piece of road that ran up onto a little knoll, on which we could see men forming in line, directly in front of us. Corporal Jones called a halt and ordered us to examine our guns. While the halt was made the hero of the play began to develop himself. George Alexander, of Company I, said to Jones: "May I act as advance guard to rout the enemy?" Jones said: "George, would you go up that hill in the face of fifteen or twenty men with loaded guns?" Alexander answered, "All I ask is your permission." Scarcely was it granted when Alexander leaned forward in his saddle, put both spurs in the sides of his horse, and rode straight at the enemy The remaining five of us followed, about 100 yeards behind him, at a dead gallop. The enemy leveled their guns, and a rain of bullets came down the road. None of us fired a shot, but rode forward at a gallop. The rebels dispersed in different directions, after emptying their guns, and when the main body of the army, five in number, reached the top of the hill not a man was in sight. Alexander was missing.

Near the top of the hill there were three roads—one to the right, one to the left and one straight ahead. Jones ordered two men to go on the right-hand road, two on the left-hand road and he himself went straight ahead, the object being to find Alexander and help him if he needed help. J. M. Shaw, of Homestead, Pa., and I took the road to the left. After riding about a mile we came to another crossroad, and stopped to "hold a council of war" as to

what course to pursue. In a moment we heard three or four shots fired off to the left, and we put spurs to our horses and galloped down the left-hand road for about three-quarters of a mile, where we found Alexander, off his horse, and instead of having one horse he had three, or, to be more accurate, two horses and a mule. He had pursued the enemy so closely that they left their horses and ran across a field. He had his carbine on the fence firing at the enemy— as he said, "Just to see how close I can come." We left one horse and took the mule along with us. We soon disposed of it to a farmer for $25 in silver. We went forward, thanking God and taking courage.

Then, without further incident of note, we struck the railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga, and Corporal Jones left us here while he went forward by train and delivered his dispatches, and then rejoined us, and we started back.

We traveled the same road on our return for about 150 miles. We then went in a westerly direction, and finally struck the trail of our Regiment. In a short time after striking the trail we visited a plantation to get some rations. It was a Union family and in the greatest distress. The father, with his negro servant, had started to mill with a team of oxen and a wagonload of grain. On the way they were attacked by bushwhackers. The man and the negro were killed and the grain, oxen and wagon were missing. He had favored the Union, and sometimes harbored Union soldiers; hence the dislike. The family made us welcome, gave us our dinner, and told us that our command was two days ahead of us. They warned us that our Regiment had been attacked by bushwhackers not far ahead and that we would have to pass the headquarters of the same men who attacked our Regiment. They warned us that we should not consider surrender under any circumstances, as we would be only cut to pieces if we did so. We thanked them for the information and departed.

About a mile from the plantation we came to the place where the Regiment had been attacked, and the bushwhackers were numerous. Here again Alexander got in his work. Five or six of the marauders came out of an old building and came straight toward us. What their intentions were we did not know, and Alexander did not wait to inquire. Jumping from his horse he ran right at them, revolver in hand. They all had revolvers, so he could

turn his attention to but one at a time. Running up to one of them, he tore the fellow's revolver from its socket and demanded of him what command he belonged to. Then he said, "You are guerrillas; get out!" They skulked off without waiting to be told the second time.

We then moved forward, and without further molestation at length joined our command, on the shores of the Tennessee River. After waiting for a few days for a boat to cross the river we went to Huntsville, then later to near Nashville, Tenn., where in June, 1865, we were mustered out. We estimated the distance traveled at 600 miles, since leaving the Regiment in North Carolina.

CARRYING NEWS OF THE ARMISTICE BETWEEN SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON

CORP. W. E. REPPERT, COMPANY C, CULPEPER, VA.

ON Friday, April 21, 1865, while the Regiment was at Lincolnton, N. C., a courier arrived from General Sherman, notifying us of the armistice between him and General Johnston, and ordering us to join Sherman's army at Raleigh.

It looked as if the war was over and we were to have a rest from the long marches, which had been continuous, day and night, since we left Knoxville, Tenn., on March 21st. Men and horses had been put to their utmost endurance. Our company and part of the first battalion, under Colonel Betts, had joined the Regiment at Lincolnton the evening before.

After having driven Duke's command across the Catawba River and burned the wagon and railroad bridges, our horses were far from being fresh or in condition for a long march. At about dark, while eating supper, I received orders to take six men and report to Lieutenant Beck in Lincolnton. I do not remember the number of men Lieutenant Beck had in his command, but it was a small party. I think I was the only non-commissioned officer. Lieutenant Beck's orders to me were to take five men for the advance, to start out on the Morganton road, and keep up a trot all night. Morganton was fifty miles away, and we must make it by daybreak. General Gillem with the second and third brigade was supposed to be there, on his way to Asheville, N. C.

It was 8 o'clock when we left Lincolnton. The night was exceedingly dark, with not even a star to guide us. Anyone who has traveled country roads, even in daylight, knows how perplexing it is to always keep the right road. After keeping up a trot for about two hours we decided to impress a citizen for a guide. The streams were quite high, and we lost some time at one of the fords. The old citizen was very much scared and reluctant to go with us. We lost half an hour getting him out and mounted. It was a waste of time, for when we were twenty miles from his

home he did not know any more about the roads or fords than I did. I could not tell whether his ignorance was real or assumed, but turned him loose, thinking it safer to trust to my own instinct than to an ignorant or unwilling guide.

We arrived at Morganton as day was breaking. There were no Union soldiers in the town, and we learned from one of the citizens that General Gillem's command had moved toward Asheville the day before. We did not stop in the town, but moved out about three miles on the road to Marion, where we stopped for an hour to feed. We made the twenty-five miles between Morganton and Marion before noon. Here we received information that part of General Gillem's command, under Colonel Miller, had been defeated on the mountain, and had passed through Marion on the Rutherfordton road at 10 A.M. We overtook them at 3 P.M. in the mountain gap, and delivered our dispatches to Colonel Miller, to be forwarded to General Gillem by fresh horses, as ours were played out.

We turned back with General Miller's command to Rutherfordton, where we arrived about 5.30 or 6 o'clock. The distance we had traveled since 8 o'clock the evening before we estimated at 110 miles. This included a number of delays and a stop of one hour to feed. We figured the entire distance had been made in about nineteen hours.

We left Rutherfordton late in the forenoon, on the road to Lincolnton, and met a party of the Eighth Texas Cavalry, who informed us President Lincoln had been assassinated. At noon, when we stopped to feed, General Palmer and the Regiment came up.

The rumor of the assassination of President Lincoln proved too true, and instead of the Regiment joining Sherman's forces at Raleigh, which would have taken us home via Washington, D. C., we started on a long march after Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, which ended at Huntsville, Ala., May 25th, sixty-five days after we left Knoxville. In that time we had marched about 2000 miles.

THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

WM. SPANG, CORPORAL COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

DURING the latter part of April, 1865, Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, commanding the former division of General Gillem, began his great pursuit of Jefferson Davis and train. The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, commanded by Col. Chas. M. Betts, was also on that raid. For about two weeks, night and day, we followed on the trail of the Confederates. We were moving in a southerly direction, and every day seemed to develop more wagon tracks, until the roads had become so congested with material, that the Confederates had taken down the fences, creating new roads, about fifty feet wide or more, directly through the farms, as an outlet for their hurried retreat southward. About 6 A.M., on the morning of May 11, 1865, while our Regiment was moving on the main pike, we came to a smaller road leading to the left, which contained a number of ambulance wagon tracks.

Lieut. Samuel Phillips halted his company there, and made a detail of about seven men from Companies E and G, including Serg. Levi Sheffler and myself. Sergeant Sheffler was in command, and we were to follow the wagon tracks on the small road. We marched about two miles, and coming to a little church or country schoolhouse, we noticed that inside the rail fence, part of which had been taken down, were wagon tracks leading in. There were also the remains of a small camp fire in the field, made possibly the night previous.

After a considerable march we turned to the right and began ascending another road, with fresh wagon tracks, leading through a large forest, until we came to a stone building located in the forest. We halted there, and I climbed in through the window The interior looked to me as though it had been a meeting place for Masons or Odd Fellows, and had been quickly abandoned. There were a couple of tables and chairs, and scattered on the floor were some newspapers and manuscript. We then continued

to follow the wagon tracks downward through the forest until we came to the open road along which we had been moving. We were scattered along, not observing any special discipline, but keeping an eye to the surroundings. We were now west of the town of Monticello and Concord a short distance north.

Nearing the cottage, we hurried along the road until we came up to it. Sergeant Sheffler had captured General Bragg a few moments before I arrived, and Bragg had just seated himself on the porch with a large map of the State of Georgia thrown over the back of the seat. Bragg was in full gray uniform, and had endeavored to conceal his identity by removing the buttons and insignia of his rank from his discolored uniform. About a half hour after Sergeant Sheffler had captured General Bragg, Lieutenant Phillips and his men arrived on the scene. Lieutenant Phillips spoke to the General, and after a short conversation with the boys he and the General walked away about forty yards. They went to a rail fence, climbed on it and sat there talking for about three-quarters of an hour. Then Lieutenant Phillips made preparations to leave, as we heard that he had paroled the General.

In the meanwhile Sergeant Sheffler and myself had been searching the General's effects. We found his gold-mounted spurs, and on them was engraved "Presented to Gen. Braxton Bragg by the people of the State of Georgia, for his gallantry at the battle of Missionary Ridge." We also found his sash, field glasses, woolen blankets and other articles. While we were searching, Bragg came to the wagons, and saw us uncover two new U. S. uniforms. Bragg requested that they be not taken from him, as they had been presents, and in the presence of Sergeant Sheffler and myself declared upon the honor of a soldier that he had never worn them. A trunk was also taken from the cottage, which proved to be the property of Mrs. Bragg. She opened her batteries by reminding us who we were, and said that she had never been so insulted in all her life as to have her effects searched by a set of Yankee hirelings. While she was giving vent to her eloquence she was at the same time tearing up a letter or dispatch into very small pieces, and by the time her tirade was exhausted the ground was covered with small bits of paper, reminding me of "the beautiful snow."

Shortly after Mrs. Bragg's harangue, Lieutenant Phillips demanded that Sergeant Sheffler give up all he had that belonged to

the General—the sash, field glasses and spurs—which Bragg's colored servant saw Sergeant Sheffler take, as he had been watching us while we were searching, and had reported it to Lieutenant Phillips or to Bragg.

In a short while after Lieutenant Phillips made a detail of about eight men, including myself, which was to escort the General and Mrs. Bragg on the road. We mounted our horses, and Mrs. Bragg, the General and myself rode together I found him pleasant company, but reserved and very much of a gentleman. Mrs. Bragg had nothing to say except to engage in an occasional conversation with the General. She had expressed her opinion to the Yanks an hour before. And now, while I think of her, she was good looking, had black hair and eyes; in fact, a perfect type of a Southern brunette.

I think we must have traveled several miles and then halted, and the General, finding no one to disturb him, must have written a dispatch which he handed to me to give to Lieutenant Phillips. I do not remember handing the dispatch to Lieutenant Phillips, but the circumstance and the date agree. It must have been the very last dispatch ever written by Braxton Bragg as a prisoner of war. It ran:

"INDIAN SPRINGS, May 11, 1865.

"LIEUTENANT PHILLIPS:

"Finding no one to disturb or molest my quiet progress, your escort is discharged.

"The Sergeant and his men have been considerate and attentive and deserve my thanks. Accept the same for your consideration.

"BRAXTON BRAGG."

I tipped him the usual salute, lifted my hat and facing about we left the General to join his friends.

Several hours after we reached the main column and continued our search for Jefferson Davis, but were unusually delayed in our progress, otherwise Jefferson Davis would have fallen into the hands of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, but we had driven him into General Wilson's lines, and Colonel Pritchard's command, Fourth Michigan Cavalry, captured him on May 15, 1865.

AN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE JEFF DAVIS.

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN F. CONAWAY, A.A.D.C., PHILADELPHIA.

THE headquarters of the First Cavalry Division, Department of East Tennessee, reached Athens, Ga., May 4, 1865. Gen. Wm. J. Palmer with his staff occupied the house of Howell Cobb.

Shortly after our arrival I was sent for by General Palmer, and informed that Davis, in the disguise of a miller, would be at Madison, Ga., about thirty-five miles distant, on a train of cars which would arrive there at daylight the next morning.

A battalion of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, numbering about 200 men, was ordered under my direction to make this hurried night march, with orders to be at Madison before daylight.

We moved out about dusk, and I remember as I took my place at the head of the column there rode alongside of me our telegraph operator, John J. Wickham, a young man who had been on duty at our headquarters and proved himself to be not only an expert telegraph operator, but a brave and dashing fighter. After the war he became a distinguished lawyer, and before his death, a few years ago, one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania.

The first and only obstacle we encountered on the expedition was the Oconee River. We reached its banks in the night and in the woods. A flatboat took twenty horses over at a time, and when forty were across we moved forward, leaving the balance of the command to follow. It was a strange country to us, and there were many forks and crossroads, but by hastily awakening the people in their houses we were able to keep on the right road.

We arrived at Madison in ample time. Wickham tapped the wires, and reading by sound ascertained that the train was on its way west from Augusta. A detail was immediately ordered to tear up a portion of the tracks, and with pickets posted we waited.

The train soon arrived, composed of six cars, loaded down with unarmed rebels, on their way to their homes from Lee's surrender

As is well known, Jefferson Davis was not among them. This was ascertained, to our satisfaction at least, by a close inspection by Wickham and myself of every man on the train. We were filled with great anxiety at the time, lest he might escape us, and which he very likely could have done had he been disguised in the garb of a private soldier, as neither of us had ever seen him, and our only knowledge of his appearance was what we remembered from the pictures of him which had been published at different times in the newspapers.

The inspection being over, there appeared on the scene a small party of elderly gentlemen, in citizen's clothes, with a large wagon drawn by a good team of mules. They stated to us that they were the officers of the State Bank of Alabama, at Montgomery; that the Confederate Government at Richmond had passed a law confiscating all the specie of the Southern banks, and ordered it turned into the Confederate treasury, and that to evade the execution of this law they had loaded all the books and specie of the bank in the wagon and taken to the woods, and, learning of the occupation of Madison by Northern troops, had come in to surrender them to the care of Union forces. My recollection is that the president of the bank had a written permit or order, signed by General Wilson, or one of his officers, directing him to report to General Upton at Augusta. There were books and papers and fifteen boxes of silver, and a keg of gold said to contain $80,000. These were loaded on the train, and with the officers of the bank were started on their way to Augusta. All of this valuable property might have been taken and divided among us, but not a dollar of it was disturbed. Such an idea never entered my mind, and I am sure it never did Wickham's. We were after Jeff Davis and nothing else.

The battalion of the Tenth Michigan behaved splendidly, and the strictest discipline was maintained. We encamped near the town until the next day, when we were joined by the balance of the Regiment under Colonel Trowbridge. The entire command then moved westward, and joined the main force south of Huntsville. Wickham and myself, bidding Colonel Trowbridge and the officers of the battalion good-bye, made our way to General Palmer's headquarters, then just established at the elegant home of Mrs. Patton, at that place.

There is no doubt Davis intended originally to make his way to the "trans-Mississippi Department" by some of the roads between Athens and Madison. Had he done so, his capture, very likely by the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, would have been certain. I recall that the night we spent at Madison, Wickham and myself put up our dog tent opposite the house of a lawyer by the name of Billips—then a member of the Confederate Congress. We slept very little, and after an inspection of the outposts I had just laid down when a "contraband" crawled under the tent and informed me that Jeff Davis and his party were then encamped in the woods, about three miles off, in a direction which he pointed out. He told me that he got this information at his master's house, that a man from Davis had been there for milk, and that if a company of our men were sent they could capture him. A scouting party was immediately ordered in the direction named, but nothing came of it. Several other scouts were made in different directions, but without result, either in capturing Davis or obtaining any information of special importance. I never doubted the truthfulness of what the "contraband" said, for he undoubtedly told me just what he had seen and heard, but there can be little question that this was part of an arranged plan to mislead and deceive us in our efforts to effect the capture of the chief of the Southern Confederacy

CAPTURE AND RELEASE OF MAJOR GARNER AT JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

CORP WM. ANDERSON, COMPANY F, WILKINSBURG, PA.

WHEN the Regiment started from Jacksonville, Ala., on the morning of May 16, 1865, Major Garner was left there to parole Confederate soldiers and to receive a dispatch which was expected. I was ordered to stay with him. I had three of my company with me, and we made ourselves pretty comfortable in an old drug store.

The Major went to the house of one of the most influential citizens, and was courteously received, and took the parlor for his office. He was busy filling out paroles, and the parlor was crowded with ex-Confederates. Suddenly he heard a woman call out, in a frightened voice, "Oh, they are going to kill him!" and turning, saw two belligerent looking fellows, dressed in Confederate uniform, with pistols in their hands. They came at the Major in a threatening manner, but just then the owner of the house spoke up, "For God's sake, gentlemen! don't kill him here, because you will spoil my carpet." At that his assailants grabbed the Major by the coat collar, pulled him out of the house and into the street.

Quite a crowd of citizens had gathered by this time, and among them the Mayor of the town, whose son was one of the Major's assailants. He told his son that "it was an outrage to attack him in that manner; that if they injured him it would certainly result in harm to the town; that the war was over, and that the Major had a right to be there," and a whole lot of other stuff like that. But the young fellow replied, in a loud and savage voice, that the Confederacy had not been vanquished—it had been overpowered—and that he proposed to "keep up the fighting by killing every d—d Yankee who came into their country."

But where was the Major's guard all this time? I had not looked for any disturbance here, and my men were in a back room of a drug store, playing cards. I knew nothing of the outrage

until I strolled to the front of the store, and then saw the crowd and the "Johnny" who had hold of the Major's collar. Calling my men at once we grabbed our carbines and ran to his assistance, and when he saw us he yelled "blaze away!" which we did to good effect. The fellow who had hold of him let go at once, and we all ran out to the public square, firing for all we were worth, and soon had them scattered and running. As soon as we could gain our horses we wanted to give them a chase, but the Major restrained us, and said, "Boys, just take it cool, for you gave them all they wanted. They won't bother us any more."

Soon after a squad from our Regiment joined us, having been sent back by Colonel Betts, who had become somewhat alarmed for our safety Some of Wheeler s men had captured two men of Company L, relieved them of horses, arms and valuables and then set them free. This had occurred shortly after the Regiment left us, and possibly it was the same party we met.

ONE OF THE FINAL INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

E. L. PALMER, COMPANY G, WEST CHESTER, PA.

GENERAL BRAGG was captured by a squad of our Regiment under command of Lieutenant Phillips. I was in the squad detailed to conduct General Bragg and his companions, including Mrs. Bragg—a sister of Jefferson Davis—to General Wilson, whose headquarters were then at Indian Springs, and who a few hours after had captured Jefferson Davis and his party.

During the ten hours' march Mrs. Bragg was communicative to me, who happened to be near her. She spoke of their reverses and blasted hopes after their long struggle, and of her dreams of the Confederation when "State rights" would prevail and their cherished institution of slavery remain.

I distinctly recall some of her words. She said: "Now, gentlemen, you left your homes, where you had all you wished, and came into our country, and brought misery and sorrow to us by all the cruel circumstances of war, with its destruction of life and property. You have made us helpless, hopeless and comfortless to a degree from which we can never recover. Would you not, as well as we, have been better off without this terrible invasion and subjugation? We have no heart, no hope, no country we care to call our country."

These words, coming from such a distinguished lady, seemed to call for a reply, but I felt that silence was the most appropriate under the circumstances.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

CORP. SMITH D. COZENS, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

IT was during the raid through the Carolinas, in the spring of 1865, just before we reached Athens, Ga., that I was taken sick and was hardly able to ride. One bright morning, not long after we started on the march, I fell back until the rear guard caught up to me. Finally I could not keep up with them, so I gave them my horse and side arms and was left in the middle of the road.

I hobbled on as best I could, and toward the middle of the day I came across my old friend Serg. Al. Coleman, walking along the road in the same predicament as myself. Coleman was a sick man and could hardly get along, but "it kinder made it easier," as they used to say down South, for two of us to be together.

We were not in a very pleasant situation. Our Regiment had been raiding the country for miles around, and the inhabitants were not very pleasantly disposed toward "we'uns." After going along for some distance we came to a house, and took a horse and buggy from the people and got in. It was dangerous business. The horse was about in the same condition as we were, the harness was made of a little of everything except good leather, and the buggy was in a fearfully dilapidated condition. However, we got on pretty well, but slowly, until we came to a river.

It was dark by this time, but someone directed us to the ford, and we started in. Coleman, outranking me, drove. We were pretty nearly over, when we got off the ford, the wheel struck a boulder, then the horse left the wagon, and that was the end of the harness. The water was up on the floor of the buggy, and we sat there unable to do anything.

After some time we heard a horse enter the ford behind us, then another and then quite a number. "We are in for it!—it's the Johnnies," said Coleman. In a few minutes someone struck the top of the buggy with the flat of a saber and cried out, "Hello! anybody in there?" and several soldiers rode up alongside of the

buggy. They had on the blue, and we found them to be Union cavalry We explained our dilemma, and two of the men took us on behind them, and carried us to the shore, set us down and then went on their way

In a little while we started on, and finally struck a house and insisted on the people allowing us to sleep there. They didn't care about it much at first, but it was a necessity with us, and we simply stayed. There was a little trouble in the night, and the folks came downstairs and insisted that we go out to the barn, as somebody was out there with a light. Coleman took a lantern and went out to the barn, and did not see anyone, but found flour sprinkled all about the road leading into the woods. However, we got off in the morning early, and traveled on, and that night we reached Athens, Ga., and found part of the Regiment there. We joined our company, and slept that night on the campus of the University of Georgia.

The command made an early start the next morning, and Lieutenant Morton came to Coleman and me and told us that it would be impossible for us to keep up, and that we had better stay there. They also left another comrade of our company (L), named Daniel Earhardt, who had been shot through the foot by an accidental discharge of a carbine. You can imagine my feelings as I saw the boys ride away, leaving me standing around the remains of the camp fire. It was not long after the boys were gone before a Confederate soldier came out of the big University building, which was used as a Confederate hospital, and asked me what I was doing there. I told him my condition, and he invited me to come in. I followed him into the building, and on the first floor I found a doctor and several Confederate soldiers gathered around a bed, upon which a Confederate soldier was dying. The situation, together with my condition, was too much for me, and I fainted. The soldiers picked me up and laid me on a bed next the dying soldier, and in a little while I realized that I was a very sick boy. The soldier died in a few moments, and the doctor then turned his attention to me, and said, "This is no place for this boy! Carry him upstairs, where it is light and cheerful, and perhaps he will feel better."

During the day the doctor came in again to see me. He asked me what command I belonged to, and I told him the Fifteenth

Pennsylvania Cavalry Said he, "What part of Pennsylvania do you come from?" I said, "Philadelphia." His face brightened up, and he said, "I have spent many happy days in your city I studied medicine there." He talked about the good old city for some time, and then he asked, "Do you know the firm of French & Richards, chemists, in your city?" I told him I did, for I knew them much as I knew George Washington—by reputation. From that moment the doctor was my friend. He said, "Boy, I will bring you around all right," and for one week he faithfully attended to me.

Earhardt was in the hospital with me and received every attention, and was given a pair of crutches to use. Coleman came in one day and told us he was stopping across the way with a man by the name of Kirkpatrick, and soon afterward he got away, and finally arrived at home after suffering incredible hardships.

One morning the doctor came into the hospital accompanied by a large, elderly man, in the dress of a General in the Confederate army. After some conversation I learned that I was to be taken to the General's home. My host's name was Brown, and he had been connected with the *National Intelligencer,* published at Washington, before the war, and later he was a General in the Confederate service. He had been captured in one of the battles around Richmond, and was now home on parole. The General's household consisted of himself—about fifty years of age—his wife, who was an Englishwoman about twenty-five years old, and a young Lieutenant, a member of his staff, who had been captured and was also on parole.

While in that house I was treated by the General with consideration, and by the wife and Lieutenant with scorn and contempt. I sat at the table with the family, and listened three times each day to their opinion of the Yanks. I had to keep indoors, for the country was overrun with rebel soldiery on their way home from Richmond, and it was dangerous for me to be seen.

One day the General brought home with him a Confederate Captain, who stayed with us several days. He was an intelligent man, and we talked the soldier business all over in a very pleasant way. His name was Magill, his home was in Savannah, and he was very anxious to get there. He had left the army because he was satisfied the war was about over. One day he proposed to me that he would conduct me safely to the Union lines at Augusta if I would

stand his friend when we got there and try to have him paroled. I told him I could not accept his offer unless it included my friend Earhardt, but when he learned that Dan was a cripple he concluded it was not feasible.

However, he came in that night and said that if we could get ready by morning he would try it. Get ready!—why I was ready at once. I sent word to Dan, and the next morning the Captain took Dan and I down to the railroad station, where an engine and three cars had been gathered for the purpose of taking a number of rebels as near Augusta as possible. We got in, but I pass over that disagreeable journey, for Earhardt and I sat there and were subjected to the gibes and sneers of the Confederates, who filled the car, and who had a plentiful supply of apple-jack for all hands but us. We would have had a sorry time of it had it not been for our friend, the Captain.

Within sight of Augusta we got off the train, and while the Confederates scattered in all directions we started for the Union lines, Earhardt, with a sling around his neck supporting his foot, hobbling on crutches, and I supporting him. We did not occasion much alarm when we came in sight of the Yankee pickets, and the Lieutenant in charge quietly listened to our story, and when he was relieved took us to the headquarters of General Mollineaux, the officer commanding the post.

I told him our story, and he attentively listened to it, and when I had concluded, said: "Well, you have made a promise to our friend the Captain; I guess I will have to help you fulfill it." He paroled the Captain. We shook hands and parted, and it was the last we saw of him. General Mollineaux was very kind to us, gave us transportation to Savannah, by boat, and told us one would leave that night. We hurried down to the river and saw the boat about ready to start. She was loaded down with cotton and "contrabands." I wanted to go abroad, but Everhardt said that he could not stand the trip on that crowded boat, and persuaded me to wait until the next day. We waited, and this boat was pretty nearly in the same condition as on the previous day but we got on board, and commenced a trip which occupied about two days. When we got down the river about fifteen miles we saw the remains of the boat that had started the day before, burned to the water's edge.

We arrived in Savannah and reported to the Provost Marshal, who gave us the privilege of the town during that day and ordered us to report the next morning, when we were to be taken to the Convalescent Camp, outside of the city, and there await our turn for transportation North. Dan and I wandered around the city—tired, hungry and friendless—and finally sat down in the public square to rest, with thoughts that were not of the most pleasant character.

My comrade was quite a charge upon me. Neither one of us had a cent, and home and friends seemed farther off than ever. As I sat there I mechanically picked up a piece of a newspaper. It was only a small piece, but for want of something better to do I commenced to read it. It seemed to be a part of a local paper, it had nothing but advertisements on it, and it seemed to be about a week old. However, I saw in the paper the list of arrivals at the Pulaski House, the principal hotel of Savannah, and as I read the list of names, and there were not many, I saw those of two Philadelphians—one of the same name as that of a gentleman who lived a few doors from my own home, and a very particular friend of my father, who was an extensive flour merchant on Market Street.

I read the two names over again, and then I started to my feet, for right in front of me I saw, on a large sign, the words "Pulaski House." Dan saw my excitement in a moment, and said, "What is the matter?" I said, "Wait here until I come back," and walked over to the hotel into the clerk's office, and asked if Mr. Alexander Hogg was stopping there? The clerk looked at me, and said, "Yes, he is." I asked to see him, when the clerk called a colored boy and sent him up to see if he was in, and in a few minutes he was back with the message, "Show the gentleman up."

I was a pretty seedy-looking soldier. The crown of my old hat was almost gone, the knees of my pantaloons were burned in holes from standing around numerous camp fires, my boots were in the same condition, and the only redeeming feature about my clothes was that gay jacket of the Anderson Cavalry I wore.

I entered that room, occupied by two gentlemen, one busy writing, the other with his feet elevated, enjoying a good cigar and the necessary refreshments in front of him. In an instant the

gentleman smoking had me by the hand. "Why, boy, what are you doing here and in this plight?" My story was soon told, and I had eager listeners, and when I finished, my father s friend went down in his pocket and pulled out a roll of greenbacks, and said, "How much money do you want?" He tried to force a large amount upon me, but I took only a small sum, and promised to see him the next day. He wanted me to stop with him, but Dan was waiting, and when I got out to him he wasn't in a very good humor over my long absence, but when I showed him the greenbacks it was all right. It was an orderly but hurried march to the nearest restaurant, and we had one good square meal. The influence of my friend put me on a good footing with the Provost, and procured us transportation to New York in a steamship that had just been discharged from the Government service and was going North without a cargo.

I was placed in charge of eighteen escaped Andersonville prisoners to report to the Provost Marshal at New York City. As I parted from my kind friend at the wharf he grasped my hand, and I can see his kind, genial face now. "Tell my wife and daughters that I will try and be with them on the Fourth of July," he said.

We sailed from Savannah June 14, 1865, in the steamer "Starlight," and our voyage was not a very pleasant one. The men in my charge were in a terrible condition—emaciated, sick, childish—from long confinement and untold suffering. We met with little consideration from those in charge of the ship, and I was compelled to buy many things from the steward for their comfort. We reached New York City in due time, and reported to the Broome Street Barracks, where I delivered up my charge to the Provost Marshal.

Naturally, I wanted to go home, but Dan and I were politely told that we were consigned to Atlanta, and to Atlanta we must go. I told the Captain that in all probability our Regiment was then on its way home, but it did not make any difference, for the Provost had made up his mind. So had I.

"Well, Captain," I asked, "can't you give me a pass until Monday? I would like to go over to Brooklyn to see some of my friends." The Provost sized me up. I stood the test, and he ordered the clerk to give me a pass until Monday It was Saturday, and near night, and I had not one cent. I had spent all the

money on the Andersonville boys, for they needed it. I had an old silver watch that I had carried through the war, and I went down along the Bowery, where I saw a second-hand clothes man standing at the door. I took out my watch and asked him if he would lend me three dollars on it. He laughed at me. I told him I wanted to go home to Philadelphia and that I would redeem it the next week. He said he had heard that story before, but as I turned to go away he said, looking at me, "Where are you from?" I told my story briefly, and the Jew handed me the three dollars and took the watch.

I reached the city of Brotherly Love about day-break Sunday morning, and I counted the steps from Third and Berks Streets to Fifth and Wharton Streets. I pass over the home scenes that only a returned soldier can appreciate. I took off my uniform that day for the last time. Next morning took the train for New York. I interviewed my friend the Jew, and got my watch. We spent some time together, and then I started for the Broome Street Barracks.

I waited around for a while before I could see my friend Dan, but finally he hobbled out and down the steps into the street, and stood around like convalescent soldiers do. I went up to him, but he didn't know me at first—the barber and the citizen's clothes had disguised me. We went aside, and I tried to persuade him to go home with me. I offered to send him to his home at Altoona, but he would not go. We spent some time together, shook hands and parted, and I have never seen him from that day to this.

I went home, visited the family of my good friend Hogg, and delivered his message and made their hearts glad; but two days after they received a dispatch from Savannah informing them that the husband and father, who had been so kind to me, had been drowned in the Savannah River the day before. As I look back over that eventful experience, and think how I was preserved through so many trials and dangers, my heart wells up in gratitude to the Great Father of us all for his mercy and goodness toward me.

It is forty years ago since then, but that scrap of paper announcing the arrivals at the Pulaski House, May 27, 1865, the order for transportation from Augusta to Savannah and the order for transportation from Savannah to New York are still in my possession, and sacredly kept.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN A. CONAWAY A.A.D.C., PHILADELPHIA.

ON May 1, 1865, while with the First Cavalry Division, Department of East Tennessee, General Palmer commanding, on the march and within about twenty miles of Anderson Court House, in north-western South Carolina, I was sent by the General on whose staff I was Acting Aide-de-Camp, with important dispatches to Colonel Betts, commanding our Regiment, then in the vicinity of Abbeville, and Captain Taylor, who with a company detailed from the column was guarding a ford on the Saluda River.

We were then searching for Jefferson Davis.

I had been frequently sent with dispatches by the General previous to this since leaving Knoxville, but these impressed me as being very important, as the General had furnished me with a hastily drawn map of the roads, remarking as he did so that these orders must be delivered without fail. A detail of about thirty men of the Tenth Michigan was placed under my command, and Corp. J P Fullerton, of our own Regiment, was ordered to go with me.

I was to take a road south of Anderson Court House that would lead me to crossroads a few miles farther on where I was to use my best judgment in properly disposing of my small force, so as to insure the delivery of the dispatches.

On reaching the crossroads, a small place of three or four houses and a country store, I made some inquiry as to the direction of the roads, the nature of the country and if anything new had been heard in that neighborhood. The information obtained was that a regiment of rebels, mostly boys or young men, a portion of them armed, had within an hour passed south on the road to Abbeville, S C., toward Colonel Betts command. It was said that they had just left a training school somewhere nearby, one which the South had intended should be somewhat similar to West Point.

Of course, I concluded that the most danger was in the direction of Colonel Betts, so I sent the largest number of men, under Corporal Fullerton, to take the dispatch to him, and all of those remaining, excepting four, to Captain Taylor. The dispatches were safely delivered. The orders were for both Betts and Taylor with their commands to join the main column at Anderson Court House at once, which they did the next day With the four retained men (of the Tenth Michigan) I then started to find the column.

There was talk at that time that Basil Duke with a force of 2000 rebel cavalry had volunteered to escort Davis across the Mississippi River.

On the morning of the day these dispatches were given to me I delivered to General Brown, of Michigan, who commanded one of our brigades, an order that he should advance as far as Anderson Court House and then send out scouting parties to obtain all the information possible as to the whereabouts of Davis and his escort.

In making our way from the crossroads toward Anderson Court House we did not realize that there was any danger, and I did not suppose there was a force of the enemy of any consequence within many miles. As we rode along we came to a thick woods, which obscured for a time our view of a lane leading up to a hill on our left. I had passed this lane a short distance ahead of the four men, when one of them called out to me, "Lieutenant, some men are on this road to the left; did you see them?" I said, "Yes, I see them now; we will halt and find out who they are." On the top of the hill I first saw about ten mounted men, and between the legs of the horses I could see others coming up, until there were probably thirty or forty of them, not drawn up in any order whatever, but merely clustered at the top of the hill.

It was a bright, sunny day. I knew that the orders to General Brown were to scout the country, and it was so clear that I could see these men distinctly, and I felt sure they were some of our own command. I then challenged them. They answered back, "Who are you?" Well, I wanted to be a little careful, and my reply was, "First brigade." "We don't believe you," they said; "send a man out." I turned to the Michigan Sergeant who was one of the four men, and said to him, "Sergeant, send out one of

your men; these are undoubtedly a portion of our command." "Oh!" he says, "I will go myself." So he quietly walked his horse until he got very close to them, and they were near enough for us to hear one of them say, "Yes, all right; we will take your carbine." The Sergeant took off his carbine and handed it over. I then said to the three men left with me, "These are rebels!—we must get out of here at once."

The next thing was a yell and a volley, and on they came down the hill in direct charge upon us. Two of my men were struck at the first fire and fell from their horses. I took the road, as I supposed for Anderson Court House, galloping as hard as my horse could run, in a shower of bullets and closely pursued.

It had been my custom when on duty of this kind to look around among the men with me, and select the one riding the best horse and entrust the dispatches, knowing their character, to him temporarily. When starting this time I concluded I had the best horse. He had been taken from a stable in Rutherfordton a day or two before, and I felt pretty safe on his back—he carried me safely on this occasion.

The pursuit was kept up for one or two miles—exactly how far I do not know. I gained a good advance, galloping down the hills, jumping the gullies and then walking up the opposite hill, but every time I looked back there was, as I supposed, a rebel coming after me.

Let me describe the appearance of this supposed rebel. He was about nineteen years old, wore a broad-brimmed hat, a boiled shirt and a rebel coat he had picked up somewhere on the road, so although he was one of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry he didn't look much like a Union soldier.

He kept following me, and I kept on getting away from him as fast as I could. I did not know exactly where I was going, but in a short time I reached a grove in front of a large house and turned in there for safety. There were two cavalry horses tied to the fence in front of the house. With my pistol drawn I called out, "Who is in there?" The answer was a couple of heads stuck out of the door in an inquiring sort of a way. I saw at once that they were our men, and I yelled, "Get out of there and mount your horses! the rebels will soon be on you," and then I turned and waited for this supposed rebel to come up; which he did, but in

not much of a hurry, and when within about 100 yards I called on him to halt, but he paid no attention to my command. A little nearer he came, and I leveled my pistol, intending to fire, when he threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Lieutenant, don't shoot me! I am one of your men." I am thankful to this day that I did not shoot.

The main column was soon reached, and surprising to me, it was not a quarter of a mile distant. The road led through a dense woods, and I soon found myself near the rear of the column. I struck the mule train, where they were jumping for life to keep up, as was always the case with 5000 cavalry on the march.

GETTING HOME FROM ATHENS, GA.

LIEUT. A. B. COLEMAN, COMPANY L, PHILADELPHIA.

I PARTED from Comrade Cozens at Athens, Ga. The war being at an end and I unable to travel, the Regiment, going to Atlanta on their way home, had left me at Athens. I was completely broken up by sickness and the hardships of the campaign, but was endeavoring as best I could to make my way home.

As far as I knew I was the only man who wore the Union uniform left in the town. Mr. Kirkpatrick, who lived opposite the University buildings, and who had two sons in the Confederate army, was very good to me, as were his whole family. Company L, to which I belonged, had been encamped on the sidewalk of the University, with our horses fastened to the trees. On our arrival at Athens, Mr. Kirkpatrick came across the street to where we were, and through his kindness I was enabled to get out of the weather to a good resting place on the shed floor. Although he offered me a good bed, my sanitary and physical condition was such that I declined accepting such a luxury. I do not believe I had changed my underclothing for six weeks before our arrival at Athens.

The opportunity now arrived for me to get out of the town on my way home, and I soon availed myself of the offer

The train started for Augusta, Ga., on a beautiful spring morning. It was filled with Confederates on their way to their once happy homes. How dejected they looked! although they appeared to have plenty of friends to see them off. I fared well with the good things that were handed in—loads of corn bread, molasses, etc. I shall never forget the kindness of those poor fellows. We had a good time on the way On the second seat in front of me sat General Wheeler and a number of other officers who had been prominent in the lost cause. We arrived safely at Augusta after an all-day journey of about 100 miles, having left Athens at 10 o'clock. As far as I know I was the only Union soldier aboard

the cars. That trip was a free passage to all men who wore a uniform—Union or Confederate, clean or dirty

It was sundown when we arrived. Although I was not hungry, I felt like a miserable creature—tired, ragged and lousy, with no money, and looking for any hole in which to hide myself. Passing along the street I stopped in front of an old frame church, lit up by candles. Two men were sitting at the top of a stairway at the front, and as I looked up longingly they invited me up. I was tired of walking and glad to get somewhere. I told them I had no money, but they passed me in. It was a minstrel show that was to come off, and the house was filled with Confederates. A Colonel sat next to me. Few of the men in the place were in any better condition than I was.

The first announcement—there were no programs—was a song, something in reference to the lost cause, by an ex-Confederate. All the actors were ex-Confederates with their old uniforms on. He sang well, and the Colonel began crying, for he was very much affected by the song. The man disappeared from the stage, and the Colonel turned and excused himself to me, saying he "couldn't stand any more of that." He told me he had lived over the mountains, had arrived in town that day and had met a friend of his, who told him that all that remained of his house and barn were two chimneys where the house had been. It was terrible to think what they had gone through and what was still in store for them.

I came out of that place and walked about a mile, when I discovered a colored woman in front of her house. After hearing my tale of woe, she called her husband, who invited me in. The shed floor was my resting place. For breakfast I received corn bread and "Jeff coffee," for which I was very thankful.

As far as business was concerned the city of Augusta appeared to me to be done for. There were many ex-Confederates in the town, and all seemed to have trouble getting to their homes. In the afternoon I had seen Jeff Davis passing through the town, under guard—I suppose going North.

I got away from Augusta without any trouble, and arrived at Savannah the same day, just in time to catch a steamer for Fortress Monroe. It was loaded with English and other foreign officers, freight, etc. These officers generally had been on the staffs of rebel officers, and were on their way to their respective

countries. I overheard one of them remark that if he "could get out of the country without putting his foot on Northern soil he would be perfectly satisfied."

I again fared well, and again it was a colored woman who was my benefactor. She was peeling potatoes in the cook-house on the ship. The old mammy took good care of me, and gave me plenty to eat and a shakedown on some barrels under cover. Soon we were on the ocean. The Captain of the vessel spied me and interviewed me.

In a few days we arrived at Fortress Monroe, and I soon found myself in Washington, where I got transportation for home—"Home, sweet home."

THE "FIFTEENTH" AT GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

ARTHUR O. GRANGER, COMPANY C, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

THE Stone River campaign during the last days of 1862 and the first of 1863 was a severe strain on me. I was in my seventeenth year at that time, and lack of the knowledge to properly prepare my food was the cause of my being sent to the hospital to be treated for typhoid fever and some other complaints. Improperly prepared food caused more deaths than rebel bullets, and in our Regiment, which was made up of young men, principally, the death rate from this cause was very great.

I was a very sick boy when I was sent to Hospital No. 1, at Murfreesboro. There were six of us, all desperately ill, in a small second-story room, facing the square. The door to the hall was kept open for ventilation. It was a common thing to see the nurses carrying out the poor fellows who had died. They were simply wrapped in a blanket, thrown over the shoulders, with feet dangling down in front, and head behind, and taken to the dead house. Even in these duties the usual care of seeing that the patients were really dead was not always taken, for in one of our hospitals a soldier was carried out and put in the deadroom, and a few hours after another was taken down, and the astonished burden bearer found the one he had carried down before, sitting up and asking for his medicine. I was here six weeks before I could walk around the hall, and soon after, thinking I had more strength than I really had, I started to go downstairs and out to the square in front, but the little strength I had was all gone by the time I got to the foot of the stairs and I had to sit down and rest before I could crawl back to my bunk again. This "bedstead" was made of rough boards, the size of a cot. The slats ran crosswise and were several inches apart and a single folded blanket was the mattress. Our clothes were our pillows.

I was the only one of my Regiment in this hospital. Back in Nashville there had been a large detachment of unfortunates in the hospitals there, but these were coming back to the Regiment. Now that warmer weather had set in the boys in camp were recovering their old spirits under its influences and the changes that were taking place. The Regiment was then just outside of Murfreesboro reorganizing, drilling, and doing some scout duty in which they met with good success. By the time I was fit to take my old place in its ranks, the hospital authorities discovered that I wrote a good, legible hand and detailed me for light duty of a clerical character, and when my Regiment started off on the Tullahoma campaign I was the chief clerk in the hospital. I filled this position for about a year till David F How, my messmate in Company "E," received an appointment as First Lieutenant in the Tenth Missouri, and was appointed on the staff of General Elliot, commanding the cavalry. He got me detailed at once as clerk at cavalry headquarters. Before I commenced my duties there, a telegraphic order was received for me to report to General Sherman s headquarters and I at once started for Kingston, Ga. It was only a few days after I arrived at Sherman s headquarters that we started from Atlanta, on November 16, 1864, on his march to the sea. Several of the Anderson Cavalry were along, but my duties were such that I was not thrown in contact with them. J Geo. Henvis, of Company H, was one. Part of the time he rode a mule and may have played an important part. John Walter, of Company K, was another At the battle of Resaca he so distinguished himself in carrying dispatches on our fourteen-mile line of battle, as to merit the commendation of General Sherman, who personally asked him to be his private orderly and was retained in that position till July, 1865, when he was discharged. It was Walter who took the verbal order from General Sherman to General John A. Logan, to take command of General McPherson s Corps after that General had been killed in battle. A staff officer generally does work of that kind, but just then time was an important object. It was a question of minutes and Sherman took the best he had for a messenger. J Reese Moore, Company M, was in our signal corps, and before the campaign closed had charge of the signal men at headquarters. This march of Sherman s was no hap-

hazard affair, but had been carefully planned long before it was carried out. The General had posted himself as to the agricultural products of the various counties, and in his marches avoided those in which cotton predominated. Corn, sweet potatoes and pork were what he wanted, as only a small supply of provisions was in the wagons. No sooner had we started than the darkies came flocking to our camps, and while many made themselves useful as cooks, servants and teamsters, their number became so great before we reached Savannah as to become a nuisance. Three or four days after we started, our chief signal officer, Captain Becktel, sent up several rockets to let the other corps know where General Sherman was. The rockets were large and of the best and made a fine display. But most of our darkies had never seen any, and instead of enjoying the sight it filled them with the utmost terror. Our cook was washing dishes at the time, but dropped everything and ran for the bushes; others hid in wagons and tremulously asked "what them things were?" Even the mules and horses were frightened, and it would not have taken much more to have gotten up a stampede.

It was not until after we reached Savannah that I was made confidential clerk to General Sherman. This was a most interesting position to occupy, for I was behind the scenes, as it were, and knew all the movements of our army and what the General expected to accomplish by the various marches of the different corps of his army, separated as they were by long distances. General Sherman was exceedingly kind and considerate to those with him, and while at all times he was the superior officer, he had a flattering manner of saying nice things in such a way as endeared him to you. He always had a good opinion of our Regiment, but the official dispatch which we received on January 21, 1865, telling of the capture of General Hood's pontoon and wagon train, raised us still higher in his estimation. He talked to John Walter about the Regiment and said "it was the best one in his Department; they can ride faster, do more hard fighting and capture more wagon trains than any regiment in my command." On the march to the sea he slept on a cot, but on the Carolina campaign baggage was reduced to a minimum and there were no cots or such luxuries. There was one large tent at headquarters for an office, and that is where I slept. The

records were kept in a stout chest, with folding legs and two lids, which, when opened out, made two writing tables. I have more than once wakened up at night to find the General sitting in his nightclothes at the desk, on a camp-stool stretched across my feet, poring over a map by the light of a candle. Often I asked him, "Can I do anything for you, General?" and his usual reply was, "No, go to sleep, Granger. You need all the rest you can get." I have frequently looked out of the office tent during the night, and seen General Sherman walking up and down in front of the camp-fire, bareheaded, in his red drawers and slippers, and always smoking. The anxiety of the campaign and the great responsibility kept him from sleeping. I do not think that, on our marches, he averaged more than four hours sleep per night. He was always the last to bed and the first up in the morning, and most any time in the night could be found either in the tent or at the camp-fire.

In preparing orders for the next day's march, the General would study over his maps and draft out the distance to be traveled and the line of march for the two wings of the army under Howard and Slocum. I would then write out an order addressed to each of these Generals, to be signed by Colonel Dayton, Asst. Adjutant General, and couriers would be dispatched with them. These orders would go down to army corps, division, brigade and regimental commanders, often not reaching the latter till long after midnight.

At Columbia, S. C., the contingent of Anderson's (Fifteenth Pennsylvania) cavalrymen in Sherman's army was increased by the arrival of Joe Rue, who was a member of my old company in the Regiment. Joe had been captured over a year before, in East Tennessee, but had escaped and hid in Columbia just before our army reached there and, as he had nothing to eat for several days, was overjoyed to be with friends again.

On March 15th, the rebel General Rhett was captured by Sergeant Jos. W Range and four men of the Tenth Ohio Cavalry. This regiment had been with us in Sequatchie Valley and in the winter campaign in East Tennessee, so our feeling for them was a tender one. Range and his men were "bummers" out for forage and scouting when they heard the sound of firing not far off, and curiosity impelled them to get nearer to see what

was going on. Range s squad were dressed in an odd fashion. Only one man had a complete U S. uniform, while the Sergeant had on a suit of black broadcloth, which he had picked up a day or two before. The others had the look of Confederate soldiers. As they drew near to the firing they saw a line of rebel skirmishers engaged with those from Kilpatrick s cavalry. Back of them was the rebel line of battle. Two officers were riding at a walk from the skirmishers to the line of battle, and Range said quietly to his men, "Let's get them." Riding slowly, at a walk, his party intercepted the officers and gave the military salute when they met but quietly got around the two and suddenly covered them with their revolvers, seized the bridle-reins and passed them over the heads of the captured horses, and galloped off with their prisoners, General Rhett and his Adjutant-General. This was his first and last battle. He had been one of those fiery orators that had done yeoman service in bringing on the war, but when the fighting commenced had kept out of harm s way He had been "invincible in peace and invisible in war."

It was not till the 15th of April, after we had received the news of Lee's surrender, that General Joe Johnston, in our front, gave any indications that the time had come for his army to quit, too. At that date a dispatch came from him, through General Kilpatrick, asking for a cessation of hostilities and a personal interview, which was arranged to take place near Durham Station on the 17th. General Sherman took his staff officers and three or four orderlies, among whom was John Walter. I was the only clerk along. At General Kilpatrick's headquarters horses were furnished us and we rode through our lines with a flag of truce at the head of the column. General Johnston was met about four miles out from Durham Station, riding along the road with a portion of his staff, and also flying a flag of truce. The two Generals shook hands with each other and rode back to the house of a Mr. Bennett, where they went into a room by themselves and talked for an hour. Our men mingled with the rebel cavalry. They were pretty bitter and the officers haughty The Generals arrived at no conclusion that day, as General Johnston wanted to see Secretary of War Breckenridge again and obtain authority to include all Confederate armies in the surrender. I had a good opportunity to observe Generals Johnston and Wade Hampton.

They were both in full dress uniforms of gray cloth. Johnston was a full General and his badge of rank was three stars in a row on each end of his coat collar The stars are supposed to be silver, and the outside ones are half-encircled by a wreath of gold.

The next day the two Generals, Sherman and Johnston, met again at the same place. Soon afterwards General Johnston sent one of his staff officers back to his lines for Mr Breckenridge, the rebel Secretary of War, Major General C. S. A., and ex-Vice-President of the United States. I recognized him at once from photographs I had seen. He was a good specimen of a real Southerner. His clothes looked rather seedy but he was haughty and his manner was proud. General Sherman would only consent to see him in his character of a general officer, and would not recognize his as Secretary of War. The conference lasted several hours, and Breckenridge returned to the rebel lines. Terms were finally agreed upon, and Sherman appeared at the doorway, bareheaded, calling "Granger." I quickly responded. He introduced me to General Johnston and told me to make two copies of the agreement, and while I wrote the two commanders talked interestingly, and I did so wish that I could have listened to them. The agreements being finished, they were signed by both, first by General Sherman and then by General Johnston, after which both parties returned to their respective armies, for we had to wait until the agreement could be ratified by the authorities at Washington.

The Confederacy was now fast breaking up. The rebels had some hope till Lee surrendered, but since that event deserters from their cause were flocking to our lines, while many of those still in arms started a promiscuous pillage of their own people. A little later the Mayor of Louisburg, N C., sent in some of the members of his council and formally surrendered that place to General Sherman, and at the same time asked for a guard to protect them from rebel cavalry

On April 24th, Lieutenant-General Grant arrived at our headquarters. I heard him tell Sherman that Lee had surrendered over 26,000 men; that their killed and wounded were upwards of 20,000, and that he had captured in battle some 23,000, and also said that his loss was not over 15,000 in killed, wounded and missing. General Grant's special mission was to report that

the agreement for the surrender of Johnston's army was disallowed by the Washington authorities. General Sherman at once notified the rebel commander and demanded the surrender of the army on the same terms as were granted General Lee by General Grant.

On April 26th, Sherman and Johnston again met at Mr. Bennett's house and the surrender of his army was consummated. We had to wait for General Johnston, but as soon as he arrived the two Generals went in together and, after consulting for an hour, General Schofield was called in and, at the dictation of General Sherman, drew up the terms of capitulation, which were the same as Grant had given General Lee. After General Sherman had written the terms and they had been read to the two chiefs, General Sherman called for me and directed that I make two copies, one for General Johnston and the other for himself. Each copy was signed by the two Generals, and my share of the surrender was the pen and holder and inkstand, which I still possess. I tried to purchase from Mr. Bennett the table cover on which the writing was done, but the old fellow could not be induced to part with it.

The total of officers and men surrendered by General Johnston was over 89,000; 36,817 were in our front and the balance distributed in Georgia and Florida. At the consummation of this great event, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry had a greater representation present than any volunteer regiment in the service, for John Walter, of Company K, stood just outside the door while I was inside writing the official copy

OUR REGIMENT—IN WAR AND PEACE.

HATBORO, PA., SEPT. 1, 1905.

ON the afternoon of the twenty-first of June, 1865, the Regiment officially closed its term of service in the Army of the United States, at Nashville, Tenn. The companies were paraded without arms and marched to the rear of the Colonel's quarters and formed in column of companies. Major Hough, the mustering officer, then commenced on the right of the line and called each man's name, who, as he answered, "Here," stepped three paces to the front, and when all remaining of a company recruited in 1862 had answered, they were declared mustered out of service.

After all the companies were disposed of, the officers were formed in line and took an oath that they had furnished returns for all the stores committed to their care and that they were not further accountable, and the mustering officer then declared them out of service, and the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry as an organization ceased to exist; to be thereafter only a memory.

But the recollections of the achievements of that organization cannot fail to be of much satisfaction to all who participated therein. The preceding pages of this book have told only what was done by those in the field with the carbine and sabre, but the armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee felt the influence of the brains and the clerical experience of many of those who made up the rank and file of our Regiment. In almost every department some of "ours" were detailed for headquarter office duty, and although most stringent efforts were made to have these men returned to the Regiment, in many cases it was found to be impossible, as the character of the work they did was so valuable that no one else could be found to fill their places.

Simeon Lord, of Company E, as Sergeant of Couriers at army headquarters, had charge of all courier lines throughout the Army of the Cumberland. This is a position of great responsibility, requiring good judgment and great ability, and no better soldier was ever found to take his place.

The clerical work of an army is carried on by report from

subordinate commanders showing the exact number of efficient men in the various arms of the service and also the number in hospitals and unfit for duty on account of sickness or wounds. These are daily reports, so that the commanding officer may know at all times the number of men he can put in a line of battle. There were also reports from every division, brigade, and regiment of infantry and cavalry and batteries of artillery, showing in detail their condition. Also reports from the ordnance, quartermaster, and commissary departments showing at a glance the amount of stock each has on hand. There was also a large amount of correspondence between the different commanders, many of these in cipher, and all had to be written out with pen and then recopied in books.

In our command was a large number of young men of superior education whose previous employment well fitted them to fill these positions and the heads of the various departments were not long in finding it out. Nothing shows the quality of the men composing our Regiment more than the fact that eighty-six of them received commissions—forty-five in our own Regiment and forty-one in other commands. Ours was a unique Regiment in that it was distinguished as the only independent regiment (so far as known) in an army of over one million men. Our reports were made direct to the Department Commander during our term of service.

George Q. Allen, Company L; Samuel Kneass, Company K; George Howard, Company L; and Frank Taek, Company L, were detailed at Headquarters under the direct charge of the Chief of Staff. During the Atlanta campaign, in addition to their usual duties, they had clerical charge of all orders to different commanders for the movements of the Army of the Cumberland, which work usually occupied most of the night.

A copy of the agreement of the final capitulation of General Joe Johnston to General Sherman was written by one of the "Fifteenth," Arthur O. Granger, of Company C, as also the famous "armistice" which was disallowed by our government. To General Corse, at Altoona, was wigwagged the message to "hold the fort" by A. D. Frankenberry, of Company K, detailed from our ranks to the signal corps. The War Department at Washington called on General Geo. H. Thomas for the best clerk in his army and John Tweedale, Company I, was sent. His abilities earned for him

continuous promotions and he has lately retired with the rank of Colonel U S A. and Military Secretary. Many of the responsible subordinate positions in all the various departments of the army were filled by our men. It was a positive gain to the cause but a loss to the Regiment in the field, for they were of that quality that makes the intelligent soldier—the kind we needed for our work. It was this quality in the men that caused General Geo. H. Thomas to indorse on the application of the regiment to re-enlist that "The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry is the best regiment of cavalry in my Department." A further proof of the rank in which our organization was held is found in the voluminous report of Lieut. General U S Grant detailing the operations of all the armies during the last eighteen months of the war. In this report he specially mentions only four regiments and one of these is the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry

Forty years have passed since our muster out in June, 1865, and the positions held in the business world attest the excellent qualities of those who made up our rank and file. Soon after the Regiment was disbanded an association was formed of those who had seen service in it and it has been the custom to meet once a year to talk over the events that bound us so closely and to renew old friendships. The proceedings of these meetings have always been printed in pamphlet form and a copy sent to each member, so that all could, in a way, participate in our annual gathering. Probably no regimental association has been like it in the care that has been taken to keep up the interest and accurately report the proceedings. Our Survivors' Association is certainly unsurpassed in this respect by that of any regiment.

There is hardly an honorable profession but what has some members of our command in it. The law called many, and two, Capt. H. K. Weand, Company H, and James W Over, Company G, are judges in the courts held in their respective counties. Quite a large number have entered the ministry in different churches, and are laboring earnestly that this world may be better for their work in it. Among those the writer recalls are Edward Cornes, Company E; John H. Sharp, Company G; Johnson Hubbell, Company A; David Clark, Company B; W H. Graff, Company F; Charles B. Newton, Company F; Eugene Reed, Company M; and there are no doubt others. Six of the Regiment entered the regular army and obtained rank from

that of Captain up to Lieutenant Colonel; these are Samuel J. Hamilton, Company B; John Tweedale, Company I; Charles B. Thompson, Company K; H. C. Fisher, Company C; Adam Kramer, Company M, and Jno. G. Bourke, Company E. Three have been Colonels of regiments in the National Guard of Pennsylvania A. L. Hawkins, Company I; Norman M. Smith, Company D, and W A. Kreps, Company G.

Our peerless organizer and leader, General Wm. J Palmer, has been a pioneer and builder up in that part of this grand continent, which, forty years ago, was known as the great American desert. His has been a strenuous life and the only encouragement he seemed to have had was the pleasure of surmounting difficulties, which looked insurmountable to others. He has been directly interested in the building of over five thousand miles of railroads and millions have been benefited by the work he did and no one, whoever trusted in him, has been the loser by it.

Three of our members, A. J Minor, Company H; Jas. E. Negus, Company M, and Wm. H. Carpenter, Company C, have been or are presidents of banks or trust companies, while many others have served as directors or employees of fiduciary institutions, and not one has ever been delinquent to the trust reposed in him. In the list of physicians are found M. P Frassoni, Company B; M. J. Paulding, Company G; Geo. C. Laws, Company C; Perle J. Aiken, Company F; E. L. Palmer, Company G; E. G. Shortledge, Company G; P C. Newbaker, Company K; John S. Cooper, Company E, and our Assistant Surgeon, Geo. F Mish; the Hospital Steward, W G. Stewart, and James W Alexander, Surgeon of the Regiment.

One of our First Sergeants, Wilmon W Blackmar, Company K, after the Chickamauga battle, received a commission in a West Virginia regiment, continuing with it to the end of the war and winning well-earned promotion from time to time. Since then his success has been continuous in every thing he undertook and at the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in 1904, he was chosen Commander-in-Chief. That organization never had a more capable and strenuous commander. The task he set for himself was greater than he could carry out and on July 15, 1905, at Boise City, Idaho, he was taken sick and died, just as he would have wished to go, "in the harness." On July 22d, his city—Boston—gave him a public funeral and thousands followed him to the grave.

The foregoing list could be made much longer by adding to it those of others who have achieved successes in the particular spheres of life-work they have chosen, but it is sufficient to show that no more reputable body of citizens can be found than those who served in the Anderson Cavalry

CHAS. M. BETTS,
Lieut.-Colonel 15th Penna. Cavalry.

PLAN OF THE FORMATION OF THE ANDERSON TROOP

THIS plan of the formation of the "Anderson Troop" and the letter following it were received from Isaac H. Clothier, Esq., a life-long friend of General Palmer's. Similar letters and plans were sent to prominent men throughout the State and they show the care taken to secure the best and most suitable men to make up the organization. When the Regiment, which grew out of "The Troop" was recruited, it was the members of the latter command who were the recruiting officers and took pains to see that the men they secured were the equal of those who were already in the field.—EDITOR.

PLAN.

"THE ANDERSON TROOP."

A picked body of light cavalry from Pennsylvania—composed of young men of respectability, selected from nearly every county of the state.

The men to be light, active and hardy and more or less acquainted with horses—and to be chosen for these qualities, and for their intelligence, good character and patriotic spirit.

Each man to pledge himself not to touch intoxicating liquor (except for medical purposes) during the term of enlistment.

Particular attention to be paid to *drill,* the ambition of each member of the company being to make it as soon as possible, a model light troop, as the "Chicago Zouaves" were a model light infantry company It is believed that this may be accomplished in a comparatively short time, with good instructors, from the superior intelligence and entthusiasm of the men.

The special duty of the troop (in addition to service on the field of battle) will be to perform *detachment service* of all kinds in Brigadier General Anderson's Department—to serve as escort or *Body Guard* to the General when desired—make reconnoissances —escort trains and convoys—make arrests—seize Railroads, etc. —perform advanced-post or patrol duty , and generally, to be attached to the General for the performance of any special service required by him involving delicacy or danger.

If desired a squad of men from the railroads of Pennsylvania with telegraph operators, etc., will be included in the company to expediate the transportation of troops and supplies, and repair and operate railroads that it may be necessary to seize or control in the prosecution of the campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee.

The advantages of such a corps for the various duties above specified, would be unusual intelligence, trustworthiness on duty, nervous energy and courage, and patriotic spirit. While the members would be gentlemen, they would be of the kind who would feel proud to submit to the strictest military discipline, hard drill, and any hardships uncomplainingly for the sake of their country they will go determined to take everything roughly, and nothing like dandyism or dissipation will be tolerated.

Arms—to be a light sabre, Colt's revolver worn on the person, and (in consequence of the *detached* character of the service) a rifled carbine slung to the shoulder.

Accoutrements so arranged that sabre can be hung to saddle, when trooper dismounts to serve on foot.

The horses to be got in central Kentucky and to be light, active and hardy.

The command to be given to such person (of cavalry experience if possible) as General Anderson may select. The remaining officers and non-commissioned officers to be elected by the company after it shall have been filled up.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. J. PALMER,
of Philada.

Approved by Brigadier General Robert Anderson
at Louisville, Sept. 20, 1861.

OFFICE
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY,
Philadelphia, Sept. 24, 1861.

DEAR SIR:

I take the liberty of inclosing to you herewith a plan for the organization of a picked company of light cavalry composed of Pennsylvanians, which Brigadier General Anderson has requested the War Department to accept as an *independent corps* for special service in the "Department of the Cumberland." The company will be called the "Anderson Troop," and will be under the immediate eye of the General Commanding—its special duties being those of a *Body Guard to General Anderson*, to make reconnoisances, escort trains, make arrests, and perform such other service of a detached character as he may assign it.

In the letter which he has furnished me to the War Department, the General says "I particularly desire the acceptance of this Company, and I will be obliged if the Department will give such facilities to Mr. Palmer as will enable him to perfect its organization in the shortest possible

time. Such a corps will be almost indispensable to me in conducting the campaign which is already opened in my Department."

After this earnest statement of his wants, it is not doubted that the Department will unhesitatingly accept the company. I shall proceed immediately to Washington to secure this result, and to procure the requisite orders for the mounting, arriving, and equipping of the men, but not to lose any time I have addressed this note to you as a gentleman of influence, and one well acquainted in your section of the State to ask that you will aid me in making this corps one that will fairly represent the intelligence, respectability, and patriotic spirit of the young men from Pennsylvania. The honor and fair name of the State will be in its keeping in the campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee—it is therefore desired that its ranks should be filled with the very best of our youth, taking physical as well as moral considerations into view. The troop will be commanded by an officer to be appointed by General Anderson—the Lieutenants and non-commissioned officers to be elected by a fair vote of the company after it shall have been formed. It will be as much a matter of pride however to be a private as an officer in this troop—and no member will be bound by his acceptance, unless he chooses, until after he has seen his comrades, and been mustered into service.

As soon as eighty-five men have been accepted, they will be sent to Louisville, Ky.—the remainder of the troop to be selected from the counties of the state which may not at first have responded, and for which more time will be admissible.

It is not expected however that more than a week or ten days will be required for the enlistment of 110 men in the State of Pennsylvania, of the character referred to, in response to this call and most flattering compliment from the gallant hero of Fort Sumter. And let Pennsylvania show by this little contribution, if in no other way, her appreciation of and desire to repay the debt which the West has put us under by the recent detachment of several regiments from Fremont's command to reinforce the army of the Eastern Coast.

I have therefore to request that you will nominate for the county in which you reside, and for each of the adjacent counties, *five* young men, or any less number, aged between eighteen and thirty years (the younger the better) who may in your opinion answer the description given above and in the inclosed plan; and who may be willing to go from a patriotic motive solely, and with a determination to submit to the strictest drill and military discipline, and to endure any hardships for their country's sake.

The men to be light, active and hardy—and more or less accustomed to riding—and the names to be mentioned on your list (with their addresses) in the order of your *preference*, so that in case all the counties respond, the best may be taken from each.

I will personally see, or address a note similar to this, to influential and well-known gentlemen in nearly every section of the state, and make no doubt but that they and you will heartily co-operate in this en-

deavor to furnish General Anderson a mounted Body Guard from Pennsylvania worthy of him and of the state.

Please let me hear from you with as little delay as practicable, at the office of the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia.

Yours respectfully.

WM. J. PALMER.

P S.—In order to comply with the existing legal form, the troop, if accepted, will be commissioned by the authorities of the State of Pennsylvania in obedience to a requisition made upon them by the War Department for such a company.

THE ANDERSON TROOP

LIEUT. THOS. S. MAPLE, PITTSBURG, PA.

WHEN asked to write a history of the Anderson Troop, to be published in the same volume with the history of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, I thought at first it might not be appropriate. However, as the Regiment was recruited and organized by the Captain, First Lieutenant and others of the original company, it seems very fitting that the two histories should be combined. Therefore, as the only commissioned officer left in the old troop, I consider it my duty and privilege to place on record some of the data in my possession respecting the events of its eighteen months' service at the headquarters of the armies of the Ohio and the Cumberland.

The Anderson Troop, an independent company of Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, was organized at Carlisle, Pa., in October, 1861, under special authority granted by the Secretary of War, enlistments being made for three years.

The formation of a company of cavalry for special service at headquarters of the Army of the Ohio was conceived and brought about by William J. Palmer, private secretary of J. Edgar Thomson, of Philadelphia, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Mr. Palmer's object was to form a company of active, intelligent young men, of good standing in their respective communities, throughout the State of Pennsylvania, who would be capable of performing any military service that might be required of them. To this end Mr. Palmer corresponded with prominent men throughout the State, chiefly those known to him from his railway position, and had them recommend young men for membership.

Out of the lists sent him from the different counties he made his selections, and directed the men to rendezvous at Carlisle, Pa., in a field immediately adjoining the United States Army Barracks.

This Company, being intended for special service under Gen.

Robt. Anderson (the hero of Fort Sumter, to whom had been assigned the command of the Army of the Ohio, at Louisville, Ky), was given the name of the Anderson Troop.

Before the men were fully organized, drilled and equipped for service, and while yet at Carlisle, changes had been made in commanders of the Army of the Ohio. General Anderson, on account of ill health, gave place to Gen. Wm. T Sherman, who, in turn, was relieved by Maj.-Gen. Don Carlos Buell. The troop was accepted by each of these commanders in order, as his escort, and for duty at headquarters.

Before the troop was mustered into service, an election for officers of the company was held, which resulted as follows: Wm. J. Palmer, of Philadelphia, was elected Captain; Sergeant Wm. Spencer, of Carlisle Barracks, First Lieutenant, and Thomas S. Maple, of Pittsburg, Second Lieutenant. Sergeant Spencer had been for fifteen years in the regular cavalry service.

The organization being completed, the troop left Carlisle on December 2, 1861, arriving at Pittsburg the same evening, and was escorted to the Scott House, now Hotel Boyer, where a number of patriotic Pittsburgers had ordered a good supper for them. A considerable number of citizens were guests at the banquet. After the supper was over, Mr. Jno. H. Hampton arose, and in an eloquent address welcomed the troop to Pittsburg, as Pennsylvanians, and bade them God-speed on their journey Captain Palmer replied briefly stating for what purpose the troop was formed, and that it was then under marching orders to report to General Buell, at Louisville, and closing with warmest thanks, in behalf of himself and the company, to those who had so kindly entertained them, and to Mr. Hampton for his cordial words of welcome and good-will.

The company then marched to the wharf and embarked on the steamer "Argonaut," leaving Pittsburg at 5 P.M., December 3d, and reaching Maysville, Ky., at about noon on December 5th. As we left Maysville, the ladies, at one house along the river, brought out a beautiful silk Union flag and waved it. The troop saluted and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," winding up with three cheers for the "Flag," three cheers for the "Ladies" and three more for "Old Kentucky "

All along the Ohio River we were greeted with the same enthu-

siasm. At Marietta, Portsmouth, Ripley and other points cannon salutes were given. The mere sight of a body of soldiers on their way to the front seemed enough to throw the populace into the wildest state of excitement.

The night of December 5th was spent at Cincinnati, Captain Palmer going on by rail to Louisville.

The trip down the river was marked by many amusing incidents. At one beautiful country seat some ladies rushed out and fired off a cannon; this, of course, bringing forth hearty cheers from the troop.

We arrived at Louisville on the night of December 6th, but did not disembark until the next morning, when the men paraded in full dress uniform through the city and encamped in Oakland Park Race Course, a charming spot in the suburbs, where, on December 13th, they received their horses.

At a short distance on either side of their quarters were the camps of several regiments from Ohio and Indiana, and still further on many other camps. On the 9th of December the body-guard of Gen. Jas. S Negley arrived from Pittsburg, and pitched tents between us and the railroad, a few rods off.

The camps were visited by large numbers of the people of Louisville, who favored the men with many kind attentions. On December 17th Mr Alex. Semple invited a number of our company to dine with him at his home in the city, and on other occasions members of the troop had the pleasure of enjoying his hospitality and that of other residents during our sojourn near this hospitable city Many of the men attended service on the Sabbath Day in the different churches.

While in camp here Lieutenant Spencer bought himself a big black horse, which stood several hands higher than some of the other horses in the troop, giving him something of a bird's-eye view of the company He named him "John Noble," after a friend of his at Carlisle. Shortly after he was agreeably surprised by a visit from a committee, which presented him, in the name of the troop, with a sum of money, for the purpose of purchasing a handsome saddle for his new charger.

On the 24th of January Dr. A. J. Comfort, of Philadelphia, having passed the necessary examinations of the Army Medical Board, was engaged as Company Surgeon.

After two months of camp drill and discipline, the troop embarked with a part of General Buell's staff, on board the steamer "Prioress," for Nashville, Tenn., General Buell having gone with two of his staff, six of the Anderson Troop and the rest of his command overland, expecting that the enemy would have withdrawn or been driven to the south of Nashville before we should join him there.

On February 26th the "Prioress" arrived at Smithland, Ky., at the mouth of the Cumberland River, and passed on up the river, where she was beaten in a race with the gunboat "Conestoga."

At Clarksville, Tenn., the steamer landed, and some of the company found, on looking over the hotel register, that the rebel General Beauregard and staff and many other officers of the Confederate army had been there on the 8th of February, one week before the battle of Fort Donelson. The site of this battlefield was passed on the way up the river. A few miles below Nashville we came in view of a battery the rebels had deserted, tumbling some of the pieces down the river bank, after burning the cotton breastworks. Near Nashville we saw some of the work of destruction that the rebels had accomplished in their retreat from General Buell's army. The cables of the wire suspension bridge over the Cumberland River had been cut, the railroad bridge destroyed and two steamboats burned. The troop reached Nashville at 3 P.M., February 27th, three days after its occupation by our army.

General Buell had established his headquarters at the St. Cloud Hotel. A few of our troop were with him there and the rest had their quarters at the Planters' Hotel. The proprietor of this hotel having gone with the rebels, taking what he could with him, the owner of the building rented it to the troop for its use. The horses were quartered in a large stable adjoining.

Nashville presented a most forsaken appearance. Nearly all the stores were closed, and those that were open (many of them) had nothing in them. The city looked as though one-half of the inhabitants had left.

Near our quarters was the old family mansion of ex-President Polk, on the front lawn of which was his grave and monument. The widow of ex-President Polk still occupied the old homestead and gave a cordial invitation to any of the officers to call.

The necessaries of life were very scarce in the city and market prices correspondingly high; as, for example: coffee, $1 per pound; sugar, 25 cents per pound; candles, 15 cents each, and bituminous coal, 75 cents per bushel. By the 1st of March the people came to their senses or began to. The secessionist inhabitants, finding no reason to fear the Union troops, returned to their homes, and quiet and order reigned supreme. The people seemed to be surprised at the difference in the behavior of the Union troops and that of the Confederates who preceded us. They informed us that the rebel soldiers raided the stores at will, helping themselves freely to whatever they wanted without any idea of paying. Under General Buell's military rule every citizen and all private property were safe.

March 2d a great many Union troops from across the Cumberland River came over and encamped on the outskirts of the city.

Obtaining a pass from the Provost Marshal, Lieutenant Maple and Private Sproul visited the deserted capitol building, which stood on high ground, and gave one a fine view of the movements of the army. While there they improved the opportunity to take a look inside. In the room where the House of Representatives met there was great confusion, books and papers were scattered all about, drawers of desks were pulled out and the contents tumbled out, bottles of mucilage had been upset and the sticky fluid had spread far and wide. On the speaker's desk were some memoranda, written in pencil, bearing on the subject of war, such as these, "If you assume tax you make the war very unpopular," "pay this tax as you purposed and the people will not know they have paid it," "there is disaffection," "the cry is relief," "we will respond to the call of the Government," etc.

On Sunday, March 2d, a dozen or so of the troop attended the Episcopal Church. In the service the clergyman omitted the prayer for the President of the United States. Neither did he pray for Jefferson Davis. He gave out a hymn, but no one started the tune, so he proceeded with the sermon. It amused the boys to see how some of the feminine rebels of Nashville put on airs, as they called it. In passing the company quarters (Planters' Hotel), where the guard was stationed, they would step aside and walk around the place as if they feared contamination from the Yankee soldiers, and so as to avoid passing under the United States flag.

Some of the troop were obliged to search houses where it was reported there were rebel soldiers concealed. In one house, while they were performing this disagreeable duty, a young lady removed a small rebel flag from the wall and placed it in her bosom. Sergeant Ward, of the company, after being out all night in citizen's clothes, trying to get on the track of some Texas Rangers who were concealed in the city, declared that the people were all such rebels that it was hopeless to find out anything, and, as for the negroes, there was no dependence to be placed upon their statements.

General Buell, having received information of the location of the rebel intrenchments, prepared to push ahead as fast as possible.

The troop had done excellent service in carrying dispatches to the different divisions of the army—twenty, thirty, forty and fifty miles away—sometimes being gone two or three days at a time.

On March 25th the troop left their quarters in the Planters' Hotel and started southward, going into camp two miles north of Columbia, on the 26th. Here the army headquarters added to their force two companies of Colonel Oakes' Fourth Regular Cavalry with a brass band, which gave the camp a more martial air, especially at guard mount and retreat.

General McCook's Division was ahead of General Buell's main army about two miles. The bridge over Duck Creek at Columbia had been destroyed by the rebels, and there was more delay until it could be repaired, although part of the division succeeded in fording the river at this difficult point. From the camp here Captain Wright, of General Buell's staff, with a squad of the regular cavalry, went one morning a few miles into the country and captured a member of the Tennessee Legislature. Osborne was his name, and he was said to be a Major on Governor Harris' staff. He was held prisoner for a while.

On April 2d marching was resumed at a more rapid pace, which left the wagons behind. April 4th we bivouacked about nineteen miles from Savannah, Tenn., and on the next night we came to a stream that could not be crossed with the wagon train, and we were obliged to lie over until morning. Part of this night was spent in unloading and making up light loads of camp equipage for the use of the troop ahead, which had bivouacked several nights in the rain and needed shelter badly. The roads at this

time were very bad. There was a perfect jam of Government wagons, and many of them stuck fast in the mud.

At daylight, on the morning of April 6th, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River, and the order was at once given for the army to push forward with all possible speed. The wagon trains were moved aside and troops, artillery and ammunition were rushed ahead. Our Troop marched sixteen miles to Savannah that day where it bivouacked in a heavy rain, awaiting transportation across the river. At midnight privates Hummel, Hewitt, Stevenson and Norman M. Smith were ordered to report to General Buell on the battlefield. They reached Pittsburg Landing at daylight the next morning, and were with the General for two days, acting as orderlies. Their conduct during the battle was commended by him in a letter to Captain Palmer.

The balance of the troop, being unable to procure transportation across the river on April 7th, could not take in the battle that day, to the great disappointment of the men, but on the 8th reached Pittsburg Landing and camped on the battlefield, three and a half miles south of Shiloh Church. The dead in hundreds lay all about them. In many places shells had set fire to the underbrush, and many of the bodies appeared to have been burned while yet alive. In the town of Savannah the churches, schools and private dwellings were filled with the wounded, and even the steamboats at the landing. In Savannah six of our troop lay sick. One of them, private Caleb Zimmerman, of Westmoreland County, died of fever on Wednesday, April 9th. H. M. Francis, who had been detailed to nurse the sick there, was with him when he died. Roland Seeger, of Philadelphia, who had accidentally shot himself in the arm the day before, and Samuel Wigfall, who had accompanied Seeger, were also in Savannah; and as there was no opportunity of embalming Zimmerman's body, he was buried there and the grave well marked.

A number of Pittsburgers visited the field of Shiloh soon after the fight; among others were Rev. Wm. D. Howard and Wm. Fuller, M.D. On the 11th a rebel deserter came into camp. He was from Vicksburg, Miss., and said he was tired of soldiering; had been ten months in service and had received neither clothing nor pay and had been obliged to send home for something to wear.

After the battle of Shiloh, General Buell issued a general order congratulating his army on its success in gaining imperishable honor by rescuing a sister army (Grant's) from a defeat by overwhelming forces.

By the 14th the dead were about all buried, the wounded removed to hospitals, and the army was ready for an advance as soon as the roads, almost impassable from continued rains, would permit.

It seems well to quote here from a letter of one of General Buell's orderlies. It was written from the field of Shiloh, by Frank Ward, of Pittsburg. To the kindness of his family I owe several items of interest in this sketch. Ward writes: "I wish you could see the way Buell has his pickets posted. A surprise is impossible and the rebels know it. General Buell rides out to the pickets nearly every morning before the sun gets too hot. He rides very fast, and some of the boys get tired of it, but he cannot ride too fast for me. General Buell shakes his head when talking earnestly, and is the strictest disciplinarian I ever heard of. He has an eagle eye and nothing escapes him. The other day while riding the lines of pickets we came up to a squad of men in charge of a Lieutenant. The officer had taken off his sword and belt and stood them against a tree. He fell in on the left of his squad as the General rode up and gave the command 'Present arms.' The General sized him up sharply for a few minutes, asked him what regiment he belonged to, then inquired: 'Where is your sword and belt?' The officer pointed to it. 'Why have you not got it on?' 'Well, I got tired wearing it,' replied the Lieutenant. The General eyed him for a few seconds, then shaking his head once or twice, said angrily: 'Now, sir, put on your belt, and keep it on, and if I ever catch you standing on the left of your guard again you will be sorry for it. Take your post on the right of your guard instantly.' In this manner the General keeps correcting one after another, until the discipline of his army is splendid. Grant's army look on Buell's men as veterans, and well they may, for nothing but their unflinching determination to win, on the 7th inst., saved Grant's whole army from the worst kind of a defeat."

On April 28th the advance movement on Corinth was begun, and the next day we moved with General Buell's headquarters and

camped at a point about eight miles southeast of Pittsburg Landing, and the day after three miles further.

On May 2d we moved to the vicinity of Monterey, Tenn., where the troops were held in readiness for action with four days' rations.

May 11th we advanced two miles to a point about five miles from Corinth.

May 15th General Buell issued a special order directing Captain Palmer to make a requisition upon him for authority to recruit the Company to its full quota, there being at this time but seventy-nine in active service in the company

May 18th the camp was again moved to a point one mile from Farmington, about three miles from Corinth. General Nelson s division was immediately in front, General Crittenden and General Pope on the left and Generals McCook's and Thomas divisions on the right.

May 19th five of the troop were sent to Louisville, sick with typhoid fever Christian Musselman, of Lancaster; A. M. Parker, of Carlisle; Giles A. Watrous, of Susquehanna County; Chas. S. Derland, of Hollidaysburg, and Geo. W Wallace, of Chambersburg.

Henry M. Francis, who had accompanied these sick men from Savannah to Louisville, reported, on his return, that the Louisville people had treated the men very kindly, and would not allow any of the Anderson Troop to be taken to the hospitals, but cared for them in their homes. About this time the Troop received for their use and that of headquarters a portable revolving oven on wheels. The bread it turned out was excellent. This oven followed us all around through the campaign, with its own horse and driver.

While in camp here many deserters came over from the rebel army One fellow had fifty dollars in Confederate money which he offered to sell for five dollars in United States money. They all had about the same story to tell, of being "pressed" into the rebel service, and that there were many others waiting for a chance to get away.

These deserters from Corinth brought the news that the rebels had made up their minds to fight under the "black flag," but our men had no fears as to the result of the conflict, as the whole army

realizing that nothing but the hardest kind of fighting would win, had determined to do or die; everyone expected a terrible slaughter when the fight came on.

On May 26th the troop was visited by Senator Irish and Dr. Simpson, of Pittsburg; also General McCook's father. The latter was mounted on a white horse. He was in citizen's clothes, wore a broad-brimmed hat and carried a fine rifle over his shoulder. The old gentleman looked as if he was on the warpath on his own hook, and intended to have a hand in it when the fight should come off, then hourly expected.

On May 29th our earthworks and rifle pits had been brought very close to the rebel works and a battle seemed imminent, but on the next day, Friday, May 29, 1862, the rebels, under General Beauregard, evacuated Corinth, blowing up and burning some of the buildings, and leaving some of their ammunition and camp equipage behind. In one lot were 139 spherical case shells of large size, a great number of solid shot, tents, camp equipage and bowie knives—evidences of a hasty departure. A small force of our cavalry under Colonel McCook pursued them through the dense forest, came up with their rear guard five miles south of Corinth, had a sharp skirmish and retired with an insignificant loss. During the siege of Corinth about 2000 prisoners and deserters had been sent North.

Captain Palmer, with a detachment of thirty men, went on a reconnoitering expedition. They rode as far as Iuka, Miss., and returned June 9th.

General Pope's division having met with serious opposition in the pursuit of the retreating enemy, the Army of the Ohio was ordered forward to his support. They marched south as far as Booneville, but the enemy had made good his escape, and Buell's army then marched eastward.

On Friday morning, June 13th, the troop broke camp near Corinth and moved eastward. At Iuka Mineral Springs we halted, at Bear Creek camped for the night, and the next morning started on, following the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. On Sunday we passed through Tuscumbia, Ala., encamping in the evening near Florence, fifty-two miles east of Corinth, Miss. On arriving here General Buell sent us over some ice, which was gratefully received, as the weather was hot and it had long been an unknown luxury.

June 19th, while carrying headquarters mail to Eastport, Tenn., private Israel V Hoag was captured by the enemy near Chickasaw, Miss., sent south and held prisoner until September 25th, when he was exchanged. As soon as the news of the capture reached him, Captain Palmer took a detachment of the company and started in pursuit. Two days passed before they struck the trail, but they followed on as far as Pikeville before giving up the chase, after learning from citizens the particulars of Hoag's capture.

On the 23d eleven new recruits for the Anderson Troop arrived from Pennsylvania. They had been mustered in at Philadelphia on the 12th inst., and were forwarded in charge of Lance Sergeant Samuel Comfort, Jr. Their names were: Norman C. Broadway, Anthony Campbell, Jr., Benj. E. Davis, Geo. L. Garrett, Geo. W Henderson, Robert Kelly, Wm. Pettit, Jno. C. Scott, Geo. H. Troutman, Alanson P Tyler, all of Philadelphia, and John W Kent, of Montgomery County

On the 26th the troop crossed the Tennessee River, and reaching Huntsville, Ala., on the 29th, pitched their tents in the suburbs on the banks of a fine stream of crystal water, emerging as a spring from under the hill on which a part of the town was situated. On Sunday morning, at church service, one of the local ministers prayed for "our enemies among us."

Corporal Alex. J. Blackstone, of Fayette County, was accidentally shot on July 25th while in camp here, and died on July 26, 1862.

In furtherance of the desire of General Buell that the troop should be enlarged to a battalion to serve at the headquarters of the Army of the Ohio, he issued a special order on July 15, 1862, detailing First Lieutenant Wm. Spencer for the recruiting service, and directed him to report to the Superintendent of Recruiting in Pennsylvania. On the 24th the following were also ordered to Pennsylvania on the same errand, viz: Captain Palmer, Sergeants Frank Ward, Jas. B. Lashell, Alfred Vezin; Corporals Wm. T Nicolls, Allison McDowell; and privates Jas. Blackstone, Wm. W DeWitt, J. R. Hewitt, Braden Hurst, Jas. B. Curtin, A. J. Longnecker and Norman M. Smith.

Upon the arrival of Captain Palmer and his recruiting party in Pennsylvania, the applications for enlistment from the proper sort

of young men were so numerous that it was decided to recruit a regiment instead of a battalion, the original company of the Anderson Troop to remain with General Buell, under command of Lieut. Thos. S. Maple, until the regiment should be recruited and then become Company A of the new Regiment. This plan of having the Independent Company of the Anderson Troop become Company A of the new Regiment was never carried out, but it remained at headquarters of the army, serving, first, Major-General Buell, then Major-General Rosecrans, until finally mustered out.

The enemy, under General Bragg, having made a demonstration in our rear, in the direction of Louisville, Ky., and destroyed our railroad communications, General Buell advanced northward to intercept them. General Buell and a part of the troop went by rail to Decherd, Tenn., the remainder marching by road. August 31st we went to Hillsboro, then to Manchester and Murfreesboro, and on September 7th encamped in the suburbs of Nashville. We started again on the 11th, and in the next fourteen days had gone through Tyree Springs, Mitchellville, Bowling Green, Dripping Springs, Pruit's Knob, Munfordsville (were on scouting duty east of this town), Elizabethtown, West Point, and on September 25th encamped in Louisville, on the corner of Eighteenth Street and Broadway.

The object of the army (that of reaching Louisville before the rebel General Bragg) having been accomplished, General Buell added to his command the troops under General Nelson, and advanced his entire army against the position held by General Bragg at Perryville, Ky

At this time news was received from the recruiting party, in the form of a letter from Frank Ward to Lieutenant Maple. It was written at Carlisle, Pa., where the Regiment was recruited, and shortly after the rebel raid into Pennsylvania and the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862:

"CAMP ALABAMA, CARLISLE, September 28, 1862.

"*Dear Maple*,—I embrace the present opportunity to drop you a few lines. I find myself occupying a very responsible position at present, viz, commanding officer of a Regiment. Palmer (the Colonel) has been captured, and Spencer (Lieutenant-Colonel) is sick. I have been commissioned Captain by the Governor,

and have been requested to send in ten names for commissions, which I did.

"Hurst, Blackstone, Tintsman, Derland and Smith acted most nobly while under fire. I was ordered by General Reynolds to drive in the rebel pickets at Williamsport, Md. I had 300 men, while the rebels had two battalions of Stewart's famous cavalry I started Hurst and Smith ahead with one company as skirmishers and followed on with a reserve of 200.

"Hurst and Smith went at the rebs in such a business-like manner that they skedaddled back and took shelter behind a battery which opened on us with shell. I asked General Reynolds to support us with infantry but he said he had nothing but the 'd——d milish,' and he could not rely on them, so we retired. I wish either you or Rosengarten could come on and assist me. I am afraid Palmer is gone up, although I hope not, as he had made a good many arrangements that no one knew anything about.

"Yours, etc.,

"FRANK."

Norman M. Smith also wrote, from Carlisle, that Serg. W F Prosser, of the troop, who had been captured by the rebels in Tennessee, was there in camp, having been exchanged.

October 6th the army left Louisville, Ky., and marched to Bardstown, then to Springfield, where the enemy was met and driven from the town, and on October 7th to Perryville, where a general engagement took place the next day between the right wing of our army and the enemy The troop lost privates Allen, Wills and Oakford, who were captured while carrying messages between Generals Buell and McCook. They were taken to Harrodsburg and Danville, and in three days paroled and sent back to camp. General Buell sent them to Louisville, to report to General Boyle, to be forwarded to Camp Chase. These men were very favorably mentioned in General Buell's report of the battle.

At the time of the battle of Perryville, the weather was so exceedingly dry that water was very scarce and stagnant pools had to be resorted to, and even these were soon drained, but the day after the battle the rebels retreated, leaving the Union boys in full possession of a fine spring and a stream. Following the retreat a dash was made into Perryville, and a train of ammunition captured, with about 150 rebels. In this battle the Union army lost 3200, killed, wounded and missing; the Confederates 1300 killed, 3000 wounded and 200 prisoners.

In pursuit of the enemy, the army passed through Harrodsburg and Stanford, going as far as Crab Orchard, where it encamped. At this time its only communication with Louisville, seventy-five miles distant, was by wagon road, the railroad having been cut off by the rebels. By October 16th Bragg s army had been driven into the mountains of southeastern Kentucky, having evaded the efforts of our army to draw them into battle. There were several skirmishes and some prisoners were taken.

The Union army having chased Bragg's army through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee, broke camp at Crab Orchard on the 22d of October and returned through Danville to Lebanon, Ky., where headquarters were established. The 30th of the same month found us in Louisville, where General Buell, in obedience to orders from the headquarters of the army, turned over his command to General Rosecrans.

The army, under Major-General Rosecrans, left Louisville and moved on, passing through Bowling Green and Mitchellville, and reached Nashville, November 11th. Here the troop was comfortably quartered in barracks within the city On December 24th Lieutenant Maple received notice of the forward march for the winter campaign, under our new Commander, General Rosecrans. In compliance with orders, the company was ready to start at the appointed time, but the order was countermanded, and the men turned in for a jollification meeting with the former members, who were serving as officers in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which had just arrived from Nashville. It was not yet fully organized.

December 26th marching orders were received again, and at 11 o'clock A.M., General Rosecrans and staff, escorted by the Anderson Troop and some of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, started off through the mud at a rapid pace. The whole army was now in motion, principally on the three roads—the Murfreesboro, Nolansville and Franklin turnpikes. After advancing about twelve miles heavy cannonading was heard on the right, on the Nolansville turnpike, about eight or ten miles away The General and escort started over in the direction of the firing; through fields and woods, over hilltops, on down through the valleys, they dashed, night coming on before they reached the place, and found that the Union men had captured one cannon and driven the enemy out of Nolans-

ville, southward. They started back and, after a rough ride, reached camp at 2 o'clock in the morning. General Rosecrans, learning that a part of the Fifteenth Regiment had remained behind, from lack of officers, directed Lieutenant Maple to send back those of his company who had been recommended for commission as officers in the Regiment. This was done.

On December 27th heavy rains impeded somewhat the advance of the army Severe skirmishing was kept up on the front, continuing until the morning of the 31st, when the engagement became general, at Stone River.

In this battle the troop was actively engaged in orderly, escort and courier duty, and received a flattering commendation from General Rosecrans. We lost one man, private Evan W Grubb, of Philadelphia, who was struck by a cannon ball. Two of our former members were also killed, namely, Majors Ward and Rosengarten, of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry; and General Rosecrans lost his Chief of Staff, Colonel Garesche.

Before the battle the wagons were sent back to Nashville and had not returned with tents and camp equipage, but there were many vacant houses in Murfreesboro, and General Rosecrans took possession of one, and the troop, following his example, occupied a cottage with five rooms.

Lieutenant Maple rode over the Stone River battlefield to the house where Major Ward was taken after he was wounded, and found that he had died that morning.

On January 31, 1863, the troop learned that their former Captain, Colonel Palmer, of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, had escaped from Castle Thunder, Richmond, and was expected in a short time to take command of his Regiment.

At this time there were altogether fifty-three left of the original number, forty-four on duty here at Murfreesboro, seven absent on account of sickness, one serving as Hospital Steward at Louisville and Lieutenant Maple commanding.

On February 17th, after consultation with Lieutenant Maple, Colonel Palmer wrote a letter to General Rosecrans, setting forth that in view of the objection of the old Anderson Troop to uniting with the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, he wished now to begin the organization of the Regiment without them and not to delay longer The General and Colonel had both felt that it would be

impracticable for both commands to remain at the headquarters of the army As the Regiment was raised with the understanding that it was to become so attached, it was felt that in order to preserve its organization it might be necessary for the independent company of the Anderson Troop to withdraw and be mustered out of service. In pursuance of this plan General Rosecrans had a consultation with Lieutenant Maple. These officers agreed that as the original company had become so reduced in numbers, by the usual casualties incident to army life and by numerous promotions, it would be better, in order to save the Regiment, for the company to withdraw. The General, therefore, proposed that those of the old troop who did not desire to join the Regiment apply in writing for an honorable muster out of service, and in view of the circumstances of the case, he would forward it on to the Secretary of War, recommending the measure.

On March 12th, for the first time since the battle of Stone River, the company was out as escort with the General. It was a beautiful day. First rode General Rosecrans, with his staff, next Major-General Thomas and Brigadier-General Spear, then one of our boys carrying a large silk flag—the Stars and Stripes—followed by the Anderson Troop, the Fourth Regular Cavalry bringing up the rear. They visited the fortifications in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, which were very extensive, formidable and strong enough to resist any attack.

On the evening of March 19th General Rosecrans instructed Lieutenant Maple to get the papers ready for the muster out of the old troop, and let him know when he was ready

March 26th a committee from the troop addressed a letter to the General, thanking him for his kind and courteous treatment while in his service and expressing sorrow at parting, to which the General replied:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE CUMBERLAND,
"MURFREESBORO, TENN., March 27, 1863.

"*To the Members of the Anderson Troop:*

"The note of your committee is received. I part with you with as much regret as yourselves may feel. You are young, and your

behavior since I have been in command gives promise of a career of usefulness and honor, whether in the service of your country or in private life. May you realize your hopes and the wishes of your friends.

"Your friend,

"W. S. ROSECRANS.

"*Major-General.*"

CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE FORMATION OF THE ANDERSON CAVALRY

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,
HUNTSVILLE, ALA., July 23, 1862.

To HIS EXCELLENCY A. G. CURTIN,
Governor of Pennsylvania,
Harrisburg.

SIR:

I am directed by Major General Buell to address you as follows: On the 18th instant the following dispatch was forwarded, viz:

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., July 18, 1862.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War,
Washington.

I ask authority to arrange with the Governor of Pennsylvania for raising three companies of cavalry to be united with the Independent Company raised last fall and known as the "Anderson Troop, Captain Palmer."

This company is composed of superior men, many of them well qualified for officers, and by appointing them as officers in the proposed companies, the force would be speedily rendered efficient. It is quite certain from the representation of Captain Palmer of the "Troop" that the companies could be speedily raised. I would ask for the proposed force, the battalion organization.

The necessity for an increase of the cavalry force is imperative, and time is important.

D. C. BUELL,
Major-General Commanding.

To which the Secretary replied as follows:

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUELL,

You are authorized to arrange for raising three companies of cavalry as requested in your telegram of the 18th inst., just received.

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

In accordance with the foregoing, the following order has this day been published:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,
Special Order No. 111. HUNTSVILLE, ALA., July 28, 1862.

Capt. W. J. Palmer, Sergts. Ward, Vezin, Lachelle, Corporals McDowell and Nichols; privates Blackstone, Hewitt, Hurst, DeWitt, Longnecker, N. M. Smith, and Curtin, are hereby detailed to recruit three companies of cavalry in accordance with special authority from the War Department, received by telegraph and dated July 21, 1862, the companies when recruited to be united with the Independent Company known as the "Anderson Troop," to receive the battalion organization and to be known as the Anderson Cavalry. Captain Palmer with his recruiting party will proceed at once to Pennsylvania and report to the Governor, under whose auspices it is desired to raise the companies.

The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation.

The Quartermaster, Commissary, Ordnance and Medical Depts., are hereby directed to make all necessary, proper and authorized issues on presentation of proper requisitions.

By command of Major-General Buell,

JAMES B. FRY,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

From the foregoing you will understand the state of the case. General Buell requests that you will take the matter in hand, and give such additional directions and make such arrangements as will accomplish the object proposed.

The force is necessary here and it is highly important that no time be lost in getting it into the field.

The General asks that the appointment of officers may be made on his nomination to you. The present company (from which the officers are to be taken) having been under his command since its acceptance into service, he is able to name those best fitted for promotion. The unusual degree of proficiency, usefulness, and personal excellence found in the "Troop" leads the General to expect much for the "Battalion," and he will regard any steps you may take to facilitate its organization as a special favor.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES B. FRY,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

Approved by order of Gov. CURTIN,
A. S. RUSSELL,
Adjt. Genl. of Penna.

MUSTER-ROLL OF THE "ANDERSON TROOP"

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Wm. J. Palmer...	Captain	Sept. 28, 1861	Commissioned, Sept. 28, 1861—taken prisoner in Maryland.
Wm. Spencer.....	1st Lieut.	Nov. 15, 1861	Commissioned, Nov. 15, 1861—resigned to accept commission as Lieut.-Col. 15th Pa. Cavalry, Sept. 7, 1862.
Thos. S. Maple...	2d Lieut.	Oct. 12, 1861	Commissioned, October 12, 1861—appointed A. A. Q. M. and A. C. S., March 1, 1862.
Wm. F Prosser..	Q. M. Serg.	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Q. M. Serg., Oct. 19, 1861—taken prisoner—afterward Acting Adjt. 2d East Tenn. Cavalry.
A. Rosengarten. .	1st Serg.	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed 1st Serg., Oct. 19, 1861—promoted to 2d Lieut. 4th Ken. Vols. May 15, 1862, and detailed to service with Anderson Troop—resigned to accept commission as Maj. in 15th Pa. Cavalry, Oct. 20, 1862.
Frank B. Ward..	Sergeant	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Serg., Oct. 19, 1861—promoted to 1st Serg., May 15, 1862—discharged to accept commission as Maj. 15th Pa. Cavalry, Nov. 6, 1862.
Jas. A. Lashell...	....do.....	Oct. 14, 1861	Appointed Serg., Oct. 19, 1861—discharged and appointed Capt. in 15th Pa. Cavalry by Maj.-Genl. Rosecrans. Oct. 30, 1862.
John M'Lenegan.	....do.....	Oct. 13, 1861	Appointed Serg., October 19, 1861—discharged for physical disability, July 2, 1862.
Edw. Marshall...	....do.....	Oct. 15, 1861	Appointed Serg., Nov. 30, 1861—discharged and appointed Lieut. 15th Pa. Cavalry by Genl. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
Jos. Anderson....	Corporal	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Corp., Oct. 19, 1861—Promoted to Serg., Jan. 16, 1862, and discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
James Quinn.....	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Corp., October 19, 1861—Promoted to Serg., Nov. 6, 1862, and discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry March 1, 1863.
Wm. G. McClure.	....do.....	Oct. 30, 1861	Appointed Corp., Nov. 30, 1861, and discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
Thos. Dougherty.	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Corp., Oct. 19, 1861, promoted to Serg. March 1, 1863.
John Wainright.	....do.....	Oct. 30, 1861	Appointed Corp., Nov. 30, 1861—promoted to Serg., Nov. 6, 1862, and discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
A. J. Blackstone	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Corp., Oct. 19, 1861—accidentally shot and killed at Huntsville, Alabama, July 26, 1862.
Wm. T. Niccolis.	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Corp., Nov. 30, 1861, promoted to 1st Serg. March 1, 1863.
Alison M'Dowell.	....do.....	Oct. 14, 1861	Appointed Corp., Oct. 19, 1861—discharged and appointed Lieut. by Maj.-Genl. Rosecrans in 15th Pa. Cavalry, Nov. 6, 1862.
Charles H. Webb.	Musician	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, Jan. 16, 1862.
S. I. Weakland...	Farrier	Oct. 12, 1861	
John M'Eldowney	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
John M. Williams	Saddler	Dec. 17, 1861	
James B. Butler..	Wagoner	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, July 24, 1862.
W W. Armstrong	Private	Oct. 21, 1861	
Walter F. Austin.	....do.....	Nov. 7, 1861	
P. F Altmeyer...	....do.....	Nov. 9, 1861	
Francis M. Baker	....do.....	Nov. 10, 1861	
Geo. W. Bush....	....do.....	Nov. 27, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, June 23, 1862.
Jas. Blackstone...	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged and appointed Lieut. and Adjt. in 15th Pa. Cavalry, by order of Maj.-Genl. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
Jas. C. Bradford..	....do.....	Oct. 14, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
Jos. B. Blakiston.	....do.....	Oct. 20, 1861	Died at Huntsville, Ala., Aug. 30, 1862.
Felix Boyle, Jr...	....do.....	Oct. 28, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, at Louisville, Ky., May 22, 1862.
Jas. F Benner..	....do.....	Nov. 10, 1861	

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Wm. Blackburn..	....do.....	Nov. 7, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, April 16, 1862.
Sam'l Comfort, Jr	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, Sept. 30, 1862.
Jas. B. Curtin....	....do.....	Oct. 15, 1861	Discharged and appointed Lieut. in 15th Pa. Cavalry by Maj.-Genl. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
M. L. DeCoursey	....do.....	Oct. 5, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
Wm. W DeWitt.	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
Chas. S. Deerland	....do.....	Oct. 21, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, Nov. 6, 1862.
William Domer...	....do.....	Oct. 21, 1861	
Jesse H. Darragh	....do.....	Nov. 6, 1861	
Louis E. Fagan..	Private	Oct. 31, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion to Lieut. of Marines, May 1, 1862.
Henry M. Francis	....do.....	Nov. 7, 1861	
Leonard Goodwin	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Evan W. Grubb..	....do.....	Oct. 5, 1861	Killed in battle of Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
Israel V. Hoag...	....do.....	Nov. 4, 1861	Taken prisoner, June 19, 1862.
Braden Hurst....	....do.....	Oct. 15, 1861	Discharged and appointed Capt. in 15th Pa. Cavalry by Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
J. R. Hewitt.....	....do.....	Oct. 23, 1861	Discharged and appointed Capt. in 15th Pa. Cavalry by Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
V B. Hummel...	....do.....	Nov. 1, 1861	
R. A. Henderson.	....do.....	Nov. 3, 1861	
Henry J. Isett....	....do.....	Oct. 18, 1861	
Edw. P. Inhoff...	....do.....	Nov. 7, 1861	Appointed Q. M. Serg., Jan. 1, 1863.
Geo. W. Ingram.	....do.....	Oct. 23, 1861	
John W. Jackson.	....do.....	Oct. 5, 1861	Discharged and appointed Lieut. in 15th Pa. Cavalry by Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
Chas. H. Jones...	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Ivins R. Jones...	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Caleb M. Kephart	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
W J. Kraus.....	....do.....	Nov. 27, 1861	Discharged, having been appointed 1st Lieut. 9th Ky. Vols.
E. E. Locke.....	....do.....	Nov. 22, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, March 1, 1863.
Bruce Lambert...	....do.....	Oct. 15, 1861	
Edmund Levis...	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
A. J. Longnecker	....do.....	Nov. 4, 1861	
Wm. S. Monyer..	....do.....	Nov. 25, 1861	Appointed Hospital Steward, April 12, 1862.
Chris. Musselman	....do.....	Oct. 14, 1861	
Wm. H. Oakford.	....do.....	Nov. 27, 1861	Taken prisoner at Perrysville, Ky., and paroled.
Wm. E. Post.....	....do.....	Oct. 15, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, Nov. 25, 1862.
Alex. M. Parker..	....do.....	Oct. 18, 1861	Discharged by reason of promotion in 15th Pa. Cavalry, Nov. 6, 1862.
Wm. F. Peiffer...	....do.....	Nov. 24, 1861	
Jas. N. Nea.....	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Jas. Reilly.....	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
R. M. Reynolds..	....do.....	Nov. 24, 1861	Appointed Hospital Steward at Louisville, Ky.
Jas. C. Soroul....	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Aug. T. Schnell..	....do.....	Oct. 27, 1861	Discharged by order of Secretary of War and appointed Lieut. of Vols.
John E. Skillen..	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
A. E. Stevenson..	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, June 25, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
Benj. H. Smith..	....do.....	Oct. 14, 1861	
N. M. Smith.....	....do.....	Nov. 2, 1861	Discharged and appointed Capt. in 15th Pa. Cavalry, by order of Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
Roland Seeger....	....do.....	Oct. 31, 1861	Discharged and appointed Capt. in 15th Pa. Cavalry, by order of Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans, Nov. 6, 1862.
Wallace Strain....	....do.....	Nov. 1, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, Oct. 25, 1862.
Jos. D. Thomas..	....do.....	Oct. 22, 1861	Transferred to 7th Pa. Volunteer Cavalry, Jan. 26, 1862.
H. O. Tintsman..	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Lance Corp., Feb., 1862—discharged and appointed Lieut. in the 15th Pa. Cavalry, Nov. 6, 1862.
Henry J. Toudy..	....do.....	Oct. 30, 1861	Promoted to Lance Corporal, Feb. 12, 1863—Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863.
W. J. Thompson.	....do.....	Oct. 20, 1861	

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Roland C. Allen.	Private	Nov. 10, 1862	Taken prisoner at Perrysville, Ky., and paroled.
N. C. Broadway.	....do.....	June 12, 1862	Died at Huntsville, Ala., Aug. 12, 1862.
A. H. Campbell..	....do.....	June 12, 1862	
Benj. E. Davis...	....do.....	June 12, 1862	
George L. Garrett	....do.....	June 12, 1862	Promoted to Lance Corp., Feb. 12, 1863.
G. W. Henderson	....do.....	June 12, 1862	Discharged for physical disability, Oct. 30, 1862.
John V. Kent....	....do.....	June 12, 1862	Discharged by reason of promotion to 2d Lieut. 121st New York Vols., March 6, 1863.
Robert Kelly.....	....do.....	June 12, 1862	
Wm. Pettit.....	....do.....	June 12, 1862	Discharged for physical disability, July 15, 1862.
G. H. Troutman..	....do.....	June 12, 1862	Taken prisoner at Perrysville, Ky.—paroled.
Alanson P Tyler.	....do.....	June 12, 1862	
Cyrus Brinker....	....do.....	June 16, 1862	Discharged, June 3, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
John C. Scott.....	....do.....	June 12, 1862	Discharged for disability, July 15, 1862.
J. S. Thompson..	....do.....	Nov. 12, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, Oct. 30, 1862.
Alfred Vezin.....	....do.....	Oct. 15, 1861	Appointed Corp., Jan. 15, 1862—promoted to Serg., May 15, 1862—discharged and appointed Capt. in 15th Pa. Cavalry, Nov. 6, 1862.
Sam'l Wigfall....	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Edw. P. Wilson..	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Jas. E. Wilson...	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Appointed Lance Corp., Feb., 1862—promoted to Corp., Nov. 6, 1862—promoted to Serg. March 1, 1863.
C. H. Watts.....	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	
Geo. R. Wetmore	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Discharged for physical disability, Feb. 16, 1862.
Geo. W. Wallace.	....do.....	Oct. 14, 1861	Died at Cinn., Ohio, June 1, 1862.
Clarence W. Wills	....do.....	Oct. 22, 1861	Taken prisoner at Perrysville, Ky., and paroled.
Giles A. Watrous	....do.....	Nov. 6. 1861	Taken prisoner while bearing despatches from Gen. Rosecrans to Gen. McCook, March 13, 1863.
C. S. Zimmerman	....do.....	Oct. 12, 1861	Died April 9, 1861, at Savannah, Tenn.
J. A. Stevenson..	....do.....	Nov. 16, 1862	
John S. Murray...	....do.....	Nov. 13, 1862	
Wm. E. Post.....	....do.....	Nov. 10, 1862	Discharged for disability, Nov. 25, 1862.
J. L. Cresson.....	....do.....	Oct. 15, 1861	

ADDENDA.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY

Aug. 22, 1862. Regiment mustered into U. S. Service for three years or during the war at Carlisle, Pa.

Sept. 9. Detachment of about 200 men left camp at Carlisle, arriving at Greencastle early in the morning of the 10th and were followed by a second detachment of 200 more to Chambersburg.

Sept. 15. Charged into and held possession of Hagerstown.

Sept. 16 and 17. Battle of Antietam, Md. A portion of the command on the field losing the first man of the Regiment killed.

Sept. 22. Left for Carlisle, arriving there early on the morning of the 23d.

Nov. 7. Left Carlisle for the West.

Nov. 10. Arrived at Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 22. Received horses and equipments.

Dec. 8. Marched to Nashville, Tenn.

Dec. 24. Arrived at Nashville.

Dec. 25. Detachment comprising details from the different companies as guard to wagon train on Hillsboro Pike attacked by the enemy, losing one man killed.

Dec. 26. Advance of Army of the Cumberland in the Stone River Campaign—about 300 of the Regiment moved forward and became the advance of McCook's Corps—the right wing of the army, and engaged the enemy on the Nolansville Pike, near Lavergne, Tenn.

Dec. 27. Engagement near Bole Jack Pass, Tenn.

Dec. 29. Crossed Overalls Creek in pursuit of the retreating enemy, near Wilkinson's Cross Roads, and which resulted in a sudden and severe repulse, the command losing about eighty men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, including in the killed both Majors—Rosengarten and Ward.

Dec. 30. Moved to the right and rear, marching nearly all night.

Dec. 31. Engagement with Wheeler's cavalry. The Union cavalry numbering about 2000 men, under the direct command of General Stanley, charged the enemy, about 2500 strong and á battery of artillery, driving them from the field.

Jan. 1, 1863. Regiment detailed to guard wagon train to Nashville, had sharp skirmish with the enemy at Lavergne, but arrived in good order at Nashville and remained there until early in February, when the reorganization of the Regiment was begun under Col. Wm. J. Palmer, who had returned from captivity in Richmond.

Feb. 14. The Regiment was moved from Nashville to Murfreesboro, Tenn., and established Camp Garesche on the Lebanon Pike, near that town.

April 3. Left camp on a scout with Gen. John M. Palmer's Division on the McMinnville road. About seven miles beyond Woodbury had a skirmish with Col. Baxter Smith's rebel cavalry, inflicting a loss on the enemy, as reported, of two killed and four wounded. Our loss was one slightly wounded.

April 5. Went to Half-Acre and Short Mountain.

April 6. Scouted to Auburn.

April 7. To Barrens, between Bradyville and Woodbury, where we attacked a camp of rebel cavalry, capturing fifteen prisoners with their horses, arms, and saddles.

April 8. Returned via Reedyville to Camp Garesche.

April 20. Again started on a scout to Fall Creek and Beard's Mill, thence to Milton, where we joined Colonel Swann's Brigade of Infantry. One squadron went on with General Granger to Liberty. Scouted the country around Milton.

April 27. Returned to Murfreesboro via Cainsville and Beards Mill.

During the months of March and April the Regiment was reorganized, provided with horses, arms, and equipments, and brought into a good state of discipline.

May 21. The Regiment scouted northeast of Murfreesboro, between the Liberty and Reedyville Pikes.

May 26. Moved from Camp Garesche to Camp Pennsylvania, one and a half miles west of Murfreesboro, near the Salem Pike.

June 14. Scouted between Murfreesboro and Lavergne, west of the Nashville Pike. Returned at 4 A. M. on the 15th.

June 24. Companies L and E while taking a dispatch to General Mitchell at Rover encountered a large force of rebels. Had one wounded, but took several prisoners. The Regiment moved with Department Headquarters towards Tullahoma, marching nine miles, part of the Regiment performing courier duty for the army.

June 26. Continued with Department Headquarters towards Tullahoma, marching on the Manchester Pike seven miles to Beech Grove.

June 27. Same duty, marching thirteen miles on the Manchester Pike.

June 29. Five companies, under the Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, made reconnoissance on Lynchburg road to within two miles of Tullahoma, driving in the rebel pickets and capturing fifteen cavalrymen with their arms and horses.

July 1. Marched from Manchester to Tullahoma, eleven miles.

July 21. Marched from Tullahoma to Winchester, fifteen miles.

Aug. 6. Scouting across Elk river after guerrillas, captured one.

Aug. 7. Returned after a march of forty miles.

Aug. 17. Marched nine miles from Winchester on the way to Stevenson, via the Cumberland Mountains and Crow Creek.

Aug. 18. Marched six miles.

Aug. 19. Marched eighteen miles to Stevenson.

Aug. 24. Reconnoitering and as escort to General Rosecrans to Bridgeport, ten miles.

Aug. 25. To Jasper and Shell Mound and back to Bridgeport, thirty-six miles.

Aug. 26. To Stevenson, ten miles. Companies A, B, H, and K engaged on courier duty and as escort at Department Headquarters. The other eight companies engaged in scouting and making reconnoissances and compiling maps of the vicinity.

Sept. 4. Marched from Stevenson to Cave Springs, twelve miles.

Sept. 6. Marched to Trenton, Ga., across Raccoon Mountain, twelve miles.

Sept. 10. Marched from Trenton to Chattanooga, nineteen miles.

Sept. 12. Made reconnoissance to Gordon's Mills, Ga., thirty miles.

Sept. 13. To Steven's and Cooper's Gaps, along Lookout Mountain, seventeen miles.

Sept. 15. Marched from Cooper's Gap to Ellison s in Chattanooga Valley, seven miles.

Sept. 16. Marched from Ellison's to Crawfish Springs, twelve miles. During most of the above period Companies D, F, G, and L were on courier duty between Broomtown Valley and Chattanooga.

Sept. 17. Made reconnoissance to Lafayette road three miles south of Gordon's Mills, driving rebel pickets and ascertaining position of enemy, distance fifteen miles.

Sept. 19. Marched to Widow Glenn's, General Rosecrans' headquarters in the field during the battle of Chickamauga.

Sept. 20. Moved with General Rosecrans about noon from Widow Glenn's to the Dyer House—where the line of battle was broken by Longstreet's charge, the command marching into Chattanooga about midnight.

The above states the marches made by the entire Regiment, or by the companies remaining at regimental headquarters in the month of September. During the month, scouts and reconnoissances were made continually by detachments of greater or less size. Companies A, B, H, and K were engaged in courier and escort duty at Department Headquarters, while six of the remaining companies were engaged in establishing and maintaining communication between the wings of the army and Department Headquarters, during the movement from Stevenson, September 4th, until the return to Chattanooga on the night of the 20th of September.

The entire Regiment was on duty during the battle of Chickamauga, engaged in making reconnoissances, picketing and guarding exposed points, guarding the Headquarters in the field of Major-General Rosecrans, collecting and guiding wounded men to various hospitals, marking the lines of march for the several army corps, carrying dispatches on the battle field, rallying and stopping fugitive

troops, and finally in guarding the rear and flank of the army train, batteries, etc., on the return to Chattanooga, where we arrived at 12 A.M. on the 21st.

From Sept. 21 to Oct. 2, the Regiment remained in Chattanooga.

Oct. 2. Marched from Chattanooga to Poe's Tavern, fifteen miles.

Oct. 3. Over Waldon's Ridge into Sequatchie Valley, sixteen miles.

Oct. 4. Two companies placed on picket duty in the valley and relieved successively every two days during the month.

Oct. 16. Colonel Palmer with a detachment of twenty men, from Company L, made a scout over Cumberland Mountain to Post Oak Spring and returned to Sequatchie Valley, being absent seven days, making a march of one hundred and forty miles. Detachments of greater or less size were engaged in making scouts and reconnoissances, etc., during the month. Company I on duty gathering cattle; Companies B, H, and K doing escort and orderly duty at Department Headquarters. In the Sequatchie Valley the Regiment was engaged in guarding the roads used by the army supply trains against invaders from rebel cavalry, guerrilla bands, etc.

Nov. 17. Marched twenty-four miles from Robertson's plantation, near Dunlap in Sequatchie Valley, to Cedar Grove, seven miles above Pikeville in the same valley.

From Nov. 17 to Dec. 1 scouting parties were from time to time sent out on Cumberland Mountains toward Sparta. Large numbers of beef cattle were collected during the month and sent to Chattanooga; the army at that place being very scantily supplied.

Dec. 3. Marched with one hundred and seventy officers and men to Knoxville, Tenn., to aid the forces sent from Chattanooga to the relief of that garrison, being the first regiment that reached there (Dec. 7), distance 100 miles.

Dec. 8. In accordance with orders from General Burnside, marched to attack Colonel Thomas' rebel battalion of Indians and white men at Gatlinsburg, near foot of Great Smoky Mountain.

Dec. 10. Made the attack at daybreak (distance marched forty-six miles), drove the enemy over into North Carolina, destroying their camp, inflicting a loss of two killed, four wounded and one prisoner, and captured eighteen horses, thirty muskets, two boxes of ammunition, commissary stores, etc. We had two captains wounded.

Dec. 11. Marched to Dandridge, twenty-five miles.

Dec. 13. At Dandridge captured six prisoners with horses, arms, and accouterments from scouting party of rebels from Bull's Gap.

Dec. 14. Marched twenty miles to within four miles of Morristown, which was occupied by the enemy with a division of cavalry; captured eight prisoners from a scouting party of thirty sent out by the enemy, then moved to Mossy Creek, Tenn., ten miles distant.

Dec. 15. Sent scouting parties towards Morristown and different fords of the Holston River.

Dec. 16. Marched to Shady Grove near Dandridge, twenty-one miles.

Dec. 18 to 21. Scoured the country along the French Broad River to Newport.

Dec. 22. Near Mosier's Mill captured five prisoners, fifteen horses, and thirty head of cattle from a rebel guard. Camped at Squire Franklin's, distance twenty-six miles.

Dec. 23. Sent out scouting parties towards Morristown and Dandridge and captured five prisoners.

Dec. 24. Marched to Mitchell's, near Dandridge—having the advance of the column of two brigades, which attacked the enemy at that place—charged the enemy's rear with eighty men, losing one Captain and nine men captured, their horses being shot; engagement lasted till sundown, then returned with our forces to New Market.

Dec. 26. Marched to gap of Bay's Mountain, near Mossy Creek to guard flank of our forces during engagement in front of Mossy Creek.

Dec. 27 and 28. Scouted towards Mansfield's Gap—struck enemy's pickets.

Dec. 29. Engaged the enemy at Mossy Creek in connection with other of our cavalry forces. Our Regiment held the right and drove the enemy four miles in disorder. Camped at Stokely Williams' Loss, one officer killed and five men wounded—distance marched seventy-five miles.

Jan. 1, 1864. In camp at Mossy Creek.

Jan. 7. Marched from south side of French Broad River into Beaver Dam, thirty-five miles; captured eight Confederate soldiers. Camped at Swans on Indian Creek.

Jan. 8. Marched to Evans, four miles below Dandridge.

Jan. 13. Marched from Evans at 1 A.M. with 140 men to pursue Brigadier-General Vance, who, with a force of 300 Confederates had come over from North Carolina and captured a train of nineteen U. S. wagons near Sevierville, Tenn.

Jan. 14. Overtook General Vance's command, about 3 P.M., on Crosby's Creek, twenty-five miles above Sevierville; charged in columns of fours and routed the enemy, wounding two and capturing General Vance, his Assistant Adjutant General, Assistant Inspector General and fifty-two enlisted men, together with 100 cavalry horses and equipments, 150 stand of arms, one ambulance with large stock of medicines, and recapturing the nineteen wagons and twenty-three U. S. prisoners. The remaining rebel force scattered to the mountains. No loss on our side.

Jan. 17. Drove Colonel Thomas' rebel battalion of Indians and whites over the mountains into North Carolina.

Jan. 18. Marched back to Sevierville, Tenn.

Jan. 21. Marched with General Sturgis' cavalry command to near Dandridge.

Jan. 22. The Regiment, with part of the First Tennessee Cavalry captured at Indian Creek seventeen rebel wagons and mules, two Captains, one Lieutenant, and sixty-eight enlisted men. Killed two of the enemy and wounded one.

Jan. 24 and 25. Marched to Dandridge and Sevierville.

Jan. 27. Co-operated with cavalry command in engagements at Indian Creek; loss, one man captured and two wounded.

Jan. 29, 30, and 31. Marched with cavalry command to Maryville. During this month marched 400 miles.

Feb. 2. Took up line of march from Maryville, Blount Co., East Tennessee, for Chattanooga.

Feb. 10. Reached Chattanooga and camped at foot of Missionary Ridge.

Feb. 21. Started on reconnoissance with 142 men to Lafayette.

Feb. 22. Entered Lafayette, capturing three prisoners and four horses.

Feb. 23. Entered Summerville, Ga., capturing one Captain and two men; passed through Alpine and camped on Lookout Mountain.

Feb. 24. Marched towards Chattanooga along top of Lookout Mountain; good road. Camped at Nica Jack Trace; captured two men. Arrived there on the 25th.

March 2. The Regiment marched under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn to Pikeville, Sequatchie Valley, Tenn., and to Washington, Rhea Co., Tenn., to protect the elections to be held on the 6th of March.

March 4. Reached Pikeville with the mounted men, the dismounted men being left at Washington.

March 10. Marched from Camp Lingel to Rossville, Ga.

March 30. Scouting party in command of Captain Betts sent on Lookout Mountain in vicinity of Stevens Gap.

April 11. Scouting party sent out under command of Captain Betts to near Alpine, Ga., and returned on the 14th.

May 6. The Regiment left Rossville, Ga., for Nashville, Tenn., to be remounted and equipped. On the way the train was attacked by guerrillas near Larkinsville, Ala. The engineer and fireman were killed.

June 28. Companies G, I, L, and M marched to Springfield, Tenn., to procure horses, by order of Brigadier-General Miller, commanding the post, and under command of Lieut.-Col. Chas. B. Lamborn, a distance of twenty-eight miles.

Aug. 8. Left Nashville, Tenn., newly mounted and equipped, for Chattanooga, via Murfreesboro, and McMinnville.

Aug. 15. Arrived at Chattanooga, distance marched 132 miles.

Aug. 17. Left Chattanooga in pursuit of rebel General Wheeler. Marched to Grayville, Ga., and scouted the country east of Taylor's Ridge, White Oak Mountain, for three days.

Aug. 20. Returned to Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Ga. Distance marched fifty-one miles.

Aug. 22. Left Dalton, Ga., via Cleveland, Tenn., for Hiawassee River to guard the fords and prevent Wheeler's return.

Aug. 24. Arrived at Columbia, Tenn. Distance marched fifty miles.

Aug. 31. At Columbia, Tenn. Distance marched during August 260 miles.

Sept. 1. Left Columbia on Hiawassee River, Tenn., for Calhoun, Ga., where we arrived on the 3d and remained, resting up, till the 13th.

Sept. 13. Left Calhoun, Ga., under orders from Brigadier-General Elliott, chief of cavalry, to proceed to Hiawassee River, East Tennessee, to intercept portion of Wheeler's rebel cavalry under Debrill and Williams, which had been detached from the main command and was supposed to be trying to make its way down through Georgia.

Sept. 19. Arrived at Sevierville, East Tennessee, having failed to accomplish our purpose.

Sept. 26. Arrived at Bull's Gap, East Tennessee, and formed junction with the forces under Brigadier-General Gillem, who was about starting on an expedition to co-operate with Major-General Burbridge in the capture of the salt works at Abington, Va.

Sept. 29. Acting as the advance to General Gillem's column, encountered the enemy at Jonesboro, East Tennessee, and unsupported drove a large party, outnumbering ours, across the Watauga River, killing several and capturing five without loss to our Regiment.

Sept. 30. Arrived at Carter's Station, East Tennessee. Total distance marched during the month of September 240 miles.

Oct. 1. Reconnoitered the country along the Watauga River, East Tennessee, finding the enemy's pickets at the ford.

Oct. 4. Arrived at Blountsville on reconnoissance, finding no enemy.

Oct. 5. Arrived at Kingsport, East Tennessee, where, on the 7th, skirmished across the north fork of Holston River with a superior force of the enemy, and had one man wounded. Colonel Palmer, with seventy-five picked men, started with a dispatch to General Burbridge, in Virginia, from Kingsport. Learning when near Estenville, Va., that Burbridge was defeated or retreated from Abingdon, he made his way north through southwest Virginia into Kentucky by Osborn's Gap, reporting at Catlettsburg, Ky.

Oct. 8. The main force of the Regiment in a sharp skirmish, while crossing the Holston River, below Rogersville, Tenn., repulsed the enemy in greatly superior numbers, taking two officers and six men prisoners without loss to our command.

Oct. 22. Arrived at Chattanooga and went into camp near Missionary Ridge.

Oct. 30. Rejoined the command at Chattanooga, having marched 530 miles; in addition paroled eleven prisoners, and captured thirty horses, traversing for a long distance a part of the country never visited by a Union force.

Oct. 31. Arrived at Wauhatchie below Chattanooga and camped. Total distance marched since Oct. 1st, 456 miles; this in addition to distance marched by force under Colonel Palmer.

Nov. 1 to 30. Regiment in camp at Wauhatchie, Tenn., engaged in

scouting Lookout and Sand Mountains, and Lookout and Wills Valleys, which are infested by numerous gangs of guerrillas.

Nov. 26. Companies H and K, which have been detached at Headquarters Department of the Cumberland since September, 1863, relieved and joined the Regiment, marching from Atlanta, Ga., 145 miles.

Nov. 30. Under orders from Maj.-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas and Major-General Stedman, left Wauhatchie for Bridgeport, Ala., to operate with General Stedman s forces against the rebel General Hood's army, which is moving towards Nashville, Tenn. Arriving at Bridgeport, received orders to march north to Cowan, Tenn.

Dec. 1 to 3. Marched to Cowan on Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. On arrival found General Stedman's command had left for Nashville and railroad cut.

Dec. 7. Returned to Wauhatchie under orders of Major-General Thomas.

Dec. 12. Companies A, B, C, and D, ordered to Dalton, Ga., to scout the contiguous country and returned to Wauhatchie on the 19th, having marched 146 miles.

Dec. 20. Regiment left Bridgeport under order of Major-General Thomas to co-operate with General Stedman's command at Decatur, Ala.

Dec. 28. Arrived at Decatur, marching via Stevenson, Coon Creek, Paint Rocks, and Huntsville, making a junction with General Stedman's command and taking the advance, moved against the enemy under General Roddy, the same night; routed them five miles from Decatur, and captured two twelve-pounder Howitzers and seven prisoners without loss—continued the march.

Dec. 30. Arrived at Leighton, Ala., pushing the rebel General Roddy's command all the way.

Dec. 31. Hearing that Hood's pontoon train was within striking distance, started from Leighton before day. Avoided the rebel pickets. Went through Lagrange and Russellville, and in the evening came up to, captured and burned the train consisting of eighty pontoons and about 200 supply wagons, eight or twelve miles from Russellville, on the Fulton Road, with no loss to the command. Distance marched during December 360 miles.

Jan. 1, 1865. From Russellville went in pursuit of a rebel supply train, which was moving towards Tuscaloosa, Ala. Overtook it on the Cotton Gin Road about forty miles southwest of Russellville, Ala. It consisted of 110 wagons, which were burned about midnight and we captured forty prisoners and over 300 mules.

Jan. 2. Started from near Boxar, Miss., to return.

Jan 5. Encountered Colonel Russell's rebel brigade and routed it near Mt. Hope, Ala., captured and burned his wagon train and took forty prisoners.

Jan. 6. Arrived at Decatur, Ala., without the loss of a man.

Jan. 10. Arrived at Huntsville, Ala.

Jan. 11. Left Huntsville in pursuit of the rebel General Lyon's

forces with 150 officers and men. Scouted the country and found the rebels had crossed the Tennessee River.

Jan. 14. Crossed the river on gunboats.

Jan. 15. Surprised and routed the enemy near Red Hill, Ala., capturing 100 prisoners, one twelve-pounder Howitzer and General Lyon, who subsequently escaped by killing his captor, Sergt. Arthur P. Lyon, commander of our advance guard.

Jan. 17. Returned to Huntsville. Marched 398 miles during the month.

Feb. 1. Scouted in pursuit of bushwackers infesting Jackson and Madison counties, Ala., and Lincoln county, Tenn.

Feb. 7. Returned with twenty-six prisoners, including one captain and one lieutenant.

Feb. 7 to 28. In camp near Huntsville resting the command.

Feb. 19. A detachment left for Louisville, Ky., to procure horses for the Regiment. Marched during the month 152 miles.

March 2. Left Huntsville, Ala., to concentrate at Wauhatchie, Tenn., for a prospective expedition. Marched via Salem and Winchester, Tenn., and Bridgeport, Ala.

March 10. Arrived at Wauhatchie at 11 A.M. Distance 115 miles.

March 16. Left by rail for Knoxville, Tenn., and were there assigned to the First Brigade First Cavalry Division, Department of East Tennessee, Col. and Brvt. Brig.-Gen. William J. Palmer commanding.

March 21. Started on expedition into Virginia and North Carolina. Marched to Strawberry Plains, sixteen miles.

March 22. Marched to Mossy Creek, fifteen miles.

March 23. Marched to Morristown, fifteen miles.

March 24 to 28, inclusive. Marched from Morristown, via Bull's Gap, Jonesboro, and line of Watauga River to vicinity of Boone, N. C., 110 miles.

March 29. Marched to vicinity of Wilkesboro, N. C., thirty miles.

March 30 and 31. Marched to Jonesville, N. C., twenty-nine miles; delayed by high water. Whole distance for month 330 miles.

April 2, 3, and 4. Marched from Jonesville, N. C., to Christiansburg, Va., 103 miles.

April 5. Destroying railroad. Major Wagner with six companies destroying railroad between Salem and Lynchburg. Left Christiansburg, Va., at 11 P.M., going towards Danville, N. C.

April 8. Reached Henry Court House, distance seventy miles.

April 9 and 10. Marched to Salem, N. C., distance seventy-four miles.

April 10. At 9 P.M. started to destroy railroad bridges north of Greensboro, N. C., and south towards Salisbury, N. C., to Jonestown, accomplished without loss, also destroyed large quantity of rebel government property, including the armory at Florence, N. C., with its machinery and about 4300 stand of arms, also surprised and captured the Third South Carolina Cavalry on April 11, taking about eighty prisoners

(officers and men), 120 horses, besides many exchanged for those exhausted by hard marching.

April 11. Returned to Salem at 3 P.M., making sixty-six miles in fifteen hours—the flanking detachments marched much further. At 6 P.M. started for Salisbury.

April 12. Reached Salisbury in the evening, distance fifty-two miles.

April 13. At 5 P.M. started towards Taylorsville, N. C.

April 15. Reached Taylorsville at midnight, distance fifty miles.

April 16 and 17. Marched to Lincolnton, N. C., forty-eight miles, dispersing the advance of Basil Duke's command of cavalry, who were in the vicinity for horses previous to joining Johnston's army.

April 17 to 22. Holding line of Catawba River to prevent disbanded men, not paroled, from Lee's and Johnston's armies, from escaping.

April 23 and 24. Marched to Rutherfordton, N. C., forty-five miles.

April 26. Started for East Tennessee, reaching the vicinity of Asheville, N. C., twenty-five miles. Received orders that armistice had been raised, and started for Yorkville, N. C.

April 28. Reached Rutherfordton, N. C., at sundown, twenty-five miles.

April 29 and 30. Marched to Spartansburg, S. C., sixty-two miles. Our efforts turned towards capture of Jeff Davis. Regiment marched 620 miles during the month.

May 1. Left Spartansburg for Lawrenceville, S. C. Major Wagner, with one battalion, sent to Lawrenceville, where he destroyed train of cars and captured a large number of prisoners and horses. Balance of command moved to north fork of Raitnier's Creek. Main column marched thirty-two miles; Major Wagner's battalion forty-five miles.

May 2. Crossed Raitner's Creek, Reedy and Saludo rivers to Honea Path, S. C., where a culvert was destroyed on Greenville-Columbia R. R. Moved on to Anderson Court House, distance thirty-nine miles.

May 3. Crossed Tugaloo River at Shallow Ford and marched towards Danielville, Ga., distance fifty-two miles.

May 4. Moved to Athens, Ga., to prevent Jeff Davis' cavalry escort from escaping across Savannah River, which was successfully done, he having been compelled by this movement to abandon his escort and move across the country a fugitive; distance marched seventeen miles.

May 7. Started on special expedition after Jeff Davis, moving south from Athens, Ga., twenty-eight miles.

May 8. Crossed Appalachee River and moved, via Fairplay, towards Covington, Ga., thirty-two miles, capturing seven wagons in which were $185,000 in gold, $1,585,000 in bonds and securities belonging to several Southern States, the Bank of Macon, and another Georgia bank, and several millions in Confederate bonds and notes.

May 10. Portion of Regiment captured General Bragg and staff; took his parole to report to Brevet Major-General Wilson, at Macon, Ga. Regiment, now much scattered, guarding fords, ferries, and roads to apprehend Davis.

May 10. Portion of Regiment captured General Bragg and staff; Davis had gone, Regiment was concentrated and moved, via Covington and Sheffield, Ga., towards Chattahoochee River. Main column marched twenty-six miles.

May 11. Moved via Decatur, to Atlanta, Ga., for supplies, twenty miles.

May 12. Ordered to guard line of Chattahoochee River. Countermanded. Moved, via Sandtown, Campbelltown and Jacksonville to Asheville, Ala. Difficulties in obtaining forage. Distance marched to Asheville, Ala., 146 miles.

May 15. Whilst en route received despatch of capture of Jeff Davis near Irwinton, Ga.

May 18. Regiment now guarding line from Blimsville, Ala., to Crossville, Ala., to prevent officers and men, not paroled, from joining Kirby Smith's Trans-Mississippi Department.

May 19. On account of forage moved westward and held line to Elyton; marched to six miles north of Chapultepec, in Murphy Valley. Headquarters marched twenty-two miles.

May 22. Moved towards Huntsville, Ala.

May 23. Reached Guntersville, Ala. Marched thirty-eight miles.

May 24. Crossed Tennessee River by gunboat and marched for Huntsville.

May 25. Reached Huntsville, forty-one miles. Entire distance marched by Regimental Headquarters during May, 495 miles. Several hundred prisoners were also paroled by order of Brvt. Brig.-Gen. W J. Palmer. Company K was detached at Jacksonville, Ala., and ordered on special mission to Montgomery, Ala., joining Regiment again at Huntsville, having marched nearly 400 miles.

June 21. Regiment mustered out of service at Nashville, Tenn.

TELEGRAMS FROM THE FRONT

THE following telegrams were sent from in front of the Confederate forces at the time of the threatened invasion of Pennsylvania, just before the battle of Antietam. The only United States troops confronting the enemy were 200 men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and a company of regulars from the barracks at Carlisle.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 11, 1862.

A. K. McCLURE,

Chambersburg, Pa.

If possible, send the regulars on to-night. They will be invaluable if we can get them here before morning. How soon will they reach here?

F. B. WARD.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 12, 1862.

MAJ. A. K. McCLURE,

Assistant Adjutant General, Chambersburg, Pa.

4 A.M. I have just returned from the enemy's cavalry camp, where I have been all day. I left there at 8 P.M., and was obliged to walk through the fields to avoid the pickets. Only about 250 rebel cavalry had reached Hagerstown by the Boonsboro road, but at 3 P.M. two regiments, say 1500 infantry, 2 cannon and 25 wagons, came in by the same road and camped in town. Owing to the rebel cavalry having selected the farm at which I was lodging for their camp and placed guards around the house, I was unable to ascertain what force entered by the other roads, if any, but my impression is that another infantry and cavalry force, etc. (people say Longstreet's Division), came in by Carlton road. I could not possibly ascertain the truth of this personally. The rebel sentinels told me the main body of Jackson's army, with Jackson himself, turned off at Boonsboro and went to Williamsport, probably to flank our men at Harper's Ferry. This was confirmed by the statement of another rebel cavalryman to my landlord, whom he knew, and called upon on first reaching Hagerstown. A sentinel told me, and an officer informed my landlord, that their cavalry was ordered out to go into Pennsylvania, at between 12 M. and 2 A.M. this morning, and that their infantry would follow this morning. On learning this, I left immediately for Greencastle, having no one that I could send with a message. In accordance with your instructions, and as my men would make a poor show as yet in a fight with untrained horses and miserable saddles and bridles and without spurs, I have instructed my pickets to fall back slowly, and shall have to do the same with the small mounted force here, say eighty men, in case the enemy approaches. The dismounted men will be sent to me on Greencastle road, as fast as mounted. Lieutenant Spencer's command should do the same or not come on to Chambersburg. If they had been here, we could have held the rebel cavalry at the State Line. All of Jackson's soldiers say they do not intend to injure a single Marylander, but threaten to do all sorts of bad things when they get into Pennsylvania. This movement may be a feint, but the rebel soldiers do not so understand it, and the fact of their bringing wagons and infantry shows it is no mere raid. From the conciliatory manner in which the rebels behaved yesterday toward the citizens (they even went without grain for their horses, when plenty could

have been seized), I think they imagine they will hold Maryland. One of their objects in invading Pennsylvania is to let the North know how invasion feels, and their policy may be to treat the non-combatants roughly, but I hardly think they will except in the matter of property. The enemy's cavalry was under command of Colonel Brinn, who resides near the State line and knows all the byroads. The infantry were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Drake, and number 1300 men, a number of recruits having been received since entering Maryland. They were armed with pistol, saber and carbine, and well clothed and shod, and were soldierly looking men. Some Mississippi soldiers were reported by this cavalry as being on the Covetown road, and the soldiers say more infantry would be in this morning. I tried to obtain a pass to Leitersburg from Lieutenant-Colonel Drake, of the cavalry, but he advised me to wait till morning. 4.30 A.M. A messenger from my pickets on the State Line has just reported that they heard the reveille blow in the rebel camp. The telegraph operator will put up his instruments at Marion—five miles from here. I will communicate to you further from there. The train will go on to Chambersburg. Is there a clear track? Has Lieutenant Spencer's party reached you? I shall endeavor to leave three men in citizen's clothing in Greencastle.

W J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding Anderson Cavalry.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 11, 1862.

R. H. LAMBORN,
Greencastle, Pa.

Five hundred of Palmer's men coming on from Carlisle. Scott instructs me to confer with you as to officers. Advise me promptly. Eighty regulars are also coming under Lieutenant Spencer.

A. K. MCCLURE.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 11, 1862.

MAJOR MCCLURE,
Chambersburg, Pa.

Tell Lieutenant Spencer to come to Greencastle with all his mounted men immediately Answer.

W J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., September 11, 1862.

CAPTAIN WARD,
Greencastle, Pa.

If position of matters does not change, will send regulars forward at once with horses and equipments. The movements of Palmer's men will be determined by circumstances; will probably drop there on railroad some point in your rear and move our forces forward. Give me your views. You cannot resist flank movements at Greencastle. We can where my men are now. Train will reach here about 4 o'clock.

A. K. MCCLURE.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 11, 1862.

MAJ. A. K. MCCLURE,
Chambersburg, Pa.

We have sent a squad of five men, with a light, over the road on a hand car, to see that it is unobstructed. Please send down men to meet

them, also provided with lights, with instructions to show these lights distinctly, and if they see the headlight of the locomotive to take the hand car off the track. If you send a train down, let the engineer know that men are on the track, and caution him about running.

R. H. L.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 11, 1862.

MAJOR MCCLURE,

Chambersburg, Pa.

We want a Provost Marshal here with nerve. Captain Palmer would be the man if we could get him, but he has not yet come in. We want one who will move not only property but the citizens themselves, if need be. I will inquire of Captain Ward regarding officers of Anderson Troop. Hand car not yet returned.

R. H. L.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 12, 1862.

A. K. MCCLURE,

Chambersburg, Pa.

Don't apprehend any attack before morning. I have the road strongly picketed. I will strengthen the pickets still more, and think I can hold my position till daybreak at furthest. It depends altogether who gets the earliest start, the rebels or us.

F B. WARD.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 12, 1862.

COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT,

Harrisburg, Pa.

Cannot something be done to provide our remaining 700 men of the Anderson Cavalry with horses immediately? I have not enough to relieve my men, and they are all on picket to-night again, and will have to be until I get reinforced. What is the objection to sending 100 of my dismounted men out for ten or twenty miles in the country and seizing 700 horses immediately? Another of our pickets, an Anderson trooper, on the State Line, was captured this afternoon by a dozen rebels, who made a sudden dash on him on Greencastle road. The regular, taken this morning, was released on parole.

WM. J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 12, 1862.

COL. THOS. A. SCOTT,

Governor's Room, Harrisburg, Pa.

From all that we can learn from various sources, it appears that the advance guard of the enemy has moved during the past twenty-four hours from a point about three miles southward of Hagerstown to a point on the road to this place about four miles northward of Hagerstown. The main body of men, however, appears to be yet somewhere in the meridian of Hagerstown. Several parties have declared that a large force is at Williamsport, but how they reached that place is not stated. The rebel Lieutenant-Colonel Brinn is said to have been making exceeding merry at his house about one-half mile south from the State Line, and that he is guarded by some 500 cavalry. The rebels upon entering Hagerstown placed guards at all the roads, with orders to shoot anyone who attempts to leave. Many rumors have been afloat

regarding the advance of squads in various directions, but these have lacked confirmation. The roads are well guarded, our fleetest horses being placed at the most exposed points. The Anderson cavalrymen have behaved admirably, though almost without arms and mounted on green horses, but are as cool as veterans. They are splendid material. No news yet from Captain P

R. H. LAMBORN.

HEADQUARTERS, HARRISBURG, PA., September 12, 1862.

TO CAPT. WM. J. PALMER,
Greencastle, Pa.

You will act as Provost Marshal for the borough of Greencastle and immediate vicinity, and will be respected accordingly.

By order of A. G. CURTIN, Commander-in-Chief,

A. K. MCCLURE.
Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 13, 1862.

CAPT. D. H. HASTINGS,
Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

I have just received an order from Governor Curtin, through Major McClure, to report to Captain Palmer. Shall I do so? I await your orders.

E. W TARLETON,
First Lieut. Third Cav., Commanding Company.

CARLISLE, PA., September 13, 1862.

LIEUTENANT TARLETON.

Try and get along quietly. I have telegraphed Governor Curtin, requesting him not to interfere with you or I would be compelled to withdraw you, which I do not wish to do.

D. H. HASTINGS,
Captain First Cavalry.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 12, 1862.

MAJOR MCCLURE,
Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. A., Chambersburg, Pa.

One of my men, captured by the enemy on picket this morning and paroled, reports 500 rebel cavalry across the State line under Colonel Brinn.

E. W TARLETON,
First Lieut. Third Cavalry.

STATE LINE, PA., September 13, 1862.

MAJ. A. K. MCCLURE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

The rebel pickets have been drawn back on the main roads; they are meditating a movement either backward, in consequence of something that may have occurred in their rear, or for the purpose of arranging for a dash to-night. I think the latter, as a body of them went over this afternoon to the farm of Colonel Brinn, who commands the rebel cavalry. My pickets now occupy the ground they reached this morning, and will be advanced in the morning to State Line, if we can get some more cavalry here to act as reserve. At present, as hitherto, all our men are

at the front, which has given the enemy a very decent opinion of our numbers. Rev. Mr. Stine says they told him in Hagerstown yesterday that all the scouts had returned reporting that the Yankees were as thick as grasshoppers at the State Line. It will be well to keep up the impression, and as Colonel Campbell's force comes up to-night, it should come with considerable ostentation—the locomotives whistling, men cheering, etc. The rebel infantry cannot reach here to-night, and if a dash is made it will be with their cavalry alone. We can take care of them with 500 infantry and our cavalry. They should come up immediately and encamp on their arms in line of battle at a point which I will consult Captain Lane about. As much as possible of the rest of the infantry force ought to be moved to Marion. How soon can the 550 be here? Tarleton has not yet reported.

WM. J. PALMER.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 13, 1862.

COL. THOS. A. SCOTT,

Harrisburg, Pa.

It is of the utmost importance that the newspapers should give no information whatever of the number of our forces sent up the Cumberland Valley. At present, the rebels have a favorable opinion of our numbers, which is an impression that should be kept up by all means in our power for the next week. Cannot you effect this?

WM. J. PALMER.

September 13, 1862.

MAJ. A. K. MCCLURE,

Assistant Adjutant General.

All quiet this morning so far. I have sent the regulars to intercept the wagon train on Mercersburg road, if possible. Our pickets on Williamsport pike report three Roman candles sent up—at 12 midnight, one at 12.15 and another rocket at 2.30 A.M. Cannot General Reynolds come here this morning?

WM. J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding Cavalry.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 13, 1862.

MAJ. A. K. MCCLURE.

Please state the number, and name of commanding officer, on afternoon train. Rebel infantry are at Middleburg, where I was driven from this morning. To what extent do you propose reinforcing us here? Send a messenger to Lieutenant Spencer, who ought to be at Marion, ordering him up immediately. I have not a man to spare. Our men cannot stand this work much longer; it will kill both man and horse. Captain Palmer is now out Williamsport road with twenty men. Answer soon.

FRANK B. WARD,
Captain Commanding.

STATE LINE, PA., September 14, 1862, 6 A.M.

MAJOR MCCLURE.

Lieutenant Tarleton has reported to me this morning. All right now. The paroled regular says he saw five full companies of rebel cavalry drawn up at Colonel Brinn's farm, one mile from State Line, whither they took him yesterday. Our picket on Williamsport pike at State Line yesterday P.M. reported he saw a large wagon train of what he thought was 200 wagons with a guard of 150 cavalry passing along road from

Hagerstown road toward Mercersburg. If we had more men, that road could be guarded. I presume the rebels foraged there yesterday. If all the organized men at Mercersburg could be mounted and provided with pistols and sabers immediately, they could attend to that road and those running in the direction of State Line east as far as Upton.

WM. J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding Cavalry.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 14, 1862.

MAJOR MCCLURE.

If the Marion force could come here to-night, it would answer all purposes and perhaps save Greencastle. I do not think they would have anything to do but let the fact of their arrival be known, which we would have circulated on the other side of the line. If the raw men have made up their minds to fight, they will answer here as well as at Marion. It is important for the moral effect that Greencastle and the country to the Line should not be given up. Our pickets at Upton have just sent in two deserters from Jackson's army, undoubtedly reliable. One of them is very intelligent and knows the composition of most of their army corps. I am taking down his statements. He thinks the cannonading this morning was at Martinsburg, and says the guns were too heavy to be theirs—they have nothing heavier than twelve pounders in the Virginia army since leaving Richmond. He confirmed the report that Longstreet's Army Corps was in Hagerstown. It consists of four divisions under General Anderson, of South Carolina, Generals Jones and Whiting, of Texas, and one other. The white-haired General I referred to as being there, he thinks was General Lee, who was still riding in an ambulance, from his wounded arm, one week ago, when the deserter saw him. He says the whole of Longstreet's division was drawn up in line of battle with artillery posted—this was two miles back of Hagerstown.

WM. J. PALMER.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 14, 1862, 9 P.M.

MAJ. A. K. MCCLURE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

My scout reached Hagerstown at 3 P.M. to-day, at which time he says Longstreet's Corps, excepting Tombs' brigade, was leaving Hagerstown. They commenced leaving at about 11 A.M., and he saw rear of Longstreet's army go over the hill near Funkstown, say two miles from Hagerstown, on Boonsboro road, at 3.30 P.M. The impression of the spectators was that they were going into camp then and there; but it may have been only their wagons which stopped—these he saw in five rows, parked in a field on both sides of the road at point named. The citizens said there had been fighting at or near Middletown this morning; that McClellan had been driven back two miles, and that the final issue was so critical as to make it necessary to order back Longstreet's Corps to reinforce the rebels. He could not see any troops but Colonel Brinn's Cavalry and a few infantry sentinels anywhere in or about Hagerstown, but was informed that Tombs' brigade was still there, encamped two miles this side of town, on Greencastle road. They also thought there was fighting to-day at Harper's Ferry, from the direction of the cannonading. My scout also reports that the division of the rebel army which was encamped one and a half miles east of Hagerstown, on Boonsboro road, and which he thinks was Loring's, commenced leaving for Boonsboro this morning. This would give Loring seventeen and Longstreet

nineteen miles to march to Middletown—the latter having been encamped one mile south of town on the Williamsport road.

Two more deserters have come in this evening from whom I learn the following, which is somewhat confirmed by the scout's statements. One says the rebel Virginia army consists now of the following divisions: Jackson's, Ewell's and A. P Hill's, forming Jackson's Corps and numbering 30,000. All these turned off at Boonsboro and crossed the river into Virginia at Williamsport on Thursday, September 11th. Longstreet's Corps—the best fighting corps, and with the best artillery in their army—consists of Anderson's, Jones', Whiting's and old Longstreet's divisions, with several battalions of artillery, including the Washington and Donaldson artillery, etc., in all 30,000—this turned off at Boonsboro and marched to Hagerstown. The wagons of A. P. Hill's division, after crossing the river at Williamsport, were returned again and sent up by Williamsport pike to Hagerstown, where they went into camp with Longstreet. The next is Loring's division, a weak one, say 6000 to 8000 men, which followed Longstreet and encamped one mile east of Hagerstown, on Boonsboro pike. This may possibly have been Wilcox's division, however; if not, the remaining divisions in Maryland are Walker's, Wilcox's, Loring's and D. H. Hill's—the last containing about 10,000 men, who entered Boonsboro on Friday and were still there (when the deserter left at 9 A.M. yesterday, Saturday), encamped on a hill a quarter of a mile east of Boonsboro. He belongs to Second North Carolina regiment, of Geo. B. Anderson's brigade, D. H. Hill's division. At that time he heard that Walker's division was five miles back. An officer told him it only contained three brigades, and that two regiments had been detached before they reached Frederick. The strength of these four divisions, which with Jackson's and Longstreet's Corps includes everything they have in Maryland, our intelligent deserter (the New Yorker whom I referred to last evening) estimates at 40,000, making 100,000 in all in Maryland. The only divisions he knows of are Gustavus Smith's and Jos. E. Johnston's, both now probably under the former, as he does not believe Johnston is well yet, and numbering 40,000. These he thinks are near Centreville. This man is a gentlemanly fellow from New Orleans and seems to be acquainted with every man in Washington artillery. If the above facts be correct, neither Jackson's, Longstreet's or Loring's (perhaps Wilcox's, instead of Loring's) men could have been in the battle this morning—and they will be in the fight if it is renewed, if they can get there in time. Our cavalry reserves are at State Line, pickets in Maryland. Infantry here.

WM. J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding Anderson Cavalry.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 14, 1862.

MAJ. A. K. MCCLURE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Lieutenant Tarleton informs my messenger he was not instructed to report to me, but is willing to assist. Better recall him and detail Spencer to command them. My men have had no sleep for three nights, and I must use all fresh men immediately to relieve them. Tarleton says his instructions are to report to the Garrison.

WM. J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding Cavalry.

GREENCASTLE, PA., September 14, 1862.

A. K. MCCLURE.

I do not think it is time, as I have reliable information that there is but one body between here and Hagerstown and that is on Berry farm,

500 strong. It may have been some of my men, as my pickets are a good ways out the Waynesboro road. I sent two messengers there to-night. Do everything in your power to reinforce us before morning, as we will need them then, I think.

FRANK B. WARD.

CHAMBERSBURG, September 15, 1862.

CAPT. W J. PALMER,

I send you now Captain Byers' cavalry, fifty men. Expect Philadelphia City Troop here to-night or morning. Have telegraphed Scott to send them on to Greencastle by cars. Have ordered Captain of Meyersburg cavalry and Captain of Waynesburg cavalry to report here at once for sabres and ammunition. This will probably give you four hundred (400) mounted. Expect a cavalry company from Shippenburg to-morrow some time. Will see what can be done towards impressing horses, or could you make use of the balance of Colonel Brawn's regiment of infantry? I will relieve Byers at once, and order him to Greencastle to Captain Love. The Scott company will go on to-night.

JOHN A. WRIGHT,
Col. and Asst. Adjt. Gen. on Gov. Curtin's Staff.

HARRISBURG, September 15, 1862.

CAPT. W J. PALMER,

General Halleck undoubtedly means all the cavalry at Greencastle, including those which arrived from Harper's Ferry battlefield, and is believed to be in Middletown Valley. Longstreet's division on the way from Boonsboro to join the rebel forces engaged with McClellan. Consult immediately with Colonel commanding United States cavalry that arrived this morning. Much good may be done by harassing the rear of the rebel army, perhaps capture a General or two.

THOS. A. SCOTT,
Asst. Secretary of War.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

General Order No. 3.

HARRISBURG, September 9, 1862.

The War Department has ordered us to remain for the present in Pennsylvania to aid in repelling the invaders from our own homes. This order I have no doubt accords directly with your warmest wishes, as it does with mine. To carry it out, carbines and horse equipment have been ordered to be sent to us immediately, and the Governor has made arrangements to provide us with horses. For the present we are to act in the Cumberland Valley as scouts, etc., to gain and carry information of the enemy's movements, and as a rear guard to impede and harass his march. Temporary appointments will at once be made of acting Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants and Corporals for each company to answer for the emergency. Each man in the command will endeavor to learn how to handle his saber and carbine in the shortest time. And remem-

ber that good discipline, a prompt and immediate obedience to all orders, is more important than drill, and that the only certain and ultimate maxim of war is that brave men will conquer cowards.

No further furloughs will be granted and men now absent on furlough will be immediately recalled.

By order of

W J. PALMER,
Captain Commanding Anderson Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., May 10, 1863.

Special Field Order No. 127 } EXTRACTS.

XI. The Governor of Penna., having placed the appointment of the Officers of the 15th Penna. Cav'y in the hands of the Major-General Cmdg. the Department, he announces the following officers, to wit,—

1st Lieut. Wm. P Rockhill—to be Captain of Co. "C" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Wm. Thompson—to be Captain Co. "D" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

Q. M. S. of Regt. Geo. S. Clark—to be Captain Co. "E" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Lieut. Henry McAllister, Jr.—to be Captain Co. "G" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

Sgt. Maj. of Regt. Edward Sellers—to be Captain Co. "H" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Lieut. Wm. W. DeWitt—to be Captain Co. "I" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Abram B. Garner—to be Captain Co. "K" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Lieut. Adam Kramer—to be Captain Co. "M" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Anthony Taylor—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "A" to date from Apr. 30, 1863,

1st Sergt. Geo. W Hildebrand—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "B" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. James H. Lloyd—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "C" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Chas. F Blight—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "D" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Chas. H. Kirk—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "E" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Harvey S. Lingle—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "G" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

Com. Sgt. of Regt. Wm. M. Field—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "H" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Stuart Logan—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "I" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

Sergt. Frank E. Remont—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "K" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Annesley N. Morton—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "L" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

1st Sergt. Harry K. Weand—to be 1st Lieut. Co. "M" to date from Apr. 30, 1863.

The remaining officers will be hereafter appointed for meritorious conduct.

By command of

MAJOR GENERAL ROSECRANS.
H. THRALL,
Capt. & A. A. Genl.

COL. WM. J. PALMER,
Comdg. 15th Pa. Cav'y.

WINCHESTER, TENN., August 12, 1863.

COL. WILLIAM J. PALMER,
Commanding Anderson Cavalry.

Colonel,—In obedience to your order, I herewith transmit a sketch of the country lying adjacent to the road leading from this place to Larkin's Fork via Salem.

As your chief object, according to my interpretation of the order, seemed to be to ascertain the character of the road beyond Salem, it will be unnecessary to speak at length concerning the road to that place. I beg leave to remark, however, that it is now in excellent condition; good roads are cut through the fields wherever standing pools of water render the main highway impassable. The facilities for watering stock are poor, as there are no streams of running water in the vicinity of the road. At Salem the road leading to Larkin's Fork, and thence to Bellefonte and Larkinsville, strikes off nearly at right angles with the former road, running generally in a direction somewhat east of south to the base of the mountains, nearly five miles from Salem. The land in this valley is extremely fertile and well watered, the road crossing both branches of Bean's Creek. There is also near the base of the mountain, to the right of the road, an artificial water basin, filled at the present time with good, pure water. From this road, leading in a northeasterly direction, to the Salem road, are several settlement roads and bridle paths, which, if passable, would be much the nearer way from this place (Winchester) to the mountain base; but the recent heavy rains have washed these paths so badly that it is doubtful whether they could be used to advantage for military purposes. The prevailing opinions among the residents were that time and trouble would be saved by adhering to the main road, by way of Salem.

At the foot of the mountain the road makes a turn to the right, and after running for a short distance in a southwesterly course, makes, by a long curve, a turn to the left (as you will perceive by the map), and the ascent of the mountain commences. Immediately after making the second turn, the road for a hundred yards, probably, is steep, and a very heavily laden wagon could scarcely be drawn up it. I think, however, that this hill could be easily avoided by cutting a road through the field to the left for a short distance. The balance of the road to the summit of the mountain is by no means steep, and, although in many places quite rough and stony, there is no obstacle that can seriously impede the passage of either artillery or baggage wagons.

Forrest was here personally until early this morning, when he left. He heard that Hindman was here, but did not see him.

The enemy have three guns. Colonel Harker is disposed to wait here until General Wood's or other forces come up.

A moment ago tolerably heavy cannonading began in the direction of Stevens' Gap. About thirty guns have been fired so far in the time it has taken me to write this. It now continues at irregular intervals. I have sixty-five men with me.

The deserter from Forrest's escort is known to one of my old guides, who thinks he is reliable.

Respectfully,

W. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

P. S.—It is about sixteen miles from here to Stevens' Gap by the right-hand road of the two which fork here. The left goes to Lafayette, thirteen miles distant. None of the infantry or cavalry took the right-hand road, although it would be possible to go to Stevens' Gap by taking a road to the right, five miles from here, on the Lafayette road. The people have not heard cannonading in the direction of Stevens' Gap, or any other direction, before it began since I got here this P.M. There has been no cannonading for fifteen minutes at Stevens' Gap.

W J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
September 11, 1863, 12 midnight.

LIEUT.-COL. C. GODDARD,
Asst. Adjutant General, Headquarters Dept. of the Cumberland.

Colonel,—I have the honor to report my arrival with the detachment of this Regiment from Gordon's Mills at the hour above stated. I came across the ridges and up the Chattanooga Valley, intersecting the main cove road at Macauley's, seven miles from Chattanooga. By the route I came the distance was sixteen miles.

On leaving Gordon's Mills, which I did a little before dark, by the road down the Chickamauga, I encountered two of the enemy's pickets, who fired three shots and then ran back far enough to enable our column to reach, without further molestation, the intersecting road by which we returned, which starts off one mile below the mills. The cannonading toward Stevens' Gap was not afterward heard. At the time I left Colonel Harker was just going into camp. He was expecting General Wood in the course of the night. This rebel cavalry had been all along the road we returned by during the day. We saw none, however. Their picket fires were seen everywhere as we came along. We crossed Missionary Ridge and Dry Valley Ridge.

I delivered the deserters, six in number, to Colonel Harker, except the

one on General Forrest's escort, whom I brought along and now have in camp.

I am, Colonel, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., September 29, 1863.

COL. W J. PALMER.

Colonel,—In obedience to your request I have the honor to report that an abundance of forage exists in the Sequatchie (Hog Trough) Valley, there not having been any forage trains in that section previous to the twenty-sixth day of September, when I reached there with my train. The inhabitants living on the ridge (Walden's) and in the valley (Sequatchie) report that corn is plentiful for a distance of thirty-six miles in length and two miles in breadth, the valley averaging four miles wide. As in most cases, the people living on the ridge are Union, but in the valley rebel sympathizers are found. About seven miles from Chattanooga there is a gap in the mountain through which wagon trains pass in going to Bridgeport (over the Anderson road). At this place I determined to cross, but in consequence of the large number of wagon trains crossing I discovered that I would be likely to be detained for a long time, and therefore proceeded farther on to another gap (commonly called Poe's road), eight miles distant. It is a difficult road to ascend, the grades are very steep, and in many places large rocks project from the earth, which jar the wagons; the distance from the foot to the top of the ridge being one mile. On the top the road is good and level. The people are nearly all Union, but poor, and all prayerfully hope for an early termination of the war. But little forage exists on the mountain, and farm pursuits are greatly neglected. In descending the mountain into the valley (Sequatchie) the road is fully as steep as the one leading into the Tennessee Valley, but smooth, and less difficulty is experienced in ascending or descending, it being one and one-half miles from the top of the ridge to its foot, where lives one Mr. Henson, a wealthy man and a rebel. Out of his abundant corn fields we loaded our wagons. Along the entire route water is plentiful and springs are everywhere abundant. It is sixteen miles from Chattanooga to Poe's Gap (or Poe's Tavern), and eleven miles from the foot of the ridge on one side to the foot of the ridge on the other, making in all twenty-seven miles from Chattanooga to the foot of the mountain on Poe's road in Sequatchie Valley. The distance from Chattanooga to the top of Walden's Ridge (eighteen and one-quarter miles) can be made in one day. From this point (the eastern brow) wagons can go down, load up and return over the mountain to Poe's Tavern, at the eastern foot, in another day, and from Poe's Tavern they can return to Chattanooga in five hours, making for the round trip two and one-half days.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. S. CLARK,
Capt. Co. E, Fifteenth Pa. Cav.

WALDEN'S RIDGE,
(Eastern brow, on Anderson road, eight miles from Chattanooga)
October 3, 1863, 1 A.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD,
Chief of Staff.

General,—I find here the Colonel of the Twenty-first Kentucky with two of his companies that were left here this morning, and fragments of all his remaining companies which were dispersed at the time of the attack by the rebel cavalry at 9 A.M. at Anderson's. He says his regiment was ordered to proceed to Anderson's to help trains up the mountain; that he had hardly got there yesterday morning when he heard of the rebels in the valley; that he hurried down the mountain, but found the attacking party too large for him. He estimated it at two brigades, under Wheeler. He has taken several prisoners, all of whom state that there were two divisions present; also that Wharton's cavalry had gone over to McMinnville.

The Colonel estimates the entire loss of wagons at 300, being trains of General Rousseau, General Sheridan, the Anderson cavalry, and a small ammunition train of General Thomas' Corps. The rebels burned most of the wagons, and at about 10 A.M. left, taking the direction of Jasper. Negley's train, he says, passed over safely just before the attack. He has since learned and believes that Colonel McCook's cavalry arrived at Anderson's not long after the destruction of the wagons, and that they drove the rebels back up the valley. As this is confirmed by two of Colonel McCook's men who have just passed here on their way to Chattanooga, I take its truth for granted, and have concluded that it is unnecessary for me to go on farther on this road. I shall therefore return immediately to the foot of the mountain, and go on to the Poe road, in which direction I have already sent three companies.

Colonel Mitchell's brigade of Steadman's division has just arrived at this point, and expects to go on toward Anderson's in the morning. The Colonel of the Twenty-first Kentucky thinks a considerable number of his missing will turn up.

I am, General, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding Anderson Cavalry.

POE ROAD,
(On western brow of Walden's Ridge, overlooking Sequatchie Valley, twenty-six miles from Chattanooga)
October 3, 1863, 7 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD,
Chief of Staff, Headquarters Department of the Cumberland.

General.—I have just reached here by the Poe road, after picketing the eastern foot of the mountain at the several roads and bridle paths. I

thought it possible the rebels, being hemmed in, in the Sequatchie Valley, near Dunlap, by General Crook's division above and Colonel McCook's below them, might attempt to break across to the Tennessee Valley by the Poe road or some of the adjacent bridle paths. But I find on arriving here that the fight which took place between the rebel cavalry and Colonel McCook's yesterday evening was between Anderson's and Therman, and that the result was so much of a defeat to the enemy that they fled to the Cumberland Mountains by the Therman road and Hill road, leaving a considerable number of scattered parties cut off in the Sequatchie Valley, who are still wandering about there this afternoon.

The rebels were followed by our cavalry, and the fight was renewed on the Savage road, on the Cumberland Mountains, at daybreak this morning, and lasted with great severity for two hours, the cannonading at the close appearing to be more distant than at first. The above is derived from the son of Squire Roberts, of McLemore's Cove, whom we met on the road, he having come from the valley above Dunlap this morning.

A man named Welsh, a Union man in the valley, who saw them all pass his house, says the rebels numbered 8000. The statements in regard to the result of the fighting last evening, and of its renewal this morning at daybreak on the Cumberland Mountains, have been verified by the report of several other parties.

None of our troops are opposite this point in the Sequatchie Valley, all the cavalry having gone on in pursuit of the enemy. I shall start down the mountain into the Sequatchie Valley at daybreak to-morrow, by the Aleck's Gap road, the Poe road having been blockaded by fallen trees about half way down. The Aleck's Gap trace is three miles above this.

Twenty-two wagons of the Pioneer brigade are here waiting to go down after forage. Their escort will remove the obstructions early in the morning. If the above reports are true, this road should now be used by trains from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, as it is a much better road.

I am, General, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding Anderson Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(At Roberson's, on Pikeville road, two miles north of Henson's or foot of mountain at Poe road)
October 4, 1863, 5 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD,
Chief of Staff.

General,—I have my men picketing and guarding the two roads in the Sequatchie Valley, at points north of the Poe road and the trails leading up the Cumberland Mountains, between the Roberson trail (nine miles north of Dunlap), which was taken by General Crook's division and

Wilder's command, and the Hill road (opposite Dunlap), taken by General Mitchell with Colonel McCook and Colonel Campbell.

I caught up with General Mitchell on the last-named road on top of the mountain, two miles from the brow, at two P.M. to-day. He had just reached that point with the head of his column, the rebels having over a day the start. The rebels began going up the same road at three P.M. on Friday after the fight, near Anderson's, and kept going all night. At daybreak the next morning Colonel McCook caught up with them on top of the mountain, and, after a slight skirmish, recaptured 200 mules. The pursuit was not continued, and our men returned. Some of the rebels took the Therman road. General Crook went up the Roberson trace, evening before last, so that he should have headed off Wheeler's party that destroyed the trains.

I do not think over 2000 came down the Sequatchie Valley; they had no cannon. General Mitchell thinks Forrest went with the rest over the mountain from Pikeville toward McMinnville.

The loss of the rebels in the fight near Anderson's on Friday afternoon was 120 killed and wounded (sixty killed, chiefly with saber) and eighty-seven prisoners, including Wheeler's Assistant Adjutant General and some eight other officers.

The Second Indiana and First Wisconsin were the only regiments up at that time, and they charged them boldly with the saber.

The obstructions to the Poe road have been removed, and, I think, half the wagons should be sent around by this route to save time.

From Roberson's northward, on both sides of the river, there is abundant forage; none south of it in this valley. The rebel cavalry had not time to feed their horses while in it.

Colonel McCook recaptured in all 300 mules. The rebels got very drunk on the liquor they captured; some of them must be clothed entirely in our uniform now. I saw lids of boxes on the mountain marked "uniform, trousers," etc.

I shall remain at Roberson's for the present, and as we have no wagons left to haul forage, would it not be best for the Regiment to be stationed here until the deficiency can be supplied? Please answer. My men have no subsistence, but are living on the country. We had but one day's rations in Chattanooga when ordered out, and could not take three, as directed.

I have a Lieutenant and twenty men in the Tennessee Valley, at and near Poe's Tavern.

I am, General, yours, etc.,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(Roberson's plantation, eight miles above Anderson's)
SEQUATCHIE VALLEY, October 12, 1863.

LIEUT.-COL. C. GODDARD,
Asst. Adjutant General, Headquarters Dept. of the Cumberland.

Colonel,—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 11, directing me to establish communication by courier from your (my) camp to Poe's Tavern, and thence to Anderson's Crossroads. I already have a courier post at Henson's, at the foot of the mountain in Sequatchie Valley, on Poe road, and one at Poe's Tavern, which is at foot of mountain in the Tennessee Valley, and I am informed by Colonel Tillson (through one of my officers just from Anderson's) that he has a courier line in operation between Anderson's and Chattanooga.

I have sent some men to establish a courier post at Reynolds', on the mountain, about half way across, and the only convenient place for water. This will complete the line from Poe's Tavern to my camp. I have also established a post half way between Henson's and Anderson's, in this valley, which completes a line from Poe's Tavern to Anderson's via Poe road. Will you please inform me after looking at the enclosed sketch, whether I have interpreted the order aright?

One of my squadrons has collected eighty head of cattle in the last two days, below this in the valley, and has sent them to Chattanooga by General Wagner's escort. There are more cattle here, but to a great extent in the hands of Union people, who have very little else left.

I am, Colonel, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
ROBERSON'S, October 15, 1863.

COL. JOHN TILLSON,
Commanding Brigade.

Colonel,—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 13th.

I understand from it that you have five regiments of infantry stretched across the valley from the east mountain (Walden's Ridge) to the Sequatchie River.

There is, as you are aware, a main road extending the whole length of the valley on the west side of the Sequatchie River. I have all the roads and trails leading from this main road over the Cumberland Mountains picketed from Dunlap to Lamb trail, nine miles above it in the valley. But there are several trails over the Cumberland Ridge, south of Dunlap, that I cannot picket. It would seem that some force should be at Therman, and that the mountain trails between Therman and Dunlap should be picketed, or the main valley road connecting them

be frequently patrolled. The propriety of withdrawing the courier line across the mountain at Anderson's and making the connection with your camp by the Poe road has been discussed, I understand, at headquarters. This should by no means be done, as it is five miles nearer from my camp to Chattanooga by way of Anderson's than by Poe's Tavern, and it will be greatly out of the way to send from Chattanooga to you by way of Poe's Tavern. Would it not be well for you to represent this fact to headquarters? General Spears sent me word yesterday from his camp on Sale Creek that Colonel Byrd, the advance of Burnside's army, has his brigade at Post Oak Springs, on this side of the river in Roane County, and that his pickets extend down the river as far as Cotton Port (where Wheeler's Cavalry recently crossed). Scouts just returned from the south side of the river report the enemy's strength, between Harrison and the Hiwassee River, at 1000 to 1500. The courier line from Chattanooga to Washington was expected to be extended through to Burnside's command yesterday. Can you tell me whether the Little Sequatchie River is past fording above Jasper on the road from Dunlap down the valley? I have a train out by that route for subsistence.

Do you have any communication with Jasper or Battle Creek? We have an excellent bridge across the Big Sequatchie River, near here at Therman. I shall be pleased to hear from you. What is going on below or at Chattanooga?

Yours, etc.,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(Roberson's Plantation)
SEQUATCHIE VALLEY, October 23, 1863.

LIEUT.-COL. C. GODDARD,
Asst. Adjutant General, Headquarters Dept. of the Cumberland.

Colonel,—Having returned last evening from a scout with a small detachment of my Regiment through the upper part of the Sequatchie Valley and the coves in the mountains dividing this valley from the Tennessee Valley at Post Oak Springs, near Kingston, I deem it proper to report that I consider it practicable to obtain, with proper energy, a sufficient number of cattle and sheep in that belt of the country to feed the army at Chattanooga for several weeks. And I would suggest, in case the wants of the army render it necessary, a small mounted force be sent there, with directions to seize and receipt for all sheep and cattle fit for meat, excepting yoke cattle and milch cows. If necessary, I can furnish from my Regiment the mounted force necessary to do this. I also think that a considerable amount of wheat might be seized in the same region and ground, at the numerous mills in this valley, into flour for the use of the army; and if the corn is more necessary for subsistence than forage, it might be made into meal. Country ox-teams could be used to haul the wheat to the mill.

Lieutenant Window, of the Seventy-third Illinois regiment, Sheridan s division, has in four days collected in this valley in a few miles above and below Pikeville (a country which had already been foraged over), 350 head of cattle and over 100 head of sheep, with a force of but fifteen men. He has exhibited so much energy, and has been so successful, that in case the scarcity of meat still exists at Chattanooga, he should be detailed to obtain fresh beef for the army from this country. If the several division commanders send out their detachments for this purpose, the distribution will not be as equal throughout the army as it should be. I have ventured to make these suggestions, without being aware that such an urgency exists as to render it necessary to adopt them, resulting, as such adoption would, in nearly stripping the country of the means of subsistence for the citizens.

I am, Colonel, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

CAMP ON NORTH SIDE OF TENNESSEE RIVER,
NEAR LOUDON, December 6, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL REYNOLDS,
Chief of Staff, Headquarters Department of the Cumberland.

General,—I learn that the steamboats that were coming up from Chattanooga have returned, finding a difficulty in getting over White's Creek Shoals, fifteen to twenty miles below Kingston, where there is but three feet of water. Would it not be advisable, as these steamboats are of so much importance to General Sherman's command, to have their supplies, which have been unloaded, I believe, on this side at the foot, hauled (by pressed teams) to a point above the shoals, and the lightest-draught boats at Chattanooga to return, crossing the shoals empty, and load up with stores and proceed up the river, in which there is no further obstruction of importance? I make this suggestion not knowing what action has been already taken in this matter.

I reached Loudon with my command last night; found no troops there, General Sherman having left at 10 P.M. Friday night, and General Granger's force on Saturday morning. Granger crossed to this side and went up to Knoxville. Sherman crossed the Little Tennessee at Davis' Ford, eight miles above Loudon, and I presume is now in Knoxville or beyond. I understand that a portion of this force has gone toward the North Carolina mountains to catch a train of several hundred wagons. I have just received an order to push on to Knoxville, all the mounted troops being required to pursue Longstreet, who is making his way toward Virginia between Knoxville and Cumberland Gap. I shall start immediately. The rebel cavalry reported at 1000, that was between Loudon and Kingston night before last, has all disappeared, and is now all believed to be beyond Knoxville. I have ventured to communicate these facts and suggestions to you because I have an opportunity to do

so by courier just starting, and General Sherman's communications with you are no doubt very uncertain.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
TROTTER'S BRIDGE, December 11, 1863.

MAJOR GENERAL BURNSIDE:

General,—I have the honor to report that on yesterday morning a little after daybreak I reached Gatlinburg, fifteen miles from Sevierville, on the Smoky Mountains road, with 150 men, having approached from a point on the same road, three miles in the rear of Gatlinburg, which point I reached by a circuitous and almost impassable trail from Weir's Cove.

At the same time Lieut.-Col. C. B. Lamborn with about fifty men reached Gatlinburg from the north by the Sevierville road, which he intersected at Trotter's Bridge, seven miles north of Gatlinburg, by a road leading from Weir's Cove, where our forces had divided.

Capt. H. McAllister with the remainder of our force, consisting chiefly of men whose horses were unshod or unfit to travel over the rough mountain trails, had been sent the previous afternoon to Sevierville from Chandler's, eighteen miles from Knoxville, where I turned off to go to Weir's Cove. His instructions were to picket the roads out to Sevierville, preventing anyone from leaving the place, in order that information of our movements might not reach the enemy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn and I reached Gatlinburg from opposite directions at about the same moment, both finding pickets posted, who immediately fired, thereby alarming the enemy's camp, which we found situated on a steep, wooded ridge commanding both roads and intercepting communication between us.

It being impossible to make a dash upon them, we were obliged to dismount our men and deploy them as skirmishers. We drove them from their position, which was a strong one, in about an hour, but, unfortunately the steep, wooded ridge on which they had their camp jutted onto the mountain on the east, and it was impracticable to prevent the rebels, on retreating, from taking up this mountain where we could not reach them, and where they continued firing from behind the thick cover for several hours. They finally retreated, scattering over the ridges to the Great Smoky Mountains.

From all the information I could get, I estimate their force at about 200, of which 150 were Indians and the remainder white men, the whole under the command of Colonel Thomas, an old Indian agent.

We captured their camp with one prisoner, sixteen horses, eighteen muskets, two boxes of ammunition, several bushels of salt, meal, dried fruit, etc., and a large quantity of blankets, old clothing, etc. A number of squaws had reached them the previous evening, and they had evidently

intended remaining at Gatlinburg for the winter, as their declarations to the citizens in the vicinity proved.

We destroyed the log huts and frame buildings composing their camp, and have returned most of the horses to their loyal owners. Colonel Thomas was evidently taken by surprise, as he had not time to get his hat from his quarters at the foot of the ridge, which one of our men captured.

I regret to report that two of my officers and a Sergeant were wounded in the skirmish, Captain Clark seriously in the knee. Captain Betts received a painful flesh wound in the arm. The Sergeant's wound was trivial. The loss of the enemy is not known. If any were killed they carried them off when they retreated.

Colonel Thomas has most probably taken his men back to Quallatown, in North Carolina, but I have sent a scouting party out this morning to ascertain.

I very much regret that we were not more successful. We rode all night over a footpath that many of the citizens considered impracticable; and while I cannot see that we could have done better under the circumstances than we did, yet I can now see from my knowledge of the ground (which was entirely unknown to us before) how I might have captured most of the party by making certain dispositions before reaching Gatlinburg.

I start this morning for Evans' Ford, on French Broad, nine miles from Sevierville, and between that place and Dandridge, where I learn 100 rebel cavalry crossed last night.

I am, General, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
DANDRIDGE, December 13, 1863, 6 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SPEARS,
Commanding U. S. Forces at Strawberry Plains.

General,—I have just received the order to move with my command to Morristown to protect a telegraph party sent out from Strawberry Plains.

My pickets were attacked at 10 o'clock this morning by a small scouting party of the enemy sent out (as prisoners assert) from Bull's Gap. I happened to be near the picket post at the time and immediately pursued them with the reserve, on the Bull's Gap road, and succeeded in capturing six of them belonging to the Arkansas cavalry, after a chase of six miles. We got their horses, arms and saddles. I send the six prisoners to you herewith, together with one other belonging to Wheeler's cavalry, whom we captured in a recent skirmish with a battalion of Indians, under Colonel Thomas, at Gatlinburg. Also a rebel soldier named Hightower, belonging to Buckner's command, reported to me since writing the last sentence.

I have sent three companies, under Lieutenant Mather, at once to Mossy Creek, which they will reach before midnight, and will start with the balance of my command at about daybreak on the direct road to Morristown. I hope, however, it will not be necessary to remain very long at Morristown, as I am better able to watch operations of the enemy by being farther to the east. I have sent scouting parties out to Newport and the mouth of Chucky, who will report by morning.

I am, General, very respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
DANDRIDGE, December 13, 1863, 8 P.M.
(Received 15th.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SPEARS,
Commanding U. S. Forces, Strawberry Plains.

General,—From interrogation of the prisoners I send you, who left their camp at about 4 P.M. yesterday, 12th instant, at five miles this side of Bull's Gap, I feel satisfied that Armstrong's division of rebel cavalry is encamped at that point (five miles this side of Bull's Gap), and that the other division, formerly Martin's, now Morgan's, of Alabama, was encamped not far from Armstrong's, toward Rogersville.

The prisoners belong to a party who were sent out on a scout. They say their instructions were to find out whether or not there were any Federals in this direction, and that they think the expectation of their cavalry was to come down this way and attempt to join Bragg either this side or the other of the Great Smoky Mountains.

Martin now commands all their cavalry, which they say consists only of Armstrong's and Morgan's divisions, and of Jones' command from Virginia.

The point referred to is twenty-three miles from here.

I am, General, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
DANDRIDGE, Saturday, December 13, 1863, 9 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SPEARS,
Commanding U. S. Forces at or near New Market.

General,—I have the honor to communicate to you that I reached Dandridge from Gatlinburg, on the road from Sevierville to the Great Smoky Mountains, this evening at 5 o'clock with my command.

The marauding party of about 100 rebel cavalry which had been infesting this neighborhood and the south side of French Broad River, near Evans' Ford and Flat Creek, left Dandridge day before yesterday evening, having received an order by courier from Morristown that the headquarters of their command had been removed to the mouth of

Chucky Creek, on the Warm Springs road, about twelve miles from Dandridge. From all the information I can get here, I am led to believe that Martin's brigade of rebel cavalry is located near the mouth of Chucky Creek and Franklin's, and that it is possible this force may be intending to cross the mountains into North Carolina by the Asheville road through the French Broad Gap, although they may be intending to go to Greeneville, by way of Warrensburg.

Will you please inform the bearer what your position and line of march are, as yours is the nearest communicating force to me, and also give him what information you can concerning the position of the rest of our army and of General Burnside's headquarters, also of the rebel infantry and cavalry.

Will you also have the goodness to transmit this dispatch to General Burnside, as I do not know where to communicate with him.

I am, General, yours very respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
DANDRIDGE, December 14, 1863, 7 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL PARKE,
Chief of Staff.

General,—A scouting party of citizens of this neighborhood sent out by me yesterday evening have returned. They went out a distance of thirteen miles from Dandridge, where the road from here to Bull's Gap intersects the road leading from Morristown to Warm Springs via mouth of Chucky; at that point they were within half a mile of the rebel cavalry pickets. The information they got from Union citizens was that a train of about 1000 wagons left Morristown, on last Thursday morning before day, on the road to Warm Springs; that they went as far as the mouth of the Chucky River without crossing, and on Friday morning returned to the intersection of the road from Dandridge to Bull's Gap, and took up the road to Bull's Gap, the last of them passing that intersection late on Friday night. They also learned that the enemy's cavalry was stationed yesterday evening at Russellville, and on the road from Dandridge to Bull's Gap, seven miles this side of the Gap, and at McClester's, close to the Chucky River, on the road leading from Russellville to Chucky Bend—five brigades in all. Rebel scouts had informed citizens of a skirmish at Russellville on Saturday last with our cavalry.

A scouting party of forty-two of the enemy came yesterday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, to the intersection of the road leading from Morristown with the road to Bull's Gap, at Widow Kimbrough's.

They appeared to be very much excited, made only a slight halt, and returned immediately toward Bull's Gap. I start at once for Morristown, to protect the telegraph party's operations, having sent three companies yesterday evening to Mossy Creek, which they reached about midnight.

My pickets were attacked here yesterday morning at 11 o'clock by a small scouting party of rebels sent out from their camp near Bull's Gap. We pursued them with the picket reserve, and captured six, belonging to Armstrong's division, with their horses and arms.

I am, General, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(Two miles east of Mossy Creek)
Monday, December 14, 1863, 10 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SPEARS,
Commanding U. S. Forces at Strawberry Plains.

General,—I started from Dandridge this morning, on the direct road to Morristown, expecting there to meet the three companies of cavalry that I sent from Dandridge to Mossy Creek last night. When within four miles of Morristown, a little beyond McFarland's place, I heard firing on my left, on the crossroad to Panther Springs, a point on the Knoxville and Morristown road, five miles this side of Morristown.

I found that the firing was at the rear of my three companies, who had gone on this morning to within a half mile of Morristown, where they drove in the rebel cavalry pickets, but being pursued by a force they considered too large for them, and learning that there was a heavy body of the enemy's cavalry in Morristown, they had retired by the crossroad referred to to make the junction with me.

I then crossed with a portion of my command, by the Panther Springs road, to the Knoxville and Morristown road, pursued the scouting party sent out from Morristown, and captured seven of them, with their arms and eight horses.

I heard cannonading from about 2 o'clock until dark in the direction of Noyes' Ferry, or between there and Bean's Station.

From the prisoners captured I learned, in entire confirmation of the report previously given to me at McFarland's house by a boy who had left Russellville at daybreak this morning and had come through Morristown, that General Martin, commanding the rebel cavalry (vice Wheeler), had left Russellville at daybreak this morning, and had reached Morristown at about 9 A.M. with five regiments of cavalry—the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Sixth Georgia—composing Colonel Crews' brigade, of Morgan's division, and that they were drawn up in line of battle at Morristown at the time the scouting party was sent out.

The rest of this division the prisoners understood to be over toward the Chucky; Jones' cavalry, they thought, was near Bean's Station, and they believed the fighting to-day to be with him. While I was pursuing the scouting party, the pickets I had left on the Dandridge and Morristown road beyond McFarland's house saw, about a mile beyond them on the road leading from the mouth of Chucky to Morristown, a heavy rebel column of cavalry, supposed to be a division, passing toward Morris-

town, which is two miles from that intersection. This was about 3 30 P.M.; they did not perceive my pickets.

Our prisoners also assert that Longstreet's infantry had crossed over from Rogersville to Bull's Gap and Greeneville road, and were now encamped on that road, eight miles east of Bull's Gap, and that the wagon trains were on the same road. I brought my command over to this road, where I found that the telegraph party had not got up to Panther Springs; returning, I found it at Colonel Talbott's, eighteen miles from Strawberry Plains.

There being no forage convenient, I brought the party and escort back to this point, fifteen miles from Strawberry Plains, with my command.

The force of rebel cavalry in Morristown this evening was so large that I cannot consider myself very safe here, as yours is, I believe, the nearest supporting command, and I cannot see that it is very prudent to continue putting up a telegraph line toward Morristown while there is a division or more of rebel cavalry there who have the facility to return to the place without interruption, even if they now retire.

Until a large force is thrown on the south side of the river, there is nothing to prevent the enemy's cavalry from cutting the wires whenever they please, even down to Strawberry Plains.

It is possible that a body of rebel cavalry may be thrown down this road, in the morning, from Morristown. I await orders at this point. Please telegraph them. One of the prisoners we captured was an Orderly Sergeant sent out by General Martin from Morristown this afternoon to recall the scouting party. I shall endeavor to ascertain in the morning the condition of affairs at Morristown and vicinity.

Yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
EVANS' FORD, December 17, 1863, 5 P.M.

CAPTAIN GOURAND,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Captain,—I have the honor to report that a scout, who went within sight of their fires last evening, has reported to me this afternoon that he saw what he considered to be one brigade of rebel cavalry at a point on the Morristown and Strawberry Plains road, two miles beyond New Market, at about dark yesterday evening (December 16th); that their pickets, thirty in number, were at New Market, and that another picket was stationed at James Brazelton's, where the road from New Market intersects the Rocky Valley road (leading from Dandridge to Strawberry Plains); that these pickets were posted at those points at about dark. He also understood that there was another brigade of cavalry back near Mossy Creek.

Finding that the French Broad at my back was rising rapidly, I re-crossed it this afternoon at this point, three miles from Shady Grove, where I camped last night.

I got across with difficulty, and the river is now past fording, in my opinion, at any point between the mouth of Chucky and the Holston.

A small party of eleven rebels entered my camp at Shady Grove a few hours after we left it, and six were seen about dark on the opposite side of the river, a mile above this. Whether the eleven rebels were a small scouting party, or the advance of a larger force sent to attack us, I do not know; but incline to the latter opinion, from the fact that two rebel citizens living near Shady Grove, whom we had under arrest last night, escaped during the night.

I sent out two scouting parties this morning—one to Newport, up this side of the French Broad, and another, of Lieutenant Gregg and twenty-six men, toward Panther Springs. Neither have yet returned, and I have some apprehensions that the last-mentioned party will find a force of rebels in the rear. I have two boats ready to cross them here, and have sent word by a citizen to Dandridge to have them cross there if they pass through that place.

Please inform me where General Elliott's cavalry is, of the Army of the Cumberland.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
ON DUMPLING CREEK, December 23, 1863, 3 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELLIOTT.

General,—I have the honor to inform you that I scouted with my command yesterday evening on the bend of Chucky road from Dandridge to within four miles of Mosier's Mills, fourteen miles from Dandridge, and close to the intersection of the Dandridge and the bend of Chucky road with the road running from Morristown to Warm Springs via mouth of Chucky and Newport. At said point I was about four miles below and to the west of mouth of Chucky. I reached that point at about seven P.M., and found a small detail of rebel cavalry, who had been sent from Bean's Station, on Sunday last, with directions to gather cattle and report with them to Morristown as soon as possible. We captured five of these men, together with thirty head of cattle, which they were guarding; also eighteen horses. I wish to retain six head of these cattle, and will send the remainder, with the prisoners, to you by first opportunity. As my force is rather small, I would be glad if some small scouting party from your command, coming in this direction, could take them back, in case you require them; they are small cattle. One of these prisoners states that at the time they left, all the rebel cavalry was on the other side of the Holston, but that they expected to meet their command at Morristown about Wednesday (to-day).

Learning from Union citizens that a brigade of rebel cavalry had entered Mosier's Mills at about dark yesterday, and that a regiment was posted at Franklin's, near mouth of Chucky—the first part of which information I have had reason since to doubt—I deemed it best to move my command to this point, which I reached at 1 A.M.

This morning I have sent a lady to Mosier's Mills, whose report I shall expect this evening. I have also sent a scouting party of ten men toward Morristown. From these I have heard that they fell on the track of a rebel scouting party of forty coming from the direction of Morristown, on the Dandridge road. The ten men are following them, and I have sent a company to near Dandridge to intercept them.

I also sent a single scout to Mossy Creek. He reported at 2 P.M. that no rebels are there, but that Union citizens informed him there was a considerable force—one said, lying in ambush—about three miles above Mossy Creek, near Talbott's Station, on the Knoxville road. If this is so, and you have a brigade at New Market, I would like to have it led by the Panther Springs road to Panther Springs, four miles in rear of Talbott's Station. I have been over this byroad and know it. If this could be done, I believe the enemy could be damaged considerably.

3.20 P.M.

My scouting party sent toward Dandrige reports that they are within three miles of that place, and that thirty rebel cavalry are in Dandridge. He also reports a rumor that a brigade was approaching Dandridge from a road running from the mouth of the Chucky to Dandridge, which I do not credit.

From Newport my scout reports 100 rebel cavalry in that vicinity. Forty stayed at Gorman's Church, one and one-half miles south of Newport, on night of 21st. They have arrested four conscripts at Wilsonville. My scout from Greeneville has not yet returned.

I am, General, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

P S.—Shall I report to you or to General Sturgis direct?

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(Hale's, at the foot of Flat Gap)
December 23, 1863, 7 P.M.

COL. E. M. MCCOOK.

Colonel,—I have just moved here from Dumping Valley. I ascertained this afternoon from my scouting parties that a large force of the enemy's cavalry was advancing toward Dandridge on the Morristown and Dandridge road. One of my companies attacked their advance guard of one company at Dandridge, scattering them, when it was in turn attacked by the enemy's reserve. We took four prisoners, losing nothing.

My rear has skirmished with the rebel advance in retiring on the road from Dandridge to this place, but the rear is now up and there is

no pursuit. The prisoners confirm the statements of my scouts and of citizens who came to me to-day on Dumpling Creek, that John T. Morgan's division, composed of Colonel Crews' and Colonel Russell's brigades (the latter with six pieces of artillery), left Panther Springs, thirteen miles from New Market, on the Morristown road, and crossed over to the Dandridge and Bull's Gap road, on which they advanced toward Dandridge; the advance company having been sent ahead at about noon from Widow Kimbrough's, eight miles from Dandridge. It was from this company we got the prisoners. General Martin, chief of the enemy's cavalry, is along with Morgan's division. There are five regiments in Russell's brigade and four reported in Crews' brigade. The prisoners belong to the Fourth Alabama, whose Adjutant informed them this morning there were 250 men in their regiment. There are only two brigades in this division.

The prisoners say that Armstrong's division went up the Holston on the other side—they think to Noyes' Ferry, opposite Morristown. I send you also five prisoners we captured yesterday near mouth of Chucky; also twenty-four head of cattle (of thirty we captured with a rebel guard near mouth of Chucky yesterday). Morgan's division forded the Holston River near Panther Springs. Some action should be taken immediately, as both brigades are probably in Dandridge, although Crews' brigade may have kept on from Widow Kimbrough's to the mouth of Chucky. I should like to consult with you in regard to the course to be pursued, as I have become tolerably familiar with the roads hereabouts. Is General Elliott with you? Where is the rest of our Cavalry?

I am, Colonel, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
AT JIM BRAZELTON'S, December 24, 1863, 8 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELLIOTT,
Commanding Cavalry.

General,—Our movements to-day proved a failure. The brigade was there; not exactly at Dandridge, but six miles above. If we had got in its rear and fallen upon it at daybreak, I think it would have been ours, but at 8 o'clock in the morning we found it entirely on the alert and moving upon us.

The force that got in the rear of Colonel Campbell's brigade, I am inclined to think, was Armstrong's division. One of the prisoners belonging to it says so, and a loyal citizen living on the Morristown and Dandridge road informed me that 2000 or 3000 rebel cavalry passed down that road this afternoon.

It was not until we had acted in accordance with your order and got well out toward the intersection of the road running from Dandridge to Mossy Creek, three miles from Dandridge, that we learned of Colonel Campbell's condition. We then headed toward Dandridge, and were

about to march there to relieve him by attacking the rear of the rebels, when a dispatch came from him stating that he had swung over into the byroad on which we were marching, and was immediately in our rear. He saved all his cannon except one piece.

I am encamped at James Brazelton's, three miles from New Market, on the Rocky Valley road, and am picketing this road and Hodge's Gap. Please inform me what there is in front, and what is on the move for to-morrow.

My camp was here last night, and I came here because my ambulances, wagons, dismounted men, etc., were already here.

I am, General, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY,
(Montcastle's on Mossy Creek, at mouth of
Chucky road, three miles from Mossy Creek)
December 28, 1863, 9 P.M.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Sir,—I have the honor to report that I reached this position about a half hour ago, having scouted with my command via the Dumpling Valley road to its intersection with the Mossy Creek and mouth of Chucky road, at Findlay's Gap, six and one-half miles from Mossy Creek; thence through Findlay's Gap, on the last-named road, to within about one and one-half miles of Widow Kimbrough's Crossroads (which is nine miles from Mossy Creek and at the intersection of the mouth of Chucky road with the Morristown and Dandridge road).

The farthest point I reached was a camp of the enemy's cavalry, about one-half mile beyond Emsley Bettus', and one-fourth mile beyond the intersection of the road leading from Talbott's Station through Mansfield's Gap to the mouth of Chucky road. This intersection is about one mile beyond Mansfield's Gap and five miles from Talbott's Station.

At Emsley Bettus, a right-hand fork goes toward Dandridge, intersecting the Morristown and Dandridge road at the Widow Lyle's, four and one-half miles from Dandridge and one mile this side of Coyle's place, where rebel cavalry were encamped last night and this morning. It was at this point (Emsley Bettus') that I found the rebel pickets, four or five in number, who fired and retreated toward the Widow Kimbrough's. It being dark, they could not be captured, and I only went on to the camp referred to, which had been occupied apparently by a small regiment and had been evacuated quite recently. Before reaching this point, at the intersection of the Dumpling Valley road with the mouth of Chucky road at Brooks', six and one-half miles from Mossy Creek, I found the camp of another party of rebel cavalry, about eighty in number, who had come there at 11 o'clock last night, and had left at

evening of January 5th; also that they intend crossing a force to this side of the river to-day.

I am pretty certain that there is no rebel infantry within a considerable distance of Denton's Ford or of Dandridge; also that Armstrong's division of cavalry is yet in front of General Sturgis' cavalry.

The river is fordable at Kelley's house, just below Denton's Ford; also at Denton's Ford; also at Swann's Island, two and one-half miles above Dandridge, at Jim Evans' Ford, five miles below Dandridge, and at Tom Evans' Ford, seven miles below Dandridge.

I have all these roads picketed and have all my men camped at Squire Brimer's, near mouth of Muddy Creek, and at a point opposite Dandridge, holding the Fain s Island Ford.

Please communicate with me as soon as possible, letting me know when you will reach Dandridge. Some loyal citizens could bring the dispatch to me better than a soldier.

There are several companies of rebel cavalry in Cocke County, near Newport and Crosby Creek, on this side of the French Broad, who have been engaged in foraging.

If General Hascall or the commanding officer of the infantry column on road between Strawberry Plains and Dandridge receives this first, he will please send it on by a rapid courier to General Elliott, commanding Cavalry Corps at Mossy Creek.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(Squire Brimer's, near mouth of Muddy Creek, on Newport road, south side of French Broad)
January 8, 1864, 4 P.M.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General at Beaver Dam,
(Opposite Denton's Ford and Cowan's Ferry, four miles above Dandridge and on this side of the river).

Lieutenant,—There are about 15,000 bushels of corn, mostly gathered and in pens, above and below Beaver Dam; there are, within a few miles, some 5000 bushels more. Morgan's division of the rebel cavalry is encamped immediately opposite Beaver Dam, on the river, and from the statements of prisoners as to the intention and the fact that four of the prisoners had come across the river after corn, I think it altogether probable that the rebels will cross with wagons to-morrow, for the purpose of obtaining this corn, that on the north side of the river being nearly exhausted.

Three days before we reached here, the rebels forded with wagons above Hays' Ferry and hauled away several thousand bushels of corn from this side.

I think Morgan's division occupies the position it does chiefly for the purpose of covering their foraging. If any force is to be sent to Dandridge, it is to be hoped it will reach there in time to save these 20,000 bushels of corn, besides meat, flour and cattle.

I am, Lieutenant, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(James Evans' Ford, five miles from Dandridge,
south side French Broad, on Newport road)
January 10, 1864, 12 M.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters Cavalry Corps.

I have the honor to report that two deserters belonging to the Twenty-first and Eighteenth Mississippi infantry, Humphreys' (formerly Barksdale's) brigade, and McLaws' division, who left Russellville on the night of 6th instant, came into my lines this morning. They crossed the French Broad at mouth of the Nolachucky, night before last, and met no troops between Russellville and this point except some straggling cavalry near mouth of the Nolachucky, on opposite side of French Broad. They are both remarkably intelligent men, and their stories coincide entirely on a separate examination. I believe their statements to be reliable in every respect. They state that Longstreet's army consists of four divisions of infantry and three of cavalry. The divisions of infantry are:

First.—Jenkins' (formerly Hood's), five brigades, commanded by Generals Robertson, Benning, Law, Anderson, and Jenkins' old brigade. Estimated number of muskets, 6000; artillery, sixteen pieces.

Second.—McLaws' division (now commanded by Kershaw)—four brigades—commanded by Humphreys (Barksdale's old brigade), Bryan, Wofford, and Kershaw's old brigade (Colonel Kennedy). Estimated number of muskets, 5000; known amount of artillery, sixteen pieces, of which one battery of four guns, commanded by Captain Moody, are twenty-pounder rifled Parrotts; the rest are six and twelve-pounders (most of the twelve-pounders are smooth-bore). Major Alexander, formerly Chief of Artillery of this division, is now Longstreet's Chief of Artillery. Humphreys' brigade has 800 muskets for duty (known). This is the smallest brigade in the division. The Eighteenth Mississippi infantry, in this brigade, has 220 men for duty and there are four regiments in the brigade. McLaws was relieved by Longstreet after the battle of Bean's Station, for not crossing a creek in time, and sent to Richmond. On arriving there he reported his division unfit for duty, being "naked and starving," and it was currently reported throughout the division, when these deserters left, that it was to be sent to Virginia and Pickett's division was to be sent from Richmond to replace it.

Third.—Bushrod Johnson's division (formerly Buckner's). Only

two brigades of the division are with Longstreet (the rest having returned from Loudon to Chattanooga, having been cut off), commanded by Gracie and Bushrod Johnson. Estimated number of muskets, 3000; artillery, very little or none.

Fourth.—Ransom's division—a full division, with full regiments in all four brigades. Estimated number of muskets, 10,000 to 12,000; artillery, sixteen pieces.

Cavalry: Three divisions, commanded by Armstrong, John T. Morgan and Jones. Armstrong supposed to have three brigades; Morgan known to have but two, and Jones two (one of which is commanded by Williams). Jones' cavalry estimated at 2500 or 3000. General Martin commands all the cavalry. (My own estimate of his entire force is: First, Armstrong, 3000; second, Morgan, 2000; third, Jones, 2000; total, 7000—which is probably above rather than below the truth.)

Position of the army: On night of 6th instant, when these men left, McLaws' division (to which they belong) was stationed at and around Russellville; Jenkins' division was at Morristown; Ransom's division was at Rogersville (south of it); Bushrod Johnson's division, position unknown, probably at Widow Kimbrough's Crossroads. (My own opinion.)

Cavalry: Jones' division, near Rogersville; Morgan's division, near Dandridge, at Denton's Ford; Armstrong's division, position unknown, probably at Panther Springs. (My own opinion.) All the infantry had built huts and were in winter quarters. General Longstreet's headquarters were at Russellville.

Supplies: Latterly the men were getting plenty of flour and fresh beef. Brown and Cox's Mill on Holston, four and one-half miles from Russellville; Rader's steam mill, eighteen miles from Russellville and nine miles from Bull's Gap, near Howard's Gap, and other mills were being run for the army. Most of the cattle were brought from Cocke County, between the French Broad and the Nolachucky. Forage was hauled from this side of the Nolachucky and the French Broad; it was exhausted on the other side of the Nolachucky. Wagon trains were run from Zollicoffer bridge, with salt, and expected to bring clothing. No clothing had yet arrived. Rations of salt were still very limited. Bridge at Zollicoffer and over the Watauga were not yet finished.

One of these deserters has his stockings on the ground and says two-thirds of the men of his regiment are worse off than himself, and that his regiment is no worse off than the rest of the brigades, division or the army. The men flock to the cattle pens to get moccasins of the hides whenever the butchers kill, and the hides are not allowed to get cold. They think, however, that it will not be very long before the army is pretty well shod, as they have all the tanneries at work throughout the country, and two wagons from each brigade were started to Zollicoffer last Saturday after clothing and shoes.

General information: These men say that the universal talk among officers, from Colonel down, and the men, was that they would have to

fall back to Bristol. The Major commanding the Eighteenth Mississippi would not build winter quarters for himself, and told one of these deserters that he did not think it worth while, as he did not believe they would stay there a week. This was also the general impression among the troops. There was no talk about retreating by the Warm Springs road to North Carolina. Bristol was the contemplated direction. These men say they do not consider their division to be fit for duty, nor the rest of Longstreet's army, and that if they are energetically pressed they can be ruined.

The President's proclamation was published in the Raleigh *Register* and in the Richmond *Enquirer*, and was well known to all their men. Ammunition was abundant. When Longstreet's army recrossed the Holston, retiring from Bean's Station, they crossed in one ferry-boat, occupying a week. One wagon and thirty men crossed at a time. This was at Long's Ferry. Some of the wagons forded at about six miles above Brown and Cox's Mill.

A citizen named Kaufman, who left Jonesboro last Wednesday morning, also came to my camp this morning. He had placed a substitute in the army, for whom he paid $4000, and had run away to avoid conscription under the new law. He says a large number of both loyal and disloyal citizens in that vicinity are talking about running away to our lines, by the mountain route, to avoid conscription. He crossed the Nolachucky at the "new bridge," and forded the French Broad at Newport yesterday morning. There was a Provost Marshal at Jonesboro and about a dozen men. No troops at Greeneville; sixty cavalry at Newport and seventy-five at "Jacks'" (three miles this side of Newport). He met a few wagons coming from Parrottsville, with flour, toward Russellville. Zollicoffer and Watauga bridges not finished. Longstreet's army in winter quarters at Morristown and Russellville. Forage all exhausted on the other side of the Nolachucky. President's proclamation well known about Jonesboro; had been published in newspapers.

Information, in short, corroborates that previously sent you from same quarter. French Broad is to-day full of floating ice and is almost impassable either for boats or by fording.

Reported through the army that Longstreet issues 40,000 rations.

Yours, etc.,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
JAMES EVANS' FORD, TENN., January 11, 1864, 3 P.M.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Cavalry Corps.

Sir,—I have the honor to report that a small expedition sent out by me last night to Clark's Ferry, seventeen miles above this point, on the French Broad, has returned this morning with seven prisoners, infantry and cavalry, belonging to South Carolina and Tennessee regiments.

Two of the prisoners (one a brigade forage master), belonging to Dibrell's brigade, of Armstrong's division, and both on a separate examination, say that their brigade is at Dr. Boyd's, two miles from the mouth of Chucky, on the Dandridge road, and within half a mile of the French Broad River. They also say that the only other brigade in their division (Harrison's) is, they believe, somewhere near Dibrell's; also that their division left Panther Springs nearly a week ago, on Monday or Tuesday

The forage master is quite well informed, and says he issued forage to 800 men for duty in his brigade; that there are but two brigades in Armstrong's division (Dibrell's and Harrison's) and two in Morgan's; that Harrison's brigade may be a very little larger than Dibrell's; that his own regiment, the Eighth Tennessee, has 140 men only; that their cavalry horses are in good, serviceable condition, getting twenty-four ears of corn per day now, when on full rations; that all the forage is about Panther Springs and Morristown and in the intermediate country to the French Broad and Chucky on the other side, and that they are now relying for forage on this side of the French Broad and Chucky, getting it across by canoes and by fording. He also says that Armstrong's and Morgan's divisions of cavalry were both engaged in the last fight at Mossy Creek. One of the infantry prisoners was Acting Commissary Sergeant of his regiment (the second South Carolina Infantry, Kershaw's brigade, McLaws' division). His brigade and division were at Russellville when he left them day before yesterday, at which time Hood's division was at Morristown. He came across the river to run a mill near Clark's Ferry, the three mills their division had about Russellville not being sufficient. He confirms the report about McLaws being relieved and sent to Richmond.

I had the honor to send a report to General Elliott yesterday via Headquarters Army of the Ohio, at Knoxville, it being impossible to get it across the river in consequence of the ice. In that report I stated that Armstrong's division of cavalry had probably three brigades. I now believe he has but two, and I do not think Martin's entire cavalry force for duty without Jones' to exceed 4000, or with Jones' to exceed 6000.

Very respectfully, etc.,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
JIM EVANS' FORD, January 12, 1864, 10 A.M.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Actg. Asst. Adj. Gen. Elliott's Cavalry Corps Headquarters.

Lieutenant,—I have had a careful estimate made by Mr. N. B. Swann and Captain Sharp, responsible citizens of this district, of the amount of corn remaining on the south side of the French Broad from Tom Evans' Ford (seven miles below Dandridge) to Brimer's, at the mouth of the

Big Pigeon (four miles above mouth of Chucky). The estimate only includes the large plantations of corn. It is as follows:

	Bushels.
At D. M. Fain's quarters	1,000
Fain's Island	4,000
Jim Evans' and Fox's	4,000
Swann's Island	3,000
Cowan's, mouth of Indian Creek	500
Beaver Dam	12,000
Nolan's	3,000
William Evans'	3,000
Hedrick's	3,000
Dutch Bottom	10,000
Irish Bottom	20,000
Total	63,500

This does not include any corn except that lying immediately on the French Broad River, and it does not include that on Tom Evans' Island, seven miles below Dandridge.

A brigade of infantry on this side could prevent any crossing at the fords or ferries by the rebels to get this corn.

The rebel cavalry has now no other dependence for forage.

Yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
JIM EVANS' FORD, January 13, 1864.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters Cav. Corps.

Lieutenant,—The enemy are foraging extensively on this side of the river with wagons, keeping close to the shore in the Dutch and Irish Bottoms, and in the fork of the Big Pigeon and French Broad Rivers; also still more extensively with wagons in the fork between French Broad and the Chucky. All these rivers are now fordable, and there is no ice running in them. The guards sent along with the wagons are light, but in consequence of the river being fordable at various places between Dandridge and the mouth of Pigeon, and Morgan's and part of Armstrong's Cavalry divisions lying within a short distance of the river bank at Denton's Ford and Dr. Boyd's, it is risking rather too much for my small command to go so far up. There are also 150 cavalry at Gorman's, near Newport, on this side of both French Broad and Pigeon. I earnestly recommend that one brigade of cavalry be sent here to-night, crossing at this ford, which is now in good order. If artillery be sent, we have a ferryboat here to cross it. They should come down the Mutton Hollow road to Shady Grove (from Flat Gap), thence two miles across the river to this camp; total distance from Mossy Creek to my

camp, twelve miles. They should not leave Flat Gap until about dark, so that information of the movement may not reach the enemy above Dandridge. Two or three roads, including the Maryville road (from Shady Grove to Dandridge), lead off from the Mutton Hollow road toward Dandridge, and small picket posts should be placed on each of these to prevent any citizens from carrying information of the movement. There are also three or four houses on the way that should be guarded. These will be pointed out by the guides, of whom I send you six herewith, to be used with the column if it is decided to send it.

These guides also know the ford well, and there will be no danger in night fording. The ford is thirty yards wide and with a smooth bottom. The force can get a good feed here of both corn and hay, and start to-morrow with my command for the wagons and foraging parties. All the fords can be guarded as you go up, although if the cavalry corps makes its movements toward the French Broad to-morrow the attention of the rebels will be so much engaged that they will hardly attempt to cross to this side, even if they hear of our going up, which is doubtful. If they should cross a large force to menace us, it will be all the better for your command on the other side of the river; they can never catch us in these woods and mountains, as we have the whole population to guide and picket for us. If the plan is accepted, I think we can take many prisoners and wagons and bring them off, thus crippling their facilities for foraging permanently. If they should cross the river at about Denton's Ford to intercept us, they will probably send a smaller force than ours, as they will deem it improbable that a brigade has got on the south side of French Broad without their knowledge. We would, in that event, have the smaller force at our mercy. There would be no risk to your main force in sparing this brigade, as our force of cavalry is certainly that much larger than the enemy's, while theirs is scattered from the mouth of the Chucky to Denton's Ford.

If the general movement to-morrow is prompt, some large foraging parties with wagons can probably be caught in the bend of the river at Swann s Island, above Dandridge, by taking the Ellett's Ferry road; they are foraging there to-day with one regiment of cavalry.

You had probably better retain Lieutenant Miller and Lieutenant McGuire, of the Ninth Tennessee, who accompany this, as guides, to come with the main body when it starts; they are acquainted thoroughly with all the country, trails, etc., in the vicinity of Dandridge below and above, to the mouth of the Chucky.

I have arranged to have here at daylight to-morrow the latest information from up the French Broad, as far as mouth of Chucky on this side.

Please send me some of the President's proclamations; the rebel pickets at Swann's Island are asking for them.

I am, Lieutenant, yours very respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
(Jim Evans' Ford, twelve miles from Sevierville)
January 14, 1864, 7.30 P.M.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Act. Asst. Adj. Gen., Gen. Elliott's Hdqrs., Cav. Corps, Mossy Creek.

A force of rebel cavalry entered Sevierville this afternoon, coming from the direction of the Great Smoky Mountains on the Gatlinburg road at 2 P.M.

The Provost Marshal of the place, who sent me word, stated that he was in the court-house and saw them pass by, and that he estimated their number at 300. It appears that they immediately started out on the Newport road after two small wagon trains, of thirty wagons in all, which had gone out after wheat. One of these has with little doubt been captured; the other I have just heard of as being five miles from here, making the utmost speed for Tom Evans' Ford.

Some rebels have also crossed the river to this side above here, near Hays' Ferry, to-day I could attend to the case of the Sevierville party, but do not like to be between two fires. Please send the brigade at once, and we will capture more game. The 300 may capture other wagon trains, unless some assistance comes. I have but about 200 men. Please send me word at a gallop what will be done.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

P S.—There are about 200 rebel infantry encamped on south side of French Broad at Hays' Ferry. A scouting party of rebel cavalry came down the road on this side as far as Nick Swann's, ten miles from here, this morning.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY,
NEAR SEVIERVILLE, January 15, 1864.

LIEUTENANT SHAW,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Lieutenant,—I have the honor to report, for the information of the General commanding, that on learning that a cavalry force of the enemy from North Carolina, under General Vance, had entered Sevierville on the evening of the 13th and captured a train of eighteen wagons, I started in pursuit at 3 o'clock the next morning from my camp on the French Broad, four miles from Dandridge, with detachments of the Anderson Cavalry and the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, amounting in all to less than 200 men.

After a march of thirty miles we found the enemy on Crosby Creek, twenty-three miles from Sevierville, and within about five miles of the Great Smoky Mountains.

They had rested to feed their animals, and were then about to take the road thence to Newport. I immediately charged them in column of fours, routing their command, which fled in the utmost disorder, throwing away their guns, belts, blankets, saddlebags, etc., and most of them quitting their horses.

We captured fifty-two prisoners, including Brigadier-General Vance, brother of Governor Vance, of North Carolina, and a Captain and Lieutenant of his staff (the Assistant Adjutant General and Acting Inspector General of the command); also about 150 saddled horses and over 100 stand of arms, besides destroying a large number of arms on the road.

We also captured a fine ambulance filled with medical stores, of which we were sadly in need; also a quantity of bacon, salt, meal, etc., picked up by the rebels on their retreat from Sevierville.

We also recaptured all the wagons and mules, together with the wagon master and twenty-three other prisoners, that were taken with the train. Four of these were loyal citizens who had been tied to prevent their escape.

The enemy had two wounded men. Our loss was nothing. I have sent Home Guards to scour the mountains for dismounted rebels, of whom doubtless a considerable number will be captured.

The entire force is dissipated, and the men not captured will probably return to their homes.

General Vance's Assistant Adjutant General informs me that the force we attacked was about 300 men.

Colonel Thomas with 150 Indians, composing the rest of the invading force, with two pieces of artillery and ten to twelve wagons, remained back at Gatlinburg (fourteen miles from Sevierville), where he will probably remain until he hears of the defeat of Vance.

If some fresh cavalry can be sent here immediately, these Indians and guns can be captured.

General Vance informs me that he left Asheville, N. C., with his command on the 8th instant, and that his men have been in the saddle ever since.

He came through Waynesville, Quallatown and Gatlinburg. Nearly all of them had new horse equipments, and all were well clad. I have forwarded the prisoners to Knoxville, and returned the train to its wagon master.

I am, Lieutenant, yours very respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

NASHVILLE, TENN., January 17, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK,
Commander-in-Chief.

On the 14th instant General Vance made a raid toward Sevierville and captured a train of twenty-three wagons. He was promptly pursued by

Colonel Palmer, who recaptured the wagons and took one ambulance, loaded with medicines, 150 saddle horses, and 100 stand of arms. General Vance, his Assistant Adjutant General and his Inspector General are among the prisoners captured.

U. S. GRANT,
Major General.

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 6. }

CAMP OF ANDERSON CAVALRY,
CAMP LINGLE, March 1, 1864.

It is with regret that I announce to the officers and men of this command that their patriotic offer to re-enlist for three years or the war, although forwarded to Washington with a warm recommendation from Major-General Thomas, has been rejected. The Secretary of War replies that no exception to the rule in such cases can be made in favor of the Anderson Cavalry.

Although this result is a hearty disappointment to us, fellow-soldiers, we should not regret that our proposition was made to the authorities. It has shown them and the country that our hearts are in the right place, and that while we are not *in love* with danger and privations, we despise them when they stand in the way of the prosecution of this war to its final result in the complete achievement of the honor and prosperity of our native land. Having been granted, by General Thomas, a leave of absence of twenty days, in consequence of the death of my father, I avail myself of this last public opportunity to take a temporary leave of the officers and men of the Regiment; hoping to find them, on my return, as brave, uncomplaining and dashing soldiers and in as good health and spirits as they now are.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel.

CAMP OF ANDERSON CAVALRY,
ROSSVILLE, GA., April 15, 1864.

LIEUT.-COL. CHAS. B. LAMBORN,
Commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Colonel,—I have the honor to make the following report, relative to the late scout in Broomtown Valley, made in accordance with orders from Department Headquarters, received at 2 A.M., 11th instant. Our Regiment could only furnish thirty-four serviceable horses instead of the 100 to 150 called for in the order. With Lieutenant Taylor and thirty-four men, together with Dick Turpin's scouts, six in number, I started from camp soon after sunrise, and marched via Crawfish Spring to Lafayette, twenty-three miles; about five miles below former place we found a man named Wm. Burd, belonging to an Engineer Corps in the rebel army, who was home on furlough. He expressed his intention to desert and come within our lines and I sent him to you. At Lafayette, not finding any of our cavalry, as anticipated, I left a detail of four men, with

instructions to remain until near sunset, and apprise me in case the cavalry arrived before that time, and moved the balance of my party to Dug Gap, five miles from Lafayette, and bivouacked for the night. Early on the morning of the 12th, I sent Lieutenant Taylor to ascertain whether the cavalry had yet arrived, and if so to endeavor to obtain part of it to strengthen my party. Learned, through him, that the Seventy-eighth Illinois, Colonel Van Blyck, had camped near the town the previous night and were then marching to McLemore's Cove via Blue Bird Gap. Colonel Van Blyck told him he could move toward Chattanooga after getting in the cove, and stay near Mission Ridge same night. No cavalry had been in Lafayette. Scouts reported a small squad of rebels in the neighborhood of Trion Factory, some eight miles below Lafayette, under Captain Glover. Captain Davenport's command (rebel) were reported at Price's Bridge, on Chattooga River, nine miles southeast from Alpine. Deeming it imprudent to attack his force of some forty or fifty men with my small party, after my horses had been marching two days, I decided to move toward Alpine by way of McLemore's Cove, and through Dougherty's Gap to Lookout Mountain, and camp at Neals' Gap, some seven miles above Alpine. Marched about twenty-two miles. Turpin brought in Lieutenant Thomas, of the Third Confederate Cavalry, and private Coker, of the Thirty-ninth Georgia Infantry. They were living at home on Lookout Mountain, three miles from Neals' Gap. The former was sick; the latter, a paroled prisoner, having been wounded at the battle of Champlain Hills, in May, 1863, and then taken prisoner. Sent Turpin's party and five of my men into Broomtown Valley, after sunset, with instructions to scout in the direction of Alpine and Summerville and report to me at six the next morning. About nine that night Turpin sent in Mr. Allman, a violent secession citizen, living this side of Alpine. At two the scouting party returned and informed me of a considerable force of rebel cavalry at Alpine. Soon after daylight, on the 13th, came down Neals' Gap and fed my horses at the Neals; also took one day's forage to feed last night and this morning. Moved up Broomtown Valley toward Lafayette, scouts in advance, capturing a rebel mail carrier, named W M. Moon, at McQuerter's store, three miles from Neals' Gap, together with the mail, which Turpin brought in to Department Headquarters. Moon lives three miles this side of Gaylesville, Ala., nineteen miles below Alpine, and has been carrying the mail between former place and Summerville. Learned that a considerable force of rebel cavalry (probably 2000 or 2500) were camped at Blue Mountain, fifty-five miles southwest from Gaylesville; also a small force, probably fifty men, under a Captain Clifton, were at Blue Pond, nine miles west of Galesville. Sent Turpin and party to Lafayette, while I proceeded to Dug Gap. Turpin joined me at the latter place and reported that there had been none of our cavalry there since we were. He met a citizen from Alpine who told him Captain Davenport's battalion, of some 280 men, was at Alpine the night previous, and having heard that a regiment of Yankee cavalry was in the mountain near them, and a brigade of

infantry had moved in McLemore's Cove the same day, they became alarmed and left there at daylight for Blue Pond. From Dug Gap I marched to the cove and down the main valley road to near the intersection of that and Cooper's Gap road. Gave Turpin s party permission to stay further up the cove. Soon after 8 o'clock last evening we heard two shots fired where my picket was posted; I immediately formed my men in line of skirmishers, dismounted and sent out the reserve pickets mounted, to ascertain the cause of alarm. The man on post, Pohl, of Company L, informed me he thought he heard some twenty shots fired about a mile beyond him, and soon after heard a party of mounted men approaching. Halting them they informed him they were friends to the Union. He told one to advance, and as he was coming up, this man said, "Jake, is that you?" Pohl replied "No." "Who are you, then?" was asked. "I am a picket for the regiment of cavalry back here," was the reply. By this time he was alongside, and pulling out his pistol and pointing it at his breast, said: "You come with me." Pohl answered, "Well, you go first," and as the man was turning his mule, Pohl shot him, and wheeling his horse, ran back to the reserve. Immediately after he had discharged his carbine, he was shot at by one of the party whom he had halted. I found the first-named man had been instantly killed. Soon after, I had all the horses saddled and sent for Turpin, but as he could not be found, and I not knowing the locality of the side roads, I concluded to move across to Cooper's Gap. Sent a citizen, named Keys, living near, to reconnoiter at the junction of Pond Spring and Chattanooga roads, at Widow Dickey's. This morning he reported that no disturbance had been heard there. I came on to camp, and on the route learned that the man killed last night was a citizen and supposed to be loyal, named John Carlock, living four miles this side of Cooper's Gap. I could not ascertain any motive for his actions last night nor who was with him, definitely. It is supposed a man named Bill Etting was one of the party. He professes to be a scout for this army. I arrived in camp yesterday afternoon and sent prisoners to Chattanooga.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHAS. M. BETTS,
Captain Company F Fifteenth Penna. Cavalry
Commanding detachment.

DALTON, August 20, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL STEADMAN.

We arrived here this morning, having thoroughly scouted the country from Graysville, through Parker's Gap eastward on the old Alabama road, to within twelve miles of Cleveland, thence across to Red Clay and to Varnell's Station, thence via Tunnel Hill to Dalton. There are no rebels, even in small parties, within that range, and none to be heard of nearer than East Tennessee. The rebel cavalry that cut the road at Graysville was a Kentucky brigade, under General Williams, numbering about 900 men, which came through Parker's Gap and McDaniel's Gap,

and went back the same way. The last of these left the old Alabama road at Blackburn's, eight miles from Parker's Gap, near which they fed on Wednesday at 3 P.M., and took the road to Red Clay, but turned off toward Cleveland. Some of the soldiers told the people they were going to Kentucky. The rebels fed their horses on green corn, with what hay and sheaf oats they could pick up. They also said they were to meet General Vaughn at Charleston, on the Hiwassee River.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

DALTON, August 20, 1864.
(Received 22d.)

GENERAL WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

We have been scouting in this district under orders of General Steadman. If we are to proceed to Atlanta without delay, please telegraph him.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

DALTON, August 23, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL STEADMAN.

I sent out one company yesterday morning eastward to Holly Creek, beyond Spring Place, and another through Ship's Gap to Summerville via Broomtown Valley; the last will not return till to-night. The first company returned last evening, and report a body of 500 rebel cavalry lying on the Westfield turnpike at the foot of the Cohutta Mountain, about twenty miles from here, on the road to Ellijay. They are apparently holding that gap for the protection of couriers or other communications between Wheeler and Atlanta. They came there on Sunday from the direction of Columbus, having been sent to learn the old Federal road in the neighborhood of Cohutta Springs on Saturday evening, and to proceed in the direction of Ellijay. This body has two companies guarding the ford of Hold's Creek. I do not think they intend to harass the railroad, but merely to hold that gap.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

CALHOUN, September 2, 1864.

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE.

My Regiment is here—440 officers and men—all well armed, equipped and mounted. Can I not bring them at once to the front? Please answer.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

CALHOUN, September 12, 1864.

GENERAL STEADMAN.

I am ordered by General Elliott, Chief of Cavalry, to march to intercept Williams' rebel cavalry, and to keep him and yourself informed of any movements of the enemy. I propose to start to-morrow for the Hiwassee River. Can you give me the latest information concerning whereabouts and condition of Williams' and Dibrell's brigades, and where the Ninth Pennsylvania and Fifth Tennessee regiments are, and what course they will pursue?

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY,
WAUHATCHIE, November 13, 1864.

MAJOR MOE,

Asst. Adjt. Gen., Headquarters Dist. of the Etowah, Chattanooga.

Major,—I have the honor to report that my scouting party of thirty men, under Lieutenant Weand, referred to in my communication of to-day, has returned to camp this evening. Lieutenant Weand reports that he proceeded to Valley Head and returned by Sand Mountain and Lookout Valley. He learned from a woman who came over from McLemore's Cove that there had been no rebels there lately, and none had been on Lookout Mountain. There were none in Wills Valley nearer than Gadsden, where Captain Wetherspoon was reported to be with seventy-five men. Another company of Home Guards, sixty men, under Captain Davenport, had been recently disbanded, but was to meet again on the 20th instant. A third company, under Captain Freeman, had been operating with the first mentioned two; but his whereabouts could not now be learned, but was supposed to be near Gadsden. These bands had not apparently sent any scouting parties toward Trenton, the few men who came in that direction, from time to time, being natives of the valley on visits to their families. It was seldom, according to the people, most of whom were loyal about Valley Head, that more than three or four together could be seen about there. Indeed the valley (Lookout) is so well stripped of provisions and forage that a force of any size could not be supported, except on a rapid march through it, and on Sand Mountain there is nothing whatever for man or horse. Nothing could be heard of any enemy in the country between Guntersville and Gadsden, and the impression among the people was that all of Beauregard's force had gone on toward Florence.

I am, Major, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

CAMP LOOKOUT, WAUHATCHIE, November 21, 1864.

COL. WILLIAM J. PALMER,

Sir,—In obedience to orders, I started last Friday morning for Valley Head via Dougherty's Gap, with twelve men, taking three days'

rations; sent a Corporal with four men on a byroad leading along the foot of Lookout Mountain, with orders to meet me at Trenton. On arriving there myself I called on a man named Harris; learned from him that there had been six rebels there the night previous; tried to get information concerning a byroad leading to Johnson's Crook, but could find nobody who knew of any other than the main valley road. I waited until the Corporal came up, then went on up the Valley; made inquiries along the route, but could hear only of six rebels, who passed up toward Valley Head early that morning. Of course this was the same party I heard of at Trenton. I found a man named Pangle (disloyal) living at the fork of the road near Johnson's Crook; got forage from him, and went into camp. Distance from camp to Trenton, eleven miles; distance from Trenton to Johnson's Crook, twelve miles; distance traveled first day, twenty-three miles; road bad. Next day we ascended the mountain and went toward Dougherty's Gap; met no one until within three miles of the gap; found a man named Withers (loyal) living there; tried to get all the information I could from him. He believed Gatewood with his gang of guerrillas was at or near Lebanon; did not think there were any troops in McLemore's Cove; said that Hammock's and part of Freeman's gang were at Valley Head, probably twenty men in all. I then went on to Dougherty's Gap, found nothing there and came back and took the road toward Valley Head; halted at Ellison's (rebel), about four miles from where the road takes down the mountain; met a woman there who came from Valley Head same day. She said she saw Hammock there with five of his and twelve of Freeman's gang. Went into camp at Ellison's. Distance from Johnson's Crook to Dougherty's Gap, fourteen miles; distance from Dougherty's Gap to Ellison's, eight miles; distance traveled second day, twenty-two miles; road good. Started early the following day for Valley Head; found the road down the mountain pretty steep and rough. One of the horses (belonging to Company C) became so lame he could not keep up, and I was obliged to leave him in charge of the guide (Blaylock), with orders to take him back on the mountain road to camp. When we got within a short distance of the foot of the mountain I saw a mounted rebel in the road ahead of us, toward Wills Valley; as soon as he saw us he turned and ran; we gave chase, but he turned into the woods and made his escape. Turned back and took the road down the valley; learned from the citizens that there was a party of from eight to twelve rebels going ahead of us about three hours. The guide thought they were Walker's men, from the fact that most of them appeared to be mounted on mules, the tracks in the road being quite plain. About six miles from Valley Head I found a trail leading to the left of the main valley road; could not learn where it led to, but saw the tracks of a small party who had passed up on it a short time previous to our coming there. Came on down the valley to Johnson's Crook, and there heard of the party under Sergeant Spidle; in the hope of being able to join them I came on to within three miles of Trenton, where I learned that they had gone back to camp.

Halted with the intention of remaining all night here, and sent two men on to report to you, but seeing the condition that the arms and ammunition of some of the men were in, owing to the heavy and incessant rain, and taking into consideration the fact that most of the men had been up two nights already and were too much worn out to do guard or picket duty, I deemed it advisable to return to camp. Distance from Ellison's to Johnson's Crook, eighteen miles; distance from Johnson's Crook to camp, twenty-three miles; distance traveled third day, forty-one miles.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

LEWIS SELGRADE,
Sergeant Company D

WAUHATCHIE, November 22, 1864.

MAJOR MOE,

Asst. Adjt. Gen., Headquarters District of the Etowah.

Major,—I have the honor to report that all my scouting parties have now returned. Captain Colton reached here to-day, having already reported to you direct all the information he obtained. I place very little confidence in the rumor that Wheeler's headquarters are at Gadsden, or that any considerable portion of his force is in the vicinity or in the direction of the Atlanta Railroad. My scouting party of twelve men, under Sergeant Selgrade, would have been apt to get some information to that effect while at Valley Head, if it had been true. I inclose the Sergeant's report. The sum of the information obtained by the three scouting parties may be summed up thus: that the bands of local cavalry commanded by Gatewood, Wetherspoon, Davenport, Freeman and Hammock, the first consisting probably of seventy-five or 100 men, and all the others together not probably exceeding that number, occupy the lower part of Broomtown and Wills Valleys, whence they send up small scouting parties, numbering from five to twenty men, as far as Trenton, McLemore's Cove, Bailey's Crossroads and Lafayette. Except for the damage inflicted upon loyal citizens, they do not appear to be worthy of much consideration. I have a report, also, that Russell has a party of fifty or seventy-five men along this side of the Tennessee River, opposite Bellefonte. The rebel squads who come down Lookout Valley appear generally to retire on Sand Mountain.

I am Major, your obedient servant.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE ETOWAH,
COURTLAND, ALA., December 30, 1864, 5.15 P.M.

COL. WILLIAM J. PALMER,
Commanding Cavalry.

Colonel,—Your dispatch just received. The infantry, if it should move now, could not reach Leighton before 2 A.M. to-morrow. You will,

therefore, have to exercise your own judgment as to whether you can safely make the expedition without support from the infantry. It is fair to suppose that the pontoon train has a guard at least equal to your own force. The service of your command will be needed to scout in the direction of the river and Tuscumbia. I do not wish you to break down your horses, but leave you free to make the expedition, if you think you can do it with perfect safety. Send me a commissioned officer with twenty-five of your men for courier duty. Please inform me whether you pursue the train or not.

By command of Major-General Steadman,

S. B. MOE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

This is in answer to Colonel Palmer, asking permission to pursue and attempt the capture of the pontoon train on which General Hood's army had recrossed the Tennessee River on its retreat from the battle of Nashville.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNA. (ANDERSON) CAVALRY,
HUNTSVILLE, January 10, 1865.

MAJ. S. B. MOE,

Asst. Adjt. Gen., Headquarters Dist. of the Etowah.

Major,—I have the honor to report, as directed by Major-General Steadman, the operation of my command since the 20th ultimo:

On the evening of December 19th, I received orders to march with my Regiment from Wauhatchie, near Chattanooga, where I was encamped, to Bridgeport, where transports would probably meet me to take my command to Decatur. I reached Bridgeport at 4 P.M. on the 20th, but found no transports, and after telegraphing the facts to General Steadman, at Murfreesboro, was directed by telegraph on the evening of the 22d to march immediately to Huntsville. I accordingly started at 6 P.M. the same day, but was obliged to go into camp six miles from Bridgeport, on the bank of Widow's Creek, in consequence of that stream being past fording and of the bridges having been swept away. I marched at daylight the next morning, and by taking a circuitous route around the source of Widow's Creek, succeeded in reaching Stevenson with my wagons early in the afternoon. Here I met Major-General Steadman, who had just arrived by rail from Murfreesboro, and received from him verbal instructions to leave my wagons at Caperton's Ferry, to be shipped by transports to Decatur, and to march as rapidly as possible with my Regiment to the same place. This march occupied four days and a half, the rise of water in Crow Creek and Paint Rock River making it necessary to go around by the head of Coon Creek and of Hurricane Fork of Paint Rock River, crossing the spur of the Cumberland Mountain which divides these streams at their source. On this route I had no difficulty in fording the water courses, and found sufficient forage for my command. I reached the north bank of the Tennessee River, opposite Decatur, at 1 P.M. of December 28th, and by

dark had finished crossing, the infantry and artillery of the expedition, with Lieutenant-Colonel Prosser's command of cavalry, having nearly finished crossing when I arrived at the river bank. I at once received orders from Major-General Steadman to take command of Lieutenant-Colonel Prosser's Cavalry (detachments of the Second Tennessee and Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth Indiana, numbering in all about 300 effective men), in connection with my own Regiment, and to advance on the Courtland road. After feeding the horses I started at 8 P.M., and on reaching a hill two miles from Decatur, saw the camp fires of the enemy on an elevation about two miles beyond. Halting the command, I took a battalion of 130 men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and advanced to reconnoiter the enemy's strength and position. On nearing the lights, their pickets fired, when I ordered my advance guard of thirty men to charge, which they did so boldly that the enemy, who proved to be Colonel Winde's regiment, of Roddy's command, had not time to form, but fled in disorder down the road, followed closely by my advance guard for one mile, when the enemy attempted to make a stand to cover his artillery. Another vigorous charge by our advance, however, drove him from his guns (two six-pounders), which fell into our hands, with all the horses standing hitched to them in the road. We then went into camp (at 10 P.M.) to rest the men and animals for the next day's work. Thus in less than four hours after landing from the boats at Decatur we had advanced, in the night, six miles in a country and against an enemy of which we were almost entirely ignorant, and had taken possession of the camp and artillery of his rear guard.

Early the next morning (29th) I sent Lieutenant-Colonel Prosser with his command on the main Courtland road, while I advanced with the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry by the Brown's Ferry and Courtland road, both for the purpose of meeting the flank movement of any force that might come up from Bainbridge, where Hood's army had just crossed the Tennessee River, and also to enable me to get in the rear of Roddy's force, if practicable, while he was being attacked by Colonel Prosser in front. Colonel Prosser first encountered the enemy at Hillsboro, five miles from our camp, and after a running skirmish of five miles more, met General Roddy's main force, drawn up in two lines at Pond Spring; without hesitation he charged it in the most gallant manner and broke both lines of the enemy, routing him so completely that he hardly attempted to make another stand, but fled ingloriously through Courtland and for eight miles beyond to Town Creek, on the banks of which General Roddy succeeded in re-forming such portion of his command as had not taken advantage of their two successive defeats to go home and spend Christmas with their families. Colonel Prosser's attack was so vigorous that my force on the Brown's Ferry road, having several miles the longer distance to march, and in an unknown country, did not have time to reach the flank or rear of the enemy. Forty-five prisoners were captured in this affair, including three commissioned officers; the enemy also lost one man killed and two wounded. Colonel Prosser's loss

was one man wounded. It appeared that Patterson's (so-called) brigade of Roddy's command having crossed at Bainbridge, had come up the preceding evening to Pond Spring to reinforce Roddy and constituted, with the balance of Winde's regiment, the force in our front on this day.

Being now within half a day's march of Bainbridge, where I knew the whole of Forrest's cavalry had just crossed the river, it was necessary to advance with more caution. We reached Leighton, however, thirteen miles west of Courtland, by 1 P.M. of the next day, Friday, December 30th, having skirmished nearly all the way with flying parties of Roddy's cavalry, who attempted to delay us by burning a bridge over Town Creek, on the Bainbridge road, and by some show of holding the ford of the same stream on the main Tuscumbia road. Most of the latter force drifted in squads southward toward the mountains, the remainder, with General Roddy, taking the roads to Tuscumbia and Florence. Toward dark a new force appeared in our front on the Tuscumbia road, believed to be Armstrong's brigade, which I afterward learned definitely had been sent back by Forrest from Barton Station to reinforce Roddy and protect General Hood's trains. At Leighton I learned that Hood had commenced crossing the river at Bainbridge on Sunday morning and finished on Tuesday evening, marching at once toward Corinth; his railroad had never been in operation east of Cane Creek, three miles west of Tuscumbia. I also learned that the pontoon bridge had been taken up on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, and that the entire pontoon train of 200 wagons had passed through Leighton on Thursday and camped at La Grange the same night, and that it was bound for Columbus, Miss., with a comparatively small guard. Roddy's so-called division of cavalry had apparently been relied upon to prevent any advance of our forces until the train could get to a safe distance, but his men had become so demoralized by their successive defeats that we could afford to disregard him.

Having communicated with Major-General Steadman, who left me free to make the expedition or not, as I might deem best, I started from Leighton before daylight on Saturday morning, December 31st, taking a trail which enabled us to avoid Armstrong's force and to get in the rear of a portion of Roddy's command at La Grange, where we captured Col. Jim Warren, of the Tenth (Fifth) Alabama Cavalry, and some other prisoners. About 1 P.M. we passed through Russellville, where we encountered another portion of Roddy's force, which had just arrived from Tuscumbia, and drove it out on the Tuscaloosa road, while we kept on the Cotton Gin or Bull Mountain road, after the train. Some attempt was made to delay us by burning a bridge over Cedar Creek, but we found a ford and caught up with the rear of the pontoon train at dark, ten miles beyond Russellville. We met no resistance, and our advance guard rode through to the front of the train, which extended for five miles, and consisted of seventy-eight pontoon boats and about 200 wagons, with all the necessary accouterments and material, engineering instruments, etc., and all the mules and

oxen, except what the pontooniers and teamsters were able to cut loose and ride off, were standing hitched to the wagons. Three boats had been set afire, but so carelessly that no damage had been done. We captured a few prisoners, and went into camp at about the center of the train, fed our horses, and I then started the entire command out in either direction to burn the train, which was done in the most thorough manner, and occupied till 3 A.M. I should have been glad to bring the pontoon train—which was built at Atlanta last winter, and was an exceedingly well-appointed one—back to our lines, but the condition of the mules, the mountainous character of the country, and the presence in our rear of a force of the enemy's cavalry estimated at three times our own strength, prevented. I had also learned from a negro servant of Captain Cobb, of the engineers, who commanded the train, that a large supply train of General Hood, bound from Barton Station to Tuscaloosa, was ahead.

Early next morning (Sunday) I pushed on through Nauvoo, taking the Aberdeen road, which I knew would flank the train. I led a detachment from near Bexar across by a trail to head the train on the Cotton Gin road, and sent another, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, to follow it, and by 10 P.M. had surprised it in a camp a few miles over the State line in Itawamba County, Miss. It consisted of 110 wagons and over 500 mules. We burned the wagons, shot or sabered all the mules we could not lead off or use to mount prisoners, and started back. In one of the wagons was Colonel McCrosky, of Hood's infantry, who had been badly wounded at Franklin. I left a tent with him, some stores, and one of the prisoners to take care of him. About twenty of the teamsters were colored United States soldiers of the garrison captured by Hood at Dalton; these came back with us. We returned via the Tollgate and the old military and Hackleburg roads, capturing an ambulance with its guard on the way, to within twenty-five miles south of Russellville, when I found that Roddey's force, and the so called brigades of Biffle and Russell were already stationed in our front at Bear Creek, and on the Biler road, toward Moulton, to retard us, while Armstrong was reported as being in pursuit. The country was very difficult and rugged, with few roads or trails and scarcely any forage, but we evaded, by a night march of twenty-three miles, all the forces of the enemy except Colonel Russell, whom we attacked unexpectedly on the Moulton and Tuscaloosa road, twelve miles east of Thorn Hill, on Wednesday noon (Lieutenant-Colonel Prosser having the advance), routing him so speedily and completely that he did not delay our march twenty minutes, and this only to pick up prisoners and burn his five wagons, including his headquarters' wagons, out of which we got all the brigade and other official papers. We had but a few hours previously captured, with its guard of three men, a small mail bound for Tuscaloosa. About fifty or seventy-five conscripts from both sides of the Tennessee River, that Russell was hustling off to Tuscaloosa, were released by our attack; also eight Indian soldiers captured by Russell, near

Decatur. We then continued our march unmolested by way of Mount Hope toward Leighton, but learning, when within ten miles of that place, that all our troops had returned to Decatur, we came on by easy marches to the same post, reaching it on Friday evening, 6th instant.

The whole distance marched from the time of leaving Decatur, nine days previously, was 265 miles, and about 400 miles from the time of leaving Chattanooga, two weeks and three days previous.

My entire command numbered less than 600 men, consisting of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) Cavalry, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Charles B. Lamborn, and detachments of the Second Tennessee and Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth Indiana Cavalry, commanded by Lieut.-Col. William F. Prosser. To these officers and all those under them much credit is due for their gallantry and energy, as well as to all their men, for the dash and courage with which they attacked any enemy that appeared, and for the patient manner with which they bore, on the most scanty rations, the severe fatigue of this expedition. I desire particularly to recommend for honorable mention in general orders Serg. Arthur P. Lyon, of Company A, of the Anderson Cavalry, for repeated acts of marked bravery during this short campaign, including the capture of two pieces of artillery, which fell into his hands on the night of December 28th, six miles from Decatur, on the Courtland road, by a daring charge of our advance guard of fifteen men, which he led on this occasion.

We took about 150 prisoners after leaving Leighton, including two Colonels (one of whom was left in consequence of his wounds), two Captains and six Lieutenants, and destroyed in all between 750 and 1000 stand of arms, and captured a considerable number of pistols.

Our entire loss was one man killed and two wounded, all of Lieutenant-Colonel Prosser's command, in charge on Russell's force.

The whole of Forrest's cavalry, except Armstrong's brigade, was at Okolona, Miss., within one day's march of us, when the supply train was captured. He had been sent there as soon as he crossed at Bainbridge, on Tuesday evening, to repel our cavalry from Memphis, who had destroyed the railroad for twenty miles near and above Okolona. I do not think General Hood brought across the Tennessee River at Bainbridge more than 12,000 infantry and thirty-five pieces of artillery.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Commanding

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNA. (ANDERSON) CAVALRY,
HUNTSVILLE, January 17, 1865.

MAJOR SINCLAIR,
Assistant Adjutant General Fourth Army Corps.

Major,—I have the honor to report that while resting the horses of my Regiment in camp near Huntsville, under orders from Major-General Thomas, I was directed, on the evening of January 13th, by General Wood, commanding Fourth Army Corps, to march immediately in

pursuit of the rebel General Lyon, who was thought to have crossed the Paint Rock River when pressed by our infantry, under General Cruft, and to be endeavoring to cross to the south side of the Tennessee River, between the mouth of Paint Rock and the mouth of Flint River. On reaching the mouth of Paint Rock River, I ascertained that but eighty rebels had crossed to the west side of that stream, and that all of this party had already succeeded in getting across the Tennessee at Clarksville. I also learned from the gunboats, that the enemy had crossed his artillery and planted it at Beard's Bluff, between Guntersville and Fort Deposit, to protect the crossing of those of his men still remaining on the north bank. They had put one shell through the gunboat "General Grant." I also learned that our infantry, under General Cruft, had returned to the railroad, giving up the pursuit. I then concluded to cross the Tennessee River with my command, which I did at Clarksville, near the mouth of Flint River, Captain Morton, of the gunboat "General Thomas," and Captain Watson, of the "General Grant," setting the Regiment across in two hours. From Clarksville I marched across Sand Mountain on the Warrenton road, as far as Shoal Creek, within five miles of Warrenton, when, learning from a reliable source that General Lyon had passed through Warrington at 11 o'clock that morning with between 200 and 300 men and one piece of artillery, taking the road to Tuscaloosa, and that it was probable he would camp the same night at Red Hill, I turned to the right and marched toward Summit, for the purpose of getting in his rear and surprising him, if possible, by daylight. At 4 A.M. I descended Sand Mountain at Cold Spring Gap, three miles from Summit, and struck the Warrington and Tuscaloosa road, two miles in the rear of Red Hill, having first detached Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn with one battalion of fifty men to take the back valley road leading from Cold Spring to Feenister's Mill, where I knew one of Lyon's regiments was encamped with the artillery. With the other two battalions I moved along the main road toward Warrenton, passing, when within one mile of Red Hill, a camp of about 150 of the enemy, who did not discover our presence until I had passed by them with one battalion. With this I pushed on to capture General Lyon, who was quartered with his staff and escort at the house of Tom Noble, half a mile beyond, leaving an orderly to direct the rear battalion, under Captain Colton, to capture the enemy's camp. This was done, nearly all the horses and arms and most of the men being captured, the remainder of the men making their escape on foot in the dark. In the meantime my advance guard had reached General Lyon's headquarters and captured him at the door of Noble's house, in his night clothes. The general surrendered to Serg. Arthur P Lyon, while the advance guard was charging the escort, who were camped in a barn lot 100 yards back of the house, and protected by fences and outbuildings. The General begged permission to put on his pantaloons, coat and boots, which Sergeant Lyon unfortunately granted, and went into the bedroom with him for that purpose. At that moment the escort fired a volley at the advance

guard. One of our non-commissioned officers opened the room door and called to Sergeant Lyon, "Hurry up, Sergeant, the escort is rallying!" The Sergeant then said, "Come, General! I can't allow you much more time." The General then suddenly seized a pistol from his bed and shot the Sergeant, killing him instantly, and made his escape through the back door in the dark, it being a half hour before daybreak. The escort fled at the same time through the woods, leaving all the headquarters' horses, saddles, valises, etc. I left a detachment to gather these up, and pushed on toward Warrenton, in the direction of other camp fires which could be seen ahead on our left. These proved to be at the artillery camp, where one regiment of the enemy had already become alarmed by the firing on the main road, and had saddled up and moved out, taking the back valley road on which Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn was marching in the opposite direction. Colonel Lamborn's advance had got astray in the dark, and he soon found his main column mixed up along the narrow road with the column of the advancing rebels, who anxiously inquired what that firing meant? The Colonel then attacked them, taking a few prisoners, but the greater portion got off through the woods. He then proceeded to their camp and took possession of the piece of artillery, which proved to be a twelve-pounder howitzer drawn by a yoke of oxen. Our detachments all concentrated at the Widow Noble's, seven miles south of Warrenton, where we stopped to rest and feed our horses, with the exception of thirty men whom I sent ahead, under Captain Wagner, to Warrenton, on the road to which they captured a few more prisoners.

I learned from the prisoners that General Lyon's force from the start had been exaggerated; that he entered Kentucky with between 800 and 1000 men and two pieces of artillery, and that on crossing the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, Scottsboro, in his retreat, he had but 350 men and the howitzer; that 250 succeeded in getting across the Tennessee River, leaving 100 on the other side. The prisoners were loaded with the plunder of Kentucky stores. We took ninety-five prisoners and about 120 horses; the latter were good, but much jaded.

I then returned to the river at Beard's Bluff in the hope of capturing a small detail of rebels that General Lyon had left to aid the crossing of his remaining force, but they had already learned of our proximity and fled. At Fort Deposit I met Captain Forrest with all of the gunboat fleet, except the "General Burnside." The Captain, with Captain Naylor, of the "Stone River," at once crossed us to Fearn's Ferry, which we reached at 9 P.M. on Monday, January 16th. From this place I marched early the next morning to surrround the remainder of the rebels, whom I expected, from the statements of prisoners, to find at the mouth of Honey Comb Creek; but on reaching this point I ascertained that they had left at 10 P. M. the previous night—some sixty in all—taking the road to Woodville. I presume they will endeavor to make their way to east Tennessee. In this party were several of Lyon's staff officers. Most of the crossing had been done at Honey Comb Creek, although Lyon him-

self, with the artillery and a considerable number of the men, crossed at Guntersville; eighty crossed at Clarksville, and the remainder at the mouth of Paint Rock, on the east side of that stream, and at Fearn's Ferry. The crossing was done on rafts and small canoes, swimming the horses; a considerable number were drowned in the passage.

I do not think Lyon's command will give much more trouble as an organization.

My force on this expedition consisted of 180 men, the remainder of my horses being too much fagged by our recent expedition, after the enemy's pontoon and supply trains, to be taken along. I lost one man, Serg. Arthur P. Lyon, as brave and excellent a soldier as the army contains.

Captain Forrest, with Captain Naylor, of the gunboat "Stone River," very obligingly brought my command down the river to Whitesburg, from there it marched to Huntsville, reaching here to-day, and turning over the prisoners and howitzer to the post commander.

I am, Major, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNA. CAVALRY,
March 15th, 1865.

CIRCULAR ORDER.

Two pack mules for each company will be the only transportation allowed for the coming campaign. One of these will be used for carrying ammunition, the other for use of officers' mess and carrying such cooking utensils as are absolutely required for the company. Officers will only take such baggage as they can carry on their horses. The men will be required to carry sixty-three rounds of ammunition in all, two horseshoes and the necessary nails. No baggage will be carried by the men other than that allowed on a summer campaign, except overcoats, which may be taken if desired. Every man must be taken along, fully armed and equipped. Where companies are short of horses, they must get from companies having a surplus. Arms and equipments for men absent on furlough will be left by company commanders with Corporal Isaac C. Davis, at regimental storehouse, who will issue to them as they return.

First Lieut. Chas. E. Beck will be left at Chattanooga to superintend the proper storing of regimental property and to bring on to the regiment such men as may return from furlough within a period designated by the Colonel commanding.

CHAS. M. BETTS,
Major Fifteenth Penna. Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNA. CAVALRY,
ATHENS, GA., May 6th, 1865.

LIEUT.-COL. CHAS. M. BETTS,
Commanding Fifteenth Penna. Cavalry.

Colonel,—I have the honor to report the operations of the detachment under my command, consisting of companies A, B, C, D, E and M, numbering in all 230 officers and men, from the time of leaving your command, the evening of April 4th, until rejoining you, on the morning of the 13th.

I moved with my command from your camp near Jacksonville, Va., at 6 o'clock P.M., to operate on the Virginia & East Tennessee Railroad, east of Salem; marched across Bent Mountain over a most wretched road and reached Salem at 2 o'clock P.M., of the 5th. The place had been evacuated by the enemy six hours and all public stores removed; moving on toward Big Lick, I found and destroyed six of the enemy's wagons, loaded with forage, which they had abandoned on the road; passed Big Lick Station, from which a train hurriedly took its departure but five minutes previous, carrying away all the public stores; reached the railroad bridge across Tinkers Creek at 7 o'clock P.M., fired the structure and immediately moved on down the road to Buford's Station, at which place I went into camp at 3 o'clock A.M. of the 6th. All the government stores at Bonsack's Station, which I passed, had been moved the previous evening. After a rest of six hours moved from Buford's and reached Liberty at 2 o'clock, P.M., found the place evacuated and all public stores removed; about 150 patients were in the hospitals and were paroled by Captain Colton. Moved on with the command to the Big Otter and Little Otter Rivers and made preparations for destroying the railroad bridges over those streams, which work occupied until 10 o'clock P.M. They were trestlework structures of splended construction, the former about 600 feet long and 100 feet high, the latter 900 feet long and 150 feet high. I went into camp on Big Otter and awaited further orders, being under the impression that orders were on the way for me to desist from the destruction of the Otter Bridges or doing further damage to the railroad, by reason of the change in the status of affairs at Richmond, intelligence of which I had learned on the day previous. Remained in camp the next day, 7th, and no orders being received up to a late hour, I sent out companies B and C to fire the bridges, which task was accomplished between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock P.M. At the latter hour I moved with my command toward Lynchburg, coming in contact with the enemy's pickets at a point ten miles from that place before daylight of the 8th. They were quickly dispersed by my advance guard with a loss of two prisoners, and a loss of one man of my command killed, he being mistaken for one of the enemy and shot by a man of the same company. Halted and fed after daylight at a point six miles west from Lynchburg, remaining there two hours, sent a squad of eight (8) men under Corporal Gilmore, toward town and they proceeded to within three (3) miles of the place and soon after rejoined me, and from information

gained, I deemed it inadvisable to attempt the capture of the place. There being no necessity for further demonstration on the enemy's communications, in that quarter, I changed my course and started to rejoin your command, not knowing, however, where I should find it. Moved westward by way of New London on the way to which place my advance guard encountered a body of about fifty (50) of the enemy's cavalry, these were quickly dispersed with a loss of one man killed on their part. Corporal Currin, of B Company, was dangerously wounded and left at a house in the vicinity; moved on with command through New London, and went into camp on Goose Creek, on road to Salem; several prisoners were captured on the route. While at Goose Creek I learned that a portion of General Palmer's brigade had passed through Rocky Mountain two days previously. On the following morning, 9th, I moved in direction of the above-named place and passed through it on the 10th, moving in direction of Henry Court House, Martinsville. When within six miles of that place, I halted and fed and there learned that the brigade had moved south, crossing the Virginia line into North Carolina, in direction of Sandy Ridge; moved on and reached the last-named place at 7 o'clock A.M. of the 11th; after feeding and a rest of a few hours, moved on, passing through Germantown, and reaching Winston-Salem, N. C., at 3 o'clock A.M. of the 12th, learned further of the movements of the brigade, and immediately followed on in your course, crossing the Yadkin River at Shallow Ford, passing through Huntsville and Mocksville and reached your headquarters, four miles west of Salisbury, at 5 o'clock A.M. of the 13th. Men and horses were much worn out and jaded by hard marching and want of rest. Distance marched from the time of leaving your command until rejoining it—from the 4th to the 13th—288 miles, the last eighty-four miles was made in forty-two hours and during that period but one (1) hour's sleep was had by the command. All prisoners taken were paroled and released. The casualties in my command are one (1) man killed, King of D; two (2) wounded, Currin of B and McKee of E, both of whom were left on the route, as were also three (3) sick men, Sergts. Wireman and Boice of C. and Clark of B.; three men, Marshall, Morris and Yost of A., who were sent out after horses, are missing and supposed to have been captured. Total loss, nine (9) men.

The officers and men are deserving of praise for the manner in which they performed their duties, and, without complaint enduring the hardships and fatigues of the march.

Hoping this report is satisfactory, and that it will meeet with your approval, I am, Colonel, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WM. WAGNER,
Major Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BATT., FIFTEENTH PENNA. CAVALRY
(Conrad's Ferry, Yadkin Co., N. C., April 13, 1865).

COLONEL,

I have the honor to report that in obedience to instructions the bridge across the Reedy Ford was burnt and destroyed at noon on 11th inst. There was some skirmishing with our rear guard on approaching the railroad and were obliged to drive off a force of cavalry, about our equal in number, after finishing the work. I have also burnt one ambulance and nine wagons belonging to the Confederate States of America, capturing between forty and fifty mules. Colonel Wheeler's force, and another party sent out from Greensboro, have been around us, but have given little trouble. The Yadkin was crossed last night, at one o'clock, at Glenn's Ferry; pretty reliable information of a force closely following the Tenth Michigan, to Shallow Ford, caused me to use the Ferry. My stock is much exhausted, having had but six hours' rest since starting.

If I pass Shallow Ford safely I will not march rapidly to-day, owing to the condition of the animals; but will try to join you to-morrow. No casualties.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. B. GARNER,
Major Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

LIEUT.-COL. CHAS. M. BETTS,
Commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS 3D BATT., FIFTEENTH PENNA. CAVALRY,
LINCOLNTON, N. C., April 22d, 1865.

LIEUT.-COL. CHAS. M. BETTS,
Commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Sir,—I have the honor to report that in accordance with orders received on the evening of April 10th, I marched my Battalion consisting of eighty-six officers and men from Salem, N. C., at 9.30 P.M., and leaving the regimental column on the Kennersville Road took the road to Jamestown at 11 P.M. and traveling steadily all night arrived at Florence at daylight, on the morning of the 11th. While at Florence heard the scream of a locomotive whistle and I pushed my little column on at a trot, arriving at Jamestown a few minutes past 5 A.M. Captain Remont, in charge of the advance of twelve men, rode on to the depot three-quarters of a mile from town and captured the depot and contents and seven cars on a siding, four of which were loaded, meeting no opposition from a small party of Rebels of whom two officers and four men were captured. The main party, under my command, turned off to the right and proceeded to destroy the railroad bridge across Deep River, which was a Howe truss bridge, weather boarded and shingled and between eighty-

five and 100 feet in length. The guard, of two men, was captured, and fire applied and the bridge being constructed of yellow pitch pine and very inflammable, was in a blaze in ten minutes and in less than thirty minutes was a total wreck. The morning was very favorable for our operations, a heavy fog prevailing, which obscured our movements and numbers from the enemy who, in force equal to, if not exceeding ours, began to cluster on the neighboring hills and prepare to attack us. I afterwards learned they numbered about 100 men. I sent a courier to Captain Remont recalling him from the depot and with orders to Florence, two miles on our return, where Captain Remont joined the column with about sixty horses and mules and thirty-five prisoners, three of whom were officers; then returning through Jamestown, our advance drove a party of Rebel Cavalry, who were watching our movements. At Florence, Lieutenant Smith, with five men, was sent to destroy a large factory for the manufacture of small arms for the Rebel Government. The building, with its contents, consisting of about 800 stand of arms, finished, and about 2500 stand in process of completion, together with a large and valuable amount of machinery, some of which cannot be replaced, and a small quantity of ammunition, was destroyed. There was also in the factory an apparatus for assaying and coining gold and silver, which was also destroyed, together with an inconsiderable amount of gold and silver. Captain Remont, having now arrived from the depot with the advance guard, reported that he had destroyed the depot and cars and the following amount of stores found therein, viz: 1000 stand of arms; fifty barrels of flour; two barrels of molasses; twelve sacks of salt; five bales of cotton cloth (jean), a large quantity of bacon (sides), and two carloads of cotton, all belonging to the Confederate Government. While these stores were being destroyed, Private Alexander, of company I, who was on vedette duty, captured and brought in an entire courier post of one officer and twelve men, mounted and armed. Private Wampler, of the same company, captured and brought in three mounted and armed men. Collecting all his men together he found he had made prisoners of three officers and thirty-two men and taken sixty horses and mules, all of which were brought in. I was now within five miles of Greensboro, in which place, from the best obtainable information, there was a considerable force under General Beauregard, and having accomplished the object of my expedition, I returned to Kennersville Road and halted until noon, when I rejoined your command, not having lost a man and marched a distance of fifty-two miles in twelve hours, besides almost entirely remounting my command. The behavior of both men and officers was in the highest degree commendable. I have particularly to mention Privates Alexander and Wampler, of company I, for their conspicuous gallantry in effecting their several captures single handed and by the exercise of that coolness and brave demeanor which characterizes the true soldier. Corporal Stone and Corporal French of

company I, are hereby also honorably mentioned for having, with five men, successfully brought in all the prisoners and horses in the face of the enemy, a most trying and difficult operation.

I am, Colonel, with respect, your obedient servant,

ADAM KRAMER,
Captain Commanding 3d Batt., Fifteenth Pa. Cav.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIV., DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE.
ATHENS, GA., May 5, 1865, 4 P.M.

GENERAL WILSON,
Commanding Cavalry Corps, Macon.

My division (Stoneham s cavalry) has marched here from North Carolina under orders from the Secretary of War to intercept Jefferson Davis and Cabinet, who, with six millions of Confederate specie, are endeavoring to get to the Trans-Mississippi Department. My orders are if I can hear of Davis to follow him up to the ends of the earth if possible and never give him up. General Stoneman states in his order that the cavalry under him, as well as the other forces in the Department of the Cumberland, will, by direction of the Secretary of War, obey no orders unless emanating from General Grant or General Thomas. Also that hostilities will not cease until the President of the United States so proclaims to the world. I was informed of your whereabouts in order that I might communicate if possible. I have had track of Davis and his party all the way from Yorkville, S. C., where I was two days in his rear. By reaching Athens I have thrown my division in front of his cavalry escort, which consisted of Dibrell's two brigades, Ferguson's brigade, Duke's brigade, and a portion of Butler's division of Hampton's cavalry; in all, from 2000 to 3000 men. These forces are all evading the terms of Johnston's surrender, and endeavoring as armed organizations to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department, but their men are dropping off every day, and at Abbeville, S. C., on ——— last, Davis decided to drop his cavalry escort and push on to Washington, Ga., there to take train by railroad to Atlanta or La Grange. I have positive information to-day from one of his escort that he was at Washington on Wednesday at 9 A.M. and was about to take train for Atlanta with his Cabinet and some generals. The specie was coming on to Washington to go by the same route. I have sent a battalion of the Tenth Michigan to Madison, with directions to cut the railroad without destroying any bridge, so as to intercept the specie and Davis, if possible, and to communicate by courier with you at Macon. I would suggest that your forces in Alabama endeavor to intercept or pursue. I am sending by courier a cipher dispatch to you from General Thomas. Please let me hear from you.

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding Division.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIV., DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE.
ATHENS, GA., May 6, 1865, 9 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILSON.

General—Jefferson Davis parted with the four brigades (Dibrell's two brigades, Duke's and Ferguson's) that were escorting him at Washington on Wednesday or possibly as late as Thursday morning and went on mounted with a party of about forty men. I have not yet been able to learn which road he took from Washington, but I think his object is to get around to the southward of Macon, although he may possibly have got between your command and mine. The Tenth Michigan Regiment, which is at Madison and Eatonton, should be able to ascertain this, and it is ordered to send parties in pursuit, in the event of its being necessary. The four brigades were disbanded or have surrendered at Washington to one of my regiments, excepting one organized party of 500 men under Colonel Breckinridge, of Dibrell's command, who left Washington yesterday morning, saying they were going to Macon to surrender. This I think doubtful, since they were each paid thirty-five dollars in specie before leaving Macon, and their object is undoubtedly to get off with it. What they have done with the balance of the specie I have not yet ascertained, but expect to know to-day which route it has taken. I have directed Colonel Stacy, who was marching on Washington at the time, to pursue Colonel Breckinridge's party and the specie. General Brown's brigade is guarding the crossroads, fords, etc., from this point to Knox's Bridge, on the Tugaloo River, via Danielsville and Carnesville. The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry is here, and I will move with it at any moment in the direction that my information may warrant. The Twelfth Ohio Cavalry (Colonel Bentley) is starting for Monroe, with one battalion *en route* to Covington and anothe to Lawrenceville. He will be directed to communicate with Colonel Eggleston at Atlanta if anything important is ascertained. I would respectfully suggest that small parties be at once sent out from your command to guard the fords, ferries, bridges and crossroads along the Ocmulgee south from Macon, as far, if possible, as Jacksonville. Also that the same be done along Flint River, if possible, from Jonesborough south to Albany. And your force at Columbus, if there is any there, might do the same along the Chattahoochee. Since writing the above I have received a dispatch from Colonel Stacy stating that Dibrell's command, etc., excepting those who made off with Breckinridge and by themselves, is marching here to be paroled. Also, that Davis went by railroad from Washington to Union Point, and from there he believes he went south toward Macon or to the south of it. I sent you a dispatch and a cipher dispatch from General Thomas last evening.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding Division.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIV., DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE.
ATHENS, GA., May 6, 1865, 11 P.M.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL UPTON,
Augusta.

General,—I have the honor to send to you my Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Captain McAllister, with a verbal communication from myself in regard to the status of Dibrell's division of cavalry, which is now lying at or near the pontoon bridge over the Savannah River at Petersburg, having escorted Jefferson Davis with the Confederate specie from Greensboro to that point. On reaching there, finding that my command had intercepted them on their way to the Trans-Mississippi Department, Dibrell concluded to surrender. His command, with some detachments of Duke's and Vaughn's brigades left with them, had first been paid from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per private soldier in specie. I hardly know what to do with them under the circumstances, and should like to have the advice of General Wilson and yourself. What shall be done with the armory at this point; a battalion of 250 workmen (mustered into the Confederate service and having their arms concealed); also with the large number of Confederate officers here, including several generals?

I am, General, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,
Brevet Brigadier-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIV., DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE.
ATHENS, GA., May 6, 1865.

Major,—I had reached the vicinity of Cowpens battlefield, S. C., on April 29, when I received the order to endeavor to intercept Jefferson Davis, his Cabinet, and the Confederate specie. I had already ascertained that Davis and the money, with an escort of four brigades of cavalry, under Duke, Ferguson, and Dibrell, with scattered detachments of Vaughn's, Humes' and Butler's commands, all of which had evaded the terms of surrender of Johnston to Sherman, were moving from Yorkville, S. C., and had crossed Smith's Ford, as was alleged, of Broad River, toward Unionville and Abbeville, S. C., with the intention of going through to the Trans-Mississippi Department, Secretaries Breckinridge and Benjamin and most of the Cabinet, with a large number of generals, also Governor Harris, of Tennessee, accompanied Davis. Vice-President Stephens was not along, and is believed to be now at Crawfordsville, Ga., where he resides and where he declares his intention of remaining, no matter what may be his fate. Jefferson Davis and his escort had remained at Charlotte during the armistice, but left there immediately on its termination and passed through Yorkville on the morning of the 28th. Davis, himself, with a small party, crossed Broad River at Pickneyville Ferry, but the cavalry went around by Smith's Ford. One of my regiments (the Twelfth Ohio) ran into the rear guard of his escort at that

ford and captured ten prisoners, from whom definite information was obtained. The specie was in wagons and was contained in about 100 boxes of gold, and sixty kegs of silver. Prisoners thought there was about $10,000,000 of specie in all. The cavalry escort, numbering in all at that time from 3000 to 4000 men, had been promised their back pay in specie on arriving at the Mississippi River, as an inducement for them to remain true to their chief; but in spite of this bribe as soon as they found we were on their track their men dropped out rapidly. Finding that the advance of Davis' escort had two days the start of us and were well mounted, and having but one brigade with me, and there being several considerable rivers to cross on the way to Georgia, at which small parties could successfully hold the fords and ferries and destroy bridges while the main body of the enemy was pushing on westward, I determined not to pursue on the direct line, but to strike by way of Spartanburg and Golden Grove for the head of the Savannah River, near Anderson, which would enable me to effect a junction with the other two brigades of the division which had marched from Asheville, N. C., toward Anderson, and also to cross the headwaters of the Savannah River at Hatton s Ford. Below this point there was no crossing of the Savannah except by ferries, and the pontoon bridge at Petersburg, at the mouth of the Broad River of Georgia. I felt satisfied that Davis and his party would cross at this pontoon, and I hoped to intercept them at Athens, Ga. The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which I had pushed toward Abbeville from Spartanburg on May 1 to reconnoiter and ascertain whether the enemy was aiming for Augusta or not, captured some of Davis' escort near the Saluda River, and ascertained from them and the citizens that the enemy was concentrating at Abbeville, that Davis was with them and that all would probably march via the pontoon bridge for Athens, Ga.

I reached Athens, Ga., on the afternoon of the 4th with my entire division, and found that I had succeeded in throwing the command entirely in front of the enemy, all of whom were between Athens and the Savannah River. I immediately pushed out a force to guard the fords and ferries of Broad River, and sent the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry to Lexington, with directions to send a detachment to Elberton and another to Washington, Ga., to guard the roads leading northwest and southwest from the pontoon bridge at the mouth of Broad River. Fearing that Davis would abandon his escort and endeavor to make time by taking the railroad train at Washington for Atlanta or West Point, I sent a party to cut the railroad between Atlanta and Augusta at Madison, and also to communicate with General Wilson, commanding the Cavalry Corps, at Macon. This party carried General Thomas' cipher dispatches to General Wilson. I also sent a small party by railroad to Augusta to communicate with General Upton, of Wilson's Cavalry, who had just reached that point with his staff, but without troops. Yesterday afternoon I got reliable information of deserters from Davis' escort, just from Washington, confirmed by dispatches from Colonel Stacy, of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, and also from parties sent to Augusta,

that Jefferson Davis had given over at Abbeville, S. C., on ascertaining that our force was moving to intercept him, the idea of cutting his way through to the Mississippi, and that he had abandoned his large cavalry escort near the Savannah River, and had pushed rapidly on with General Duke and about thirty-five men to Washington, which he reached on the morning of the 3d instant, intending thence to travel *incognito*. Also that some time during the 3d, or early the next morning, Davis had left Washington with a small party by railroad for Atlanta, but had abandoned the railroad at Union Point and gone southwestward on horseback. The specie had not yet reached Washington, as far as I can learn, when Davis left that place. A detachment of my troops entered Washington yesterday morning and ascertained that a large portion of the cavalry escort under Dibrell, was still back toward the Savannah River, where it was waiting to surrender on demand. Colonel Breckinridge, with about 500 men, had just left for Washington, taking the road to Macon, where he said he was going to surrender. The remainder of the four brigades had been disbanded, either at Abbeville, S. C., at the Savannah River, or at Washington, Ga. Before leaving Washington they distributed specie among the men at the rate of thirty-five dollars to each private soldier, and I presume more to the officers. I have not yet been able to ascertain what has become of the balance of the specie, but presume it has either been concealed or shipped by railroad westward, in which latter event it will be stopped either by my party on the railroad at Madison, or by Colonel Eggleston of Wilson's Cavalry, who reached Atlanta on the morning of the 4th. I have ordered Colonel Stacy to pursue Colonel Breckinridge's party (as it is evident they only wish to get off with their specie pay); also to find out if possible what has become of the balance of the money. I have also sent Colonel Trowbridge with the Tenth Michigan Cavalry to Madison and Eatonton with directions to guard the ferries and bridges of the Oconee River south to Milledgeville and to intercept or pursue Davis or the party of Breckinridge, if he can gain the slightest clue. I have also sent the Twelfth Ohio Cavalry (Colonel Bentley) to Monroe, Covington, and Lawrenceville, to prevent anything slipping through in that direction, in case it should get between Athens and General Trowbridge.

The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry I hold here to move in any direction that the information received from the different quarters may warrant. I have also communicated the latest information to General Wilson at Macon, and have suggested that small parties from his command should guard the fords and ferries and bridges on the Ocmulgee south to Jacksonville, and on Flint River from Jonesborough to Albany, and also if practicable on the Chattahoochee and elsewhere in Alabama. I think it is the intention of Jefferson Davis to get around to the southward of Macon. I have sent General Brown's brigade to hold the crossroads, fords, etc., from Athens northward to the head of the Savannah River, and Colonel Miller is doing the same from Lexington to Danielsville. This is for

the purpose of intercepting the disbanded officers and soldiers of Davis' escort, depriving them of their arms and horses and making prisoners of the officers. The privates are so numerous we are obliged to informally parole them. I shall send General Brown's and General Miller's brigades after this duty is over to Greenville, S. C., from which place I recommend that they be recalled to Knoxville. Forage being scarce here, and General Wilson having a large cavalry force throughout this State, I would request authority, after the pursuit of Davis is over, to move with our own brigade to some point or points in South Carolina where forage can be obtained. I believe there is no United States cavalry in that State. I would use one regiment to guard the fords and ferries of the Savannah River from Rabun Gap to Petersburg pontoon bridge for the purpose of arresting straggling parties of disbanded officers and soldiers who are going home, or to the Trans-Mississippi Department with arms in their hands and without paroles. If any of our troops be at Augusta they could do the same thing from Petersburg southward. I would recommend that Colonel Kirk be directed to blockade effectually all the gaps in the Blue Ridge from Rabun Gap eastward to Swannanoa Gap, and that he then be recalled to East Tennessee to prevent his men from pillaging and committing excesses, now that hostilities have ceased. There is evidently no further necessity for General Tillson's Infantry remaining in the mountains. He requested me to send word whether there was or not. I have communicated directly with him, but send this by way of Dalton, which is the nearest railroad point. The reason I recommend that Brown's and Miller's brigades be immediately recalled to East Tennessee is because their officers for the most part have lost all control over their men. A large number of the men and some of the officers devote themselves exclusively to pillaging and destroying property. General Brown appears to have given them *carte blanche* in South Carolina, and they are now so entirely destitute of discipline that it cannot be restored in the field and while the command is living on the country.

I am, Major, your obedient servant,

WM. J. PALMER,

Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding Division.

MAJOR BASCOM,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters General Stoneman.

GREENEVILLE, May 12, 1865, 5.30 P.M.

MAJ. G. M. BASCOM.

The following dispatch was just received:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, DEPT. OF EAST TENNESSEE,
ATHENS, GA., May 7, 1865, 12 noon.

Major,—Will you please forward the inclosed dispatch without delay to General Stoneman. It refers chiefly to the movements of Jefferson Davis, who abandoned his cavalry escort at the Savannah River on finding that we had intercepted it, and passed through Washington, Ga., in

disguise with sixty men on the night of the same day (May 4th) that I reached Athens with my division. Colonel Stacy was at Lexington the same night, and his advance but a short distance from Davis' party. Secretary Breckinridge came very near being captured, and would have been had he been recognized. I have two regiments guarding the fords, ferries, etc., on the Oconee and Ulcofauhatchee Rivers, and have communicated with General Wilson at Macon, Ga., who is on the alert and has a force at Atlanta. I would recommend that Colonel Kirk be directed to blockade all the gaps from Rabun Gap to Swannanoa merely to prevent straggling parties of disbanded soldiers from getting west to their homes or the Trans-Mississippi Department with arms in their hands. These would be apt to turn up as guerillas. I am guarding all the roads, fords, etc., south from Rabun Gap as far as Milledgeville. I should suppose there would be no further necessity for your force remaining in the mountains. Everything has surrendered here, including 2000 of Davis' escort under Dibrell, who we intercepted at Petersburg, on the Savannah River.

W. J. PALMER,
Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIV., DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE
(Howell's Ford, near Warsaw, on the Chattahoochee)
May 12, 1865, 5 P.M.

Major,—After my last dispatch to you from Athens, via Asheville, I got reliable information from a scout, disguised as a Confederate soldier, who stated positively that he had traveled with him for a day, that Davis was one mile and a half from Wills' Ferry, on the Oconee River, a short distance above the mouth of the Apalachee, moving westward. This was at four o'clock on the morning of the 7th instant. The scout left him at that point to report to me at Athens, and, on the way, eight miles northwest of where he had left Davis' party, near Salem, he states that he met General Bragg with about 100 men, most of whom were without arms, and five wagons. He traveled with Bragg some distance toward Furlow's Bridge, over the Apalachee, and then came to Athens. A detachment of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry sent in pursuit succeeded in capturing General Bragg below Concord, west of Monticello, on the night of the 9th instant, with his wife, three staff officers, one ambulance and three wagons. There was no specie in the wagons, but an assortment of provisions, horse equipments, papers, wines, etc. The lieutenant, in violation of orders, paroled Bragg to report to General Wilson at Macon, he stating that he was not trying to escape, but was simply going to his home in Alabama. He had, however, passed around a detachment of my command at Madison, and had evaded another detachment at Covington, and I have no doubt whatever but that he was a candidate for the Trans-Mississippi Department, and that he had been with Davis but a very short time before. A detachment of

the Twelfth Ohio Cavalry which I had stationed at Monroe, while pursuing a party which they took to be Davis', also captured at Conyer's Station, west of Yellow River, on the morning of the 9th instant, Major-General Wheeler, three of his staff, and eleven privates. Wheeler had a forged parole on his person, and tried to pass himself off as Lieutenant Sharp, stating that he had been paroled. When sent to me he made a very poor story, stating that he wanted to be paroled and go to his home in Augusta. As I had no doubt whatever but that he was a Trans-Mississippi man, and had been very recently with Davis, I stripped him and his staff of their horses and side arms and sent them to the commander of the United States forces at Augusta, with a statement of the facts. On the morning of the 8th instant, while searching for Davis near the fork of the Apalachee and Oconee Rivers, Colonel Betts, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, captured seven wagons hid in the woods, which contained $188,000 in coin, $1,588,000 in bank notes, bonds, etc., of various Southern States, and about $4,000,000 of Confederate money, besides considerable specie, plate and other valuables belonging to private citizens of Macon. The main portion of the above property comprised the assets of the Central Railroad and Banking Company, Georgia, which had been moved out of Macon at the approach of General Wilson. The wagons also contained the private baggage, maps, and official papers of General Beauregard and the same of General Pillow. Nothing was disturbed, and I sent the whole on by railroad to Augusta in charge of Captain Patterson, acting assistant adjutant-general, to be delivered to commanding officer of United States forces, to await the action of the Government. Colonel Miller, whom I had sent to Greensboro, reports that Davis had passed through there, but it is possible that he may not have crossed the Oconee River, but deflected south to cross it below Milledgeville. Colonel Stacy, however, who was sent in pursuit from Washington, and who marched by Crawfordsville and Sparta to a point opposite Milledgeville, reports that he could find no trace of him in that direction. I have had the whole country thoroughly searched from Washington west to the Chattahoochee River, and from Athens to Lawrenceville south to Milledgeville, Monticello, and McDonough. My belief is that Davis has not yet crossed the Chattahoochee River, but that he is lying by until search shall have ceased. This belt, however, is so thoroughly exhausted of corn that I have determined to send Brown's and Miller's brigades under General Brown to the line of the Savannah River from Dooley's Ferry, near Lincolnton, northward to Knox's bridge, on the Tugalo, to feed there as long as practicable without starving the people, and to arrest stray parties of armed Confederates going westward. These orders were sent to General Brown yesterday, with instructions as soon as forage becomes scarce to move to Greenville, S. C., and vicinity to await orders from you.

With the First Brigade, which is as much as I can feed on this route, I have determined to march rapidly across the belt, exhausted by the

campaign against Atlanta, and place it west of the Coosa River for the purpose of guarding that line, from Will's Valley south to Wilsonville, on the Talladega and Selma Railroad. The Tenth Michigan, now at McDonough, has been directed to cross the Chattahoochee at Franklin; thence to march via Talladega to cross the Coosa at Clannche's Ferry. The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, now near Decatur, has been directed to march, via Atlanta and Campbellton, to Jacksonville, and from there to Asheville, west of the Coosa. With the Twelfth Ohio I shall start from here to-morrow morning and march by Van Wert and Cedartown to Bennettsville, on Will's Creek. Each of the three columns will carry along enough forage and rations from the Chattahoochee (the Fifteenth Pennsylvania from Atlanta), to take it across the exhausted belt, excepting the Tenth Michigan, which will scarcely find it necessary to do so. On arriving west of the Coosa all intersecting and crossroads will be guarded from Coxville, in Will's Valley, south to Wilsonville, on the Talladega Railroad. The Tenth Michigan will communicate with United States forces at Montgomery, and request that the line from Wilsonville to Montgomery be guarded by them. I have received no orders from you since the one to follow Davis, until I believed further search useless, and I am acting upon that. The shortest way to communicate with me at Bennettsville will be, probably, by telegraph to Huntsville, thence by courier, or if the gunboats are running on the Tennessee River the shortest way will be by courier from Guntersville to Bennettsville. I shall endeavor to communicate by that route when I get west of the Coosa. In regard to the Confederate specie, I am satisfied that Davis has not now any considerable amount with him. Major Millsap, of Major-General Loring's staff, states that in the council of war held in General Johnston's army, General Johnston called on Secretary Breckinridge for specie to pay his army, they not having been paid for more than a year. In presence of the entire council Breckinridge replied that the Government had not more than $60,000 actually belonging to it. That $40,000 was on hand, that $20,000 was or would be transferred to the Commissary Department for the purchase of provisions. It is estimated that the Confederate Government may have had in its possession some $32,000,000, the property of different Southern banks, including those of New Orleans, removed from various points to avoid capture, it having been the original intention to return these funds when the danger of falling into our hands should have passed away. As Davis passed through North Carolina the funds belonging to the bank of that State were, it is said, left at Charlotte, at the instance of Governor Vance. That belonging to South Carolina, Georgia and New Orleans was either left and concealed at Washington or shipped by railroad from that point. The soldiers and people were impressed with the idea that Mr. Davis had a very large amount of Government specie with him, and that they were becoming exasperated that it was not distributed in payment of the troops. It was probably as much to appease this feeling

as anything else that prompted the payment of specie to Dibrell's cavalry, and at the time these were the only troops not formally surrendered or disbanded. This payment probably took most of the public funds. It seems probable that little specie crossed the Savannah River, for if Davis felt it necessary to have a division of cavalry to guard his train, he would not be apt to move that train without guard when he found it impracticable to take his cavalry escort across the Savannah River. General Bragg states that no specie came this side of Washington, Ga. I also have the honor to report that General Iverson was captured by a detachment of the Twelfth Ohio, near his home at Lawrenceville. As I had good reason to believe that he was not a Trans-Mississippi man, and it being difficult to take him with us, I paroled him. A detachment of my command, which passed through Crawfordsville a few days ago, found Mr. Alexander H. Stephens at his home. Howell Cobb is at his home in Athens. The people all want peace and provisions and appear strongly opposed to the Trans-Mississippi scheme of Davis. There is a disposition everywhere on the part of the poor people and the poorer class of returned soldiers toward agrarian riots. I have a telegram of the 7th from Major-General Wilson at Macon stating that it is quite certain that Dick Taylor has capitulated. I had determined to parole Dibrell's division, taking from them their horses and arms, but found that General Wilson had already sent a paroling officer from Augusta to attend to their case.

I am, Major, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding.

MAJOR BASCOM,
Assistant Adjutant General.

P S.—After waiting long enough along the Coosa to catch Davis, or become convinced that further search is useless by my command, I would propose to go to Huntsville, Ala. (if not required further in the cotton States), as being the nearest railroad point that I could march to and obtain forage *en route*. W. J. P.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIV., DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE.
(Near Coxville, Will's Valley, May 17, 1865, 7 P.M.).

Major,—I have the honor to report that I have the first brigade placed along the line of Will's Valley and the Coosa River from Van Buren, in Will's Valley, to Wilsonville, near the crossing of the Coosa by the Talladega (or Montevallo) Railroad. I shall move in the morning to Guntersville, on the Tennessee River, with one company of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and establish my headquarters there until I hear from you, which I hope to do by the gunboats on arriving at that point. I find forage much less abundant along this line, particularly from Asheville to Van Buren, than I expected, and I think

it will be impossible for the brigade to remain many days in its present position without thoroughly exhausting the country, whose inhabitants will already find great difficulty in getting food enough to last them until the next crop is gathered. I have communicated with you from Athens, via Dalton, from Athens, via Asheville, from the Chattahoochee via Dalton and from Euharlee via Resaca, since I received any dispatch from your headquarters. In moving through the country I have found it advisable to parole some 5000 Rebel soldiers, who were at or in the vicinity of their homes, many of them unable to report at the paroling stations regularly provided, or ignorant of where they should report. I would respectfully suggest that if necessary an order be issued under the proper date authorizing me to give these paroles, so that there may be no doubt concerning their legitimacy. Until I reached the vicinity of Jacksonville and Goshen, Ala., I met nowhere in the south any disposition toward guerrilla warfare. Most of the soldiers had returned peaceably to their plows. At Jacksonville, however, ten of Wheeler's cavalry captured two of my men and stripped them of their horses and arms, and subsequently captured Major Garner, of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, who had remained behind for a short time with four men in Jacksonville, to finish paroling some soldiers. They threatened to kill the major, but were prevented by the citizens until the four men came up, when the rebels were driven off with a loss of several horses and one man wounded.

In the district I have traversed since leaving Athens, Ga., the poorer classes will be apt to suffer for provisions until the wheat crop is gathered unless the rich divide with them, which they show but little inclination to do anywhere in the south. I do not think it advisable that any authority should be granted by the military commanders for the formation of armed police bodies for local protection in the South, as such authority will in most cases, I think, militate against the poor whites and negroes, who are and always have been our friends, in favor of the wealthy, who have always been and still are our enemies. No protection should be afforded that cannot be given by garrisons of our troops. There is an abundance of corn in southwestern Georgia and southern Alabama to feed these poor people if the railroads were repaired. The new corn crop is so promising everywhere that I think there will be a large surplus the coming year. All the suffering for food that will occur in the South will occur within the next three or four months. I find on further inquiry that General Bragg and staff were not released, but sent under an escort of a sergeant and ten men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry to report to General Wilson. You have, no doubt, before this received information of the capture of Jefferson Davis, of which I was apprised day before yesterday by the inclosed dispatch from Colonel Trowbridge, of the Tenth Michigan. There may, of course, be still some doubt of the matter, but I regard the information as entirely reliable, as I have had it confirmed from various sources. Davis ap-

pears to have been captured at Irwintown (Irwinville), south of Milledgeville, on the 11th (10th) instant, by Colonel Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, and to have passed through Atlanta for Augusta on the morning of the 14th instant. I inclose a letter from General Wilson, dated at Macon on the 9th, showing the dispositions he had made to arrest Davis. The proclamation he refers to I had printed in Athens, and have posted it in handbills everywhere from the Oconee to the Coosa, and from Allatoona south to Talladega. If Davis is captured, the only object in the First Brigade remaining along its present line would be to arrest other fugitive parties. I sent a company of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry yesterday morning from Jacksonville to Montgomery, Ala., to communicate with the commanding officer of the United States forces at that point. I have managed to keep tolerably well mounted thus far, but unless my animals are rested now I fear the First Brigade will become rapidly dismounted. I would therefore recommend that as soon as it is thought that the brigade is no longer needed along this line it be ordered to Huntsville, Ala., to recruit. It would probably be difficult to march to Chattanooga in consequence of the scarcity of forage on the roads leading thereto. General Brown, with his own and Miller's brigades, is now posted along the line of the Savannah River, but was ordered to move to Greenville, S. C., and vicinity (under General Stoneman's previous instructions), as soon as forage should become scarce along the Savannah. General Brown remained near Washington, Ga., with one brigade until the paroling of Dibrell's command (Davis' escort), some 3000 in number, was completed by an officer sent from General Wilson for that purpose. One brigade of Grierson's cavalry is at Talladega.

I am, Major, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding.

MAJOR BASCOM.
Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters District of East Tennessee.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIV., DISTRICT OF EAST TENNESSEE,
HUNTSVILLE, Ala., May 24, 1865.

Major:—I have the honor to append to the reports I have hitherto furnished of the operations of this cavalry division since I assumed command the following:—

First.—The rebel cavalry force which started with Jefferson Davis from Charlotte, N. C., to escort him to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and which was intercepted by us on the line of the Savannah River, consisted of Dibrell's division and Ferguson's brigade, of Wheeler's corps, Duke's brigade, and all of Vaughn's command that had not previously deserted, and Butler's division, of Hampton's corps. The last did not attempt to cross the Savannah River, but disbanded

in South Carolina, near the river. Ferguson's brigade, consisting chiefly of Georgians and numbering about 1000, after crossing the Savannah was allowed to march to Macon, where it surrendered to General Wilson. The remaining four brigades, commanded by Dibrell and numbering about 2500 men, surrendered at the Petersburg pontoon bridge, on the Savannah River, on finding that they were intercepted, Davis at that point having come to the determination to get away with a few men.

Second.—A large proportion of the rebel soldiers paroled at different poles in the South were without arms, some saying that they had thrown them away, others that they had left them with their commands when given furloughs, etc. It is a question worthy of consideration whether by proclamation of commanding officers all such arms should not be ordered to be delivered up within a certain limited period, as I am satisfied that in most cases these men have their arms at their homes.

Third.—I desire to recommend for honorable mention and promotion the following officers of my command, to wit: In the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. Charles M. Betts, commanding Regiment, for gallant conduct in charging and capturing a South Carolina battalion of cavalry with its commanding officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson), in front of Greensboro on the morning of April 11, 1865; also for thoroughly preserving the discipline of his regiment on an active campaign, during which the troops were compelled to live exclusively on the country. Adjutant Josiah C. Reiff, for gallantry in the above-mentioned charge in front of Greensboro, in which he wounded with the sabre and captured Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, commanding battalion of the Sixth (Third) South Carolina Cavalry; also for skill and success throughout the campaign in getting acquainted with and in clearly reporting the movements of the enemy. Major William Wagner, for skill and good conduct in having with his battalion of 250 men destroyed the Virginia Railroad from thirty miles east of Christiansburg to within three miles of Lynchburg, and thence succeeding in withdrawing his command in the face of a superior force, with the loss of but one man and in joining his regiment at Statesville, N. C. Major A. B. Garner, for gallantry and skill in having with his battalion of 100 men destroyed the railroad bridge over Reedy Fork, between Danville and Greensboro, on the morning of the 11th of April, evading superior forces of the enemy. Captain Adam Kramer, for skill and gallantry in having destroyed the important railroad bridge over Deep River, between Greensboro and Salisbury, on the morning of April 11; also for destroying a large quantity of arms and munitions of war and railroad trains with their contents, first defeating a superior force of the enemy. Sergeant Selden L. Wilson, for skill and gallantry in having with ten men destroyed the railroad bridge, over South Buffalo Creek within a few miles south of Greensboro, driving off the guard.

I also acknowledge my indebtedness for faithful and efficient services throughout the campaign, to all the officers of my staff, but especially to Capt. Henry McAllister, Acting Assistant Adjutant General, and to Lieut. Chas. S. Hinchman, Assistant Commissary of Subsistence; the last for activity and success in keeping his brigade at all times well supplied with rations from the country in the authorized manner, thus preventing, to a great extent, irregular foraging.

I am, Major, yours respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Brevet Brigadier-General, Commanding Division.

MAJOR G. M. BASCOM,
Ass't Adjt. General, Headquarters District of East Tennessee.

General Orders No. 7

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIG., CAVALRY DIV.,
Department of the Cumberland,
HUNTSVILLE, Ala., May 26, 1865.

The general commanding accepts the present opportunity to compliment Sergeants John Burton, Company E, and John K. Marshall, Company F, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, for the faithful discharge of the duties which, owing to the absence of their company officers, devolved upon them during the recent campaign, and to congratulate them upon the entire success of their efforts to maintain the discipline in their respective companies.

By command of Brevet Brigadier-General William J. Palmer.

HENRY MCALLISTER,
Captain and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

GUNTERSVILE, May 21, 1865.

MAJOR SOUTHARD HOFFMAN
Assistant Adjutant General.

I have just received your dispatch, and am about leaving for Huntsville to make arrangements for crossing my command to subsist and forage it on the march to Knoxville and Nashville. I shall reach Huntsville this evening. Please telegraph me there whether the General commanding desires that I should accompany the other regiments of this brigade to Knoxville, or to go with the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, to which myself and staff all belong, to Nashville. Will you please direct four days' forage for 1200 animals to be shipped to Bridgeport immediately, if it is not already there, to meet the Twelfth Ohio and Tenth Michigan Cavalry. I take it for granted that there is subsistence enough already there for them. I have sent orders to General Brown and Colonel Miller how to march to reach Knoxville. I have received enough forage at Guntersville for my purposes, but have no subsistence. Will you please have 6000 rations ordered to Guntersville immediately for the Fifteenth Pennsylvania and Tenth Michigan Cavalry, and give

orders for the boat that brings them to receive and cross these regiments to north side of Tennessee River.

WM. J. PALMER,
Brevet Brigaider-General.

HUNTSVILLE, May 22, 1865.

MAJOR-GENERAL STONEMAN,

General,—I sent a full dispatch of recent operations to you from Guntersville, but the courier being informed that you were not in Knoxville took it to General Thomas' headquarters at Nashville. I received at Guntersville on Saturday your orders to bring my command to Knoxville, and subsequently an order from General Thomas directing me to report with my staff and the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Nashville, to superintend the muster out of that regiment. I have sent orders to General Brown to march with his two brigades from South Carolina to Knoxville, via Hiawassee or Little Tennessee, and to send couriers at once to notify you where and when he would strike the railroad. The Twelfth Ohio and Tenth Michigan are marching to Bridgeport, Ala. The Twelfth will arrive there to-morrow evening; the Tenth Michigan probably not until Sunday next. This brigade is in very good condition except as regards clothing. The Fifteenth Pennsylvania will reach Huntsville on Saturday next. I shall send a staff officer to Knoxville to-morrow to communicate with you more fully, and to bring here all officers and men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry who may be in your district or at Chattanooga. Will you please have them relieved from the duty they are now on.

WM. J. PALMER,
Brevet Brigaider-General.

TALLADEGA, May 25, 1865.

LIEUT.-COL. CHAS. M. BETTS,
Commanding Fifteenth Penna. Vol. Cavalry.

Colonel.—I have the honor to report that in obedience to orders I marched to Talladega on the 16th inst, and awaited there the arrival of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, from whom I hoped to obtain information of the movements of the rebel General Braxton Bragg. The Tenth Michigan did not arrive in Talladega until noon of the 17th, when I ascertained that the detail ordered to escort General Bragg to Macon, Ga., had left him alone at a place called Indian Springs and had returned to join the Regiment. I communicated this fact to you and started for Montgomery, Ala., which place I reached on the evening of the 19th, having scouted the country on the way down as far as Vicksburg, on the road to West Point, Ga., and as far west as the river, without obtaining any information. On arriving at Montgomery, I immediately reported to headquarters to Lieutenant Colonel Hough, A. A. G., in the absence

of Major General A. J. Smith, commanding Sixteenth Army Corps. He immediately telegraphed to Brevet Major-General Wilson, at Macon, who replied that up to that date (19th), Bragg had not reported. I communicated to him General Palmer's orders in the matter and he telegraphed to General Wilson and to all commanders of cavalry and infantry in the States of Alabama and Mississippi and despatched by courier, orders to all whom he could not reach by telegraph, to seek and arrest General Bragg, explaining as far as I was able to give the information, the circumstances attending his capture and release by Lieutenant Phillips. I then proceeded to return, but finding by inquiry from the most prominent citizens that the road up the west side of the Coosa was exceedingly rough and at times swampy, and about fifty-five miles farther than the road I had come and my animals being very badly jaded, I was obliged to return by Wetumka and Rockford, as I had gone; and was unable to make more than twenty-four miles a day. The orders I received from Brigadier General Chrysler, commanding the Talladega, and from Major General A. J. Smith, were very imperative relative to the taking of animals from citizens, except in cases of great necessity, that my movements were delayed beyond the time mentioned in my dispatch, from Talladega. The country for the most part south of Talladega is very rough, hilly and poor and forage scarce, it being with much difficulty that I kept my animals regularly fed. I regret to have lost a complete file of papers, which I secured for your own and the General's use. I will join the Regiment as rapidly as the exhausted state of my animals will allow.

I am, Colonel, with respect, your obedient servant,

CHAS. E. SCHEIDE,
Captain Commanding Company K.
Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry.

General Orders
No. 8.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNA. CAVALRY,
HUNTSVILLE, Ala., May 26, 1865.

Fellow-Soldiers.—After a campaign of more than two months, during which time you have shared a prominent part in securing the grand result just attained in the suppression of the Rebellion, you have again reached your railroad communications, and the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding desires to express the great satisfaction he feels with the soldierly qualities evinced by you since the date of his assuming command. During the campaign you have marched nearly 1500 miles, passed through the States of Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and have subsisted entirely on the country, in consequence of which you have suffered many privations, but it is with pride your commanding officer can say he has yet to hear the first utterance of complaint. Wherever you have encamped you have left a name eulogized by all, whilst your performance of duty

on the field and elsewhere has elicited nothing but praise from your Commanding General.

To the officers of the Regiment, the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding takes pleasure in expressing his thanks for their hearty co-operation and prompt fulfilment of orders. To First Sergeants John Burton, Company E, and John K. Marshall, Company F, special praise is due for the ability shown in the management of their companies in the absence of their respective commanders.

The Regiment will start in a few days for Nashville, there to be mustered out of service as soon as the proper papers can be prepared, and your commander feels assured that during the interval you will sustain the enviable reputation you have hitherto enjoyed, by the continuance of the same good discipline and manly conduct.

By order of

CHAS. M. BETTS,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

LETTERS OF GENERAL PALMER.

The following are extracts from letters written by General Palmer to his uncle, Frank H. Jackson, with whom he corresponded during the Rebellion. All the contents of these, which refer to our regiment, or have a reference to the military life we then lived, or have historic value as showing the conditions then existing, are, by the consent of General Palmer, published.

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON CAVALRY, SOUTH SIDE OF FRENCH BROAD RIVER,
NEAR DANDRIDGE, AT JIM EVANS' FORD.

January 11, 1863.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

I have not heard from you since we left Sequatchie Valley—more than a month ago—although I expect there are letters for me back in our camp. We are nearly forty miles above Knoxville, in one of the wildest (and most loyal) parts of East Tennessee, in what is called the "Muddy Creek District," where the whole power of Jefferson Davis has never been able to enforce the conscription. Nearly every young man is now in our army, while the old men and boys are armed, and consider it a sacred duty to bushwhack every rebel soldier that ventures to enter this sanctum of loyalty. The original conscripting officer being supposed to be faint-hearted, the authorities sent over here from Dandridge, about a year ago, a man named Moore, who had succeeded in enforcing the hated act elsewhere where others had failed. He came with his posse, but Muddy Creek was awake, and before the party had gotten

very far into its wooded and stony recesses, crack! crack! from a score of rifles and shotguns hidden by groves and rocks, told them that they had counted without their host. In an instant the Provost and his clan were scattered in every direction, but not before one man was killed, the Provost dismounted and a number of horses shot. The Provost wandered around till near dark, when he came humbly to the dwelling of one of the most respectable Muddy Creekers (a regular Nimrod, who killed eight bears in the North Carolina Mountain the week before we arrived here), and besought his advice and protection. Nimrod took pity upon him, and knowing that enraged Muddy Creek would sacrifice him if found, he concealed him until after night, and then set him safely across the French Broad. Thus ended the first and last attempt to conscript in this district of Jefferson County.

There are no secessionists whatever in the Muddy Creek District, but on its outskirts there are two or three wealthy rebel citizens, with plenty of corn, fodder, hay, mutton, beef, bacon, potatoes and sorghum molasses. On the plantation of one of these, named Jim Evans, we are now encamped, and our boys are living better than they have for months on his surplus, while our worn-down and sore-footed horses are resting after our recent hard scouts and skirmishes in a perfect surprise at the wealth of grain and "roughness" strewn three times per day before them. The old Planter is now one of the most humble specimens of humanity in this humiliated Confederacy. He reached the point of tears yesterday morning and by to-night we expect will have to be fitted in a straight-jacket. Every time he ventures out of his house, towards the camp, he comes quickly back, with some new story of the outrage and loss. His hay is vanishing, his poultry is gradually wasting away before his eyes, his straw is being used for bedding by "poor but honest sogers," and good God! they are even burning his rails. He is now a good Union man, talks despairingly of "rebels," curses South Carolina, and cotton aristocrats, and in various other ways "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." With any of these men the loss of a fraction of their property is sufficient to swamp all the interest they have or have ever had in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy.

A little expedition that I sent out last night to Clark's Ferry, 17 miles up the French Broad, has just returned with 7 prisoners, some of whom belong to South Carolina and some to Tennessee regiments, part cavalry and part infantry.

Three nights ago we picked up eight in the same vicinity and the next day two. We have been on this side of the French Broad less than a week but in that time have picked up 25 prisoners and deserters. In the month that we have been in East Tennessee, we have taken about 40 prisoners and some deserters with our little command of about 250 men.

Every deserter that comes in now states that President Lincoln's proclamation is known among their troops and that in addition to the

circular extracts our cavalry has distributed within their lines, their own papers have published it. A large number have already availed themselves of the proclamation, and it will undoubtedly tend greatly to demoralize the rebel army, although I somewhat regret that any proffer has been made to them, it would be so much better to force them into the acceptance of any terms we might be willing out of our magnanimity to offer.

The situation of affairs in this department is peculiar.

Longstreet's army is at Morristown and Russellville with one division (Ransom's) at Rodgersville. He has in all about 24,000 men in addition to 6000 cavalry under General Martin. The cavalry is stationed on the north side of French Broad from Dandridge to mouth of Nolichucky.

Longstreet's army is in a terrible plight for clothing and shoes, especially the latter, and General McLaw's commanding one (of the four) divisions of his infantry, who was recently relieved by Longstreet for some misconduct at Bean's Station, and sent on to Richmond, reported to the authorities there that his division was "unfit for duty."

Our own army, however, comprising Granger's Fourth Corps with Burnside's old army, and half the Chattanooga cavalry with Burnside's mounted infantry is hardly in better fix for clothing than the rebels, although I believe that supplies are now coming in. General Grant is at Knoxville or Strawberry Plains, and I believe has resolved on an active winter campaign. I hope he has, as I believe an energetic push at this time, before Longstreet finishes the railroad bridges, connecting him with Bristol and Richmond, would ruin him. I do not like the idea of his army remaining in East Tennessee and feeding everything up this winter. Some citizens, who came into our lines to-day from Parrottsville, above Newport, informed me that he is building pontoons to cross the Chucky near Warrensburgh. This looks something like an intention to retreat up the French Broad into North Carolina.

I took breakfast, dinner and supper at Knoxville with General Grant. He resembles Enoch Lewis of the P R. R. very much, has a square-built head. Would make, I should think, a good mechanician. There is nothing imposing about him in appearance but he looks practical. Hard, blunt experience has made a good practical General out of him. I also saw there General Foster. Two hundred miles of rough country roads and the Cumberland mountains in a severe winter separating his army from a depot of supplies is rather too much on the muscovite order of campaigning for him.

W. J. P

ROSSVILLE, GA., May 5, 1864.

MY DEAR F. H. J.,—

The rear of Hooker's Corps. which has been passing our headquarters for three or four days is going by. Butterfield's, Williams' and Geary's divisions, say 20,000 compose it, the 4th (Rousseau's) being left back to guard railroad at Nashville. Butterfield told me he had 7500 men. Geary, who stopped here this morning, said his

division had twenty regiments averaging four hundred men. Williams' I believe is smaller than the others. He and General Knipe stopped and took a "sandwich" yesterday. Old Joe Hooker and General Sickels did the same this morning and have gone on to Gordon's Mills. General McPherson and General Logan rode over here from Lookout Valley yesterday and stopped a half hour. McPherson's troops are now following Hooker's. Old Joe said McPherson had 20,000 this morning, but General Williams told me yesterday 8000. The truth lies somewhere between the two—probably not over 10,000 coming up. Hooker and McPherson seem to be concentrating in Chickamauga Valley with their right at Gordons Mills. One of General Geary's staff, Capt. Elliott, an old schoolmate of mine, told me this morning that General Hooker counted up 103,000 yesterday (with other Generals at his headquarters) to participate in this movement.

General Thomas, with Sherman, Schofield and several other generals, officers, and their respective staffs left Chattanooga, by railroad, for Ringgold yesterday, and Sherman now has his headquarters there, as also has Thomas. Captain Garner's squadron of our Regiment (escort) went by here yesterday with the headquarter train for Ringgold. I do not know the plan of the campaign but I take it for granted first that Buzzard Roost and Dalton will be flanked; second that the rebels will not make a stand this side of the Oostenaula or Etowah, if there. Our progress must be very slow, after the original supply of forage and provisions that the army sets out with is exhausted. I hope and think we shall get our horses at Nashville and catch up with the front before much blood is spilled. The weather is splendid, the roads hard and dry, and getting very dusty. Some of McPherson's troops came up by railroad from Huntsville. McPherson is tall, robust, but not stout, and has an honest, good-humored, plain face with a retrousse nose. His manners are very simple, easy, and cordial. As we had no whiskey he said he preferred water. This was no doubt to make us feel at ease about it. Fighting Joe and Dan Sickles have not been very long gone. A photographer happening to be here at the time, taking some pictures of the Ross house for us, these two distinguished Generals were taken with the officers of the Anderson Cavalry. Hooker still seems to have faith in the Potomac Army. He is a very agreeable gentleman with all the rough corners and sharp projections nicely rubbed off. I was quite well pleased with Sickles. He talks like a reserved, thoughtful, private gentleman, independent in means, who has traveled considerably; does his own thinking and has no instincts that are not gentlemanly. This is how he impresses you. He has to be helped on his horse, and then screws the stump of his leg to the pommel of his saddle. Sickles comes out to ascertain the temper of the native population. If he would squat down here at the post of the United States forces, called Rossville, he would see this population in its amusing aspect. Yours,

W J. P

CAMP NEAR NASHVILLE, July 10, 1864.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

I received your wrathful letter of June 29th last Tuesday, on returning from Springfield, a pleasant rural locality, where Lieut.-Col. Lamborn is whiling away the summer weeks with one battalion of this patient Regiment. He went up there to press horses, but found that all those fit for cavalry service had previously been run over the border into Kentucky. He informed me of this fact, which I immediately communicated to the authorities, with a request that we should be allowed to press the horses in the "dark and bloody ground." But their mouthpiece, Brig.-General Sooy Smith, chief of staff of Sherman's army, hero of the North Mississippi expedition, informed me in reply that "Kentucky was not considered as a State in rebellion." As he was just starting for a train, I did not delay him to state that I had a week previous sent an application to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, first representing that I could see no prospect of getting mounted here, and second, applying for authority to proceed "to Kentucky or one of the States north of the Ohio for the purpose of buying horses at the government price, or failing in that impress them." The answer that I received to this reached me before starting back from Springfield. It is—that the application has been received and forwarded to General Halleck with the request that it be granted. I expect to hear from "Old Brains" by Wednesday, which will give him two days to sleep on the proposition, but I much fear that red tape will require the answer of the Chief of the Cavalry Bureau.

W J. P

CAMP LOOKOUT, WAUHATCHIE, November 22, 1864.

DEAR FRANK,—

I received yours of the 16th to-day. You and I should thank our stars that we are not on picket in Lookout Valley to-night. I certainly do, that I am sitting in this comfortable tent writing to you and reading "Sheridan's ride" and the Nashville Times, instead of riding about at out posts, as your friend, Lieut. Tony Taylor, has just been doing in performance of his duty as officer of the day. He has just told me that he was two hours in riding from one vedette to another not over half a mile from the first. It is one of those black nights we are apt to remember, with a cold, blustering wind, cold enough to make a thick crust on the bottomless mud, but not quite enough to prevent you from sinking indefinitely into it. Happiness, I suppose, is only comparative, but I assure you an immense deal of quiet pleasure and contentment seems to be stored in a wall tent with a fire-place to it, on a night like this. Even your tempting proposition to "come home and eat oysters for a while" fails to have effect, as one sits toasting his toes and contrasting in his mind the outside and the inside of this comfortable house of canvas. We have had rain and mud, the great enemies of cavalry life, for three weeks. When will it end? I hope it has not interfered with the grand strategic march of Sherman, who started

from Atlanta about the 11th with about 50,000 men, for—I do not know where. There is as much ignorance on the subject here as among the gold speculators in New York, since the Georgia Railroad is not used south of Resaca, and there has been no communication with Sherman since he started. I think, however, that there will be some oysters eaten by his men before a month, though I doubt if they will be Atlantic oysters. Montgomery and Mobile are most probably the objective points. What Beauregard will do, I do not know. I do not even know where he is. If he is going to Memphis, I suppose he will let Price's army, etc., across to reinforce him. If Sherman is really going to Mobile, Beauregard can get his army there before him from Corinth by railroad, unless Sherman can cut it with his cavalry, of which he has only a small force, under Kilpatrick, not over 3000 I suppose.

Sherman runs no particular risk in this movement because he can destroy in his rear the whole railroad system of the rebels in the southwest as he marches, and when he approaches the seaboard if unable to connect with Gordon Granger, he can draw supplies from Pensacola. I think the rebels made their grand flank movement to the Tennessee River under a mistaken apprehension, and that they see it now and wish they had staid where they were in Georgia. Some of their Generals would also feel as well satisfied if there had been a shade less of glorification in the speeches they made just before leaving Gadsden. Meantime "Old Pap" is taking care of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and has, I suppose, at all his posts, from Nashville down, as many men as Sherman took with him. We will hear of Sherman's movements first from the rebels, unless they should interdict all mention of him by their papers.

One hundred of my men just arrived this evening from Louisville, with horses. I have now over 600 officers and men at this camp—not counting the squadron at headquarters, which has not yet joined us. The command is entirely mounted with quite a number of surplus horses to meet emergencies or mount recruits if another invoice of these should arrive.

We have built a fencing hall and in spite of the bad weather have all our officers drilling with the foils and masks two or three hours daily. The men have a daily drill in the broadsword exercise when the weather permits. By remembering that that extortionate rascal, our sutler, could be taxed, I raised $500 of the Salignac pay. Monsieur Sutler said he wouldn't pay the tax, whereupon we put his men and their establishment under guard. The head rogue had gone off to Nashville to buy some more goods. As there were four pretty good mules among the property, we kept the guard on, and said nothing more about it. The United States Government would give $600 for them any day. After the lapse of about ten days, there arrived at these headquarters first a letter from the chief scoundrel saying he wouldn't pay; second, his partner, after a five-minute interview, paid the bill. Of course, he didn't do it without first trying a good deal of finesse, including a proposition to deposit

the value of the tax with the regimental treasurer as security, to be held until the matter could be decided. But I told him I supposed the mules—which were to drag his teams to Nashville after the new supply of stores—were fully worth the amount of the bill, and from his prompt action thereafter, I presume he came to the conclusion that they probably were. We would give them their walking papers, but it would take some time to get another, and in the meantime the tax is running on at the rate of ten cents per month for each officer and soldier. We fixed the villain's prices for his goods by a council of administration. He signalized his entrance into the Regiment by sending up various bottles of Cincinnati wine, champagne, etc., to our heaquarters—a practice which suddenly ceased when we promptly sent them back by an orderly with our compliments and the information that we would send for what we wanted.

Kerby, my spy companion of Castle Thunder, is at Nashville, where he has ingratiated himself through his desperate impudence, everywhere, and now has four clerks, who aid him in the transaction of his important private affairs, which include the sutlership of the Post of Clarksville, a large wood contract from the Government at Nashville, and the sutlership of a negro regiment. As General Whipple, chief of staff to General Thomas, was on Dix's staff at Fortress Monroe when Kerby operated about there, the latter recalled the circumstances, reminded Whipple of his services to the government, which Whipple knew of perfectly well, and got thereby some of the army patronage. I told General Whipple he was almost dangerously smart. He seems at all events to be too smart to lie, unless it be on a very large scale, for instance adapted to Castle Thunder, where I fear truth has been so entirely crushed to earth that she will not rise again soon.

Yours,

W J. P

CAMP LOOKOUT, WAUHATCHIE, Dec. 12, 1864.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

The blockade which I prophesied in my last letter to mother, from Nashville, has now lasted two weeks. I do not think it can last much longer, and I therefore write to you now, while we are still cut off by an army of 40,000 enemies from all the rest of the world, in order that my letter may be in the post-office to go North with the first renewal of mail communication. I succeeded in getting here from Nashville with my thirty-five recruits in what I thought at the time would be, as it proved in reality, one of the last trains run. Hood's army moving northward from Columbia threw off a detachment probably of cavalry, which soon after cut the railroad between Murfreesboro and Nashville, and captured a train of colored troops with some artillery horses, as reported. The telegraph was interrupted even before I left Nashville, so that an important dispatch from General Thomas to General Steadman, who commanded the forces in and about Chattanooga, was sent by my hands, the contents

being also communicated to me by General Thomas, so that the dispatch could be destroyed in case of necessity. Now that no harm can be done by disclosure, I may tell you what those instructions were to General Steadman, and how they came to be confided to me. Finding myself in Nashville, at a moment when I saw all decisive operations were certain to take place in that vicinity, I asked "Old Pap" if I could not bring my Regiment to Nashville. He replied that we were the only cavalry left near Chattanooga and that we could not possibly be spared. I referred to our mobility, and ventured to suggest that some command less mobile might take our place at Chattanooga; to which the General replied that it was precisely because we were so mobile that he wanted us there, and that we were equal to any two regiments he could send there. He added that in certain contingencies we might be of service on the flank and rear of the enemy, and then, after a moment's thought, said "Do you think you could take your Regiment and destroy Hood's pontoon bridge over the Tennessee at Tuscumbia?" We took a map, and on looking at it, the General said the distance through the enemy's country was too great for us to approach the bridge before being discovered in time to enable the rebels to foil the object. He did not know, either, the strength of the force left behind to guard it—although the most natural supposition was that a bridge of such possibly vast importance would not be left without a secure guard, strongly entrenched. That evening, I met the Captain of General Hatch's escort, who had been with our cavalry that had retired the last from Florence when Hood's army crossed and advanced. He had questioned a number of prisoners, who declared that a "Division" had been left to protect the bridge. I mentioned this to General Thomas when I saw him again the next morning, whereupon he told me that he was just writing a dispatch to General Steadman, asking him whether he could take 5000 men from Chattanooga with our regiment of cavalry, and by using the railroad from Stevenson to Decatur and crossing the river, thereby relaying General Granger's pontoon, move rapidly on the south side to Tuscumbia and destroy the bridge. It was this dispatch he sent by me, with additional verbal orders directing General Steadman to prepare his troops at once for a march, to await further orders from General Thomas, unless communication was cut off by telegraph (via Cumberland Gap), and in the last event to proceed to Tuscumbia if he considered it practicable to destroy the bridge; otherwise to remain at Chattanooga until he was satisfied that a considerable force of the enemy had struck the railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville, and then to move by train with 5000 men to Cowan, on the railroad at the western foot of the Cumberland Mountains. I communicated these orders on Monday—two weeks ago yesterday—and General Steadman, deciding at once to strike for the pontoon, made his preparations for that movement with such energy that on Tuesday evening ten trains with 6000 infantry and two batteries of artillery started from Chattanooga, and reached Stevenson before morning. We were ordered to march to Bridgeport (24 miles)

and there embark on four transports and proceed under the cover of two gunboats to Decatur. When we reached Bridgeport, I found that under orders from General Thomas, which had succeeded in getting through by telegraph, General Steadman had gone on with all his troops increased by several regiments from Bridgeport, to Cowan, leaving orders for us to follow, marching—the distance being 37 miles with the Cumberland Mountains to cross.

The pontoon expedition was thus abandoned, and Steadman had followed out the other alternative suggested in his instructions. It turned out that General Granger, whose brigade had been at Decatur and was at that time retreating toward Stevenson, had so slightly destroyed his own bridge at Decatur that the rebels had saved enough to enable them to use it at that place, also that a force of rebel cavalry had entered Huntsville after Granger retreated and captured a locomotive and eighteen cars, which they could probably make excellent use of between Decatur and Pulaski to supply their main army. These circumstances and also perhaps the belief that he might want Steadman's force nearer at hand, had induced General Thomas to change the destination of these troops to Cowan.

But when Steadman reached Cowan, another telegraphic order came by the direct line from General Thomas, directing him to come at once to Nashville, with his whole force. As Steadman had with him nearly all the troops intended for the protection of the important points of Chattanooga, Bridgeport, and Stevenson, he was at first disposed not to credit this order, but to attribute it to the enemy, who had possibly placed an operator of their own somewhere along the wire and were trying to entice him into a trap. The operator at Cowan, however, assured him that he was familiar with the "writing" of the Nashville operator who transmitted the dispatch, and that it was genuine. "What!" said the General, "leave all this country south of the Cumberland Mountains comparatively abandoned?" It was no time to ask questions, however, even had he been able to do so, which he was not, as the wire was almost immediately cut after the transmission of the last important dispatch. So Steadman crowded his troops again into his eleven trains and started shortly after midnight of Wednesday, November 29th, for Nashville. We afterwards learned indirectly that he reached there safely with the exception of his last train, which, as I heretofore stated, was fired into and captured within a few miles of Nashville. Whatever General Steadman may have thought at the moment of his sudden and unexpected movement I think myself that it was strategically correct, and as soon as I heard of its successful execution my opinion of General Thomas' ability was raised. Behind the strong fortifications we have at every important point this side of the mountains, small forces can hold large ones at bay for a long time. We have abundance of provisions, which will last still longer for small garrisons, while the country hereabouts is not capable of sustaining a large force of the enemy. Finally these places are not of the importance to the enemy that they used to be

before Sherman destroyed the lines of communication south of them. All the rails from Dalton to Atlanta have been taken up and brought to Chattanooga and the bridges destroyed, besides the destruction of railroads beyond Atlanta. If Hood should be badly defeated, these places would be in no danger, as he could not then afford to retreat this way; while if Nashville is taken, Chattanooga would not be of much consequence to us, and the fewer troops left here, probably the better. But above all it could not be unwise, since Hood was showing an intention to risk a pitched battle in front of Nashville, to have the positive advantage of the immediate use of Steadman's 7000 soldiers in that encounter rather than the possible benefit that they might be, under certain conditions at Chattanooga and Bridgeport. I therefore think that the midnight order, which was received so suspiciously at Cowan was a very wise one—but its fulfillment was a *close scrape.* I should think Steadman's soldiers would not soon forget that ride "along the perilous edge of fate." To return to the cavalry: As soon as General Steadman received the order to proceed on to Nashville, he telegraphed to me at Bridgeport to return to Wauhatchie, but through an inadvertence of the telegraph operator I never received the dispatch until I reached Cowan. Unwilling then to return, if there was a possibility of our doing anything on the flank, and knowing that everything of this kind would depend on the result of a battle, which might even then be taking place near Nashville, I concluded to remain at Tantallon and telegraph to General Thomas, via Cumberland Gap, for further orders. After four days these orders came "to return to Wauhatchie." So back we came, and here we are on half rations of hard bread and salt pork—the rations having wisely been reduced as soon as the blockade began. We have fresh beef, however, with desiccated vegetables, and some onions. The first is growing so much tougher every day, with the poverty of the grazing and no corn to feed to the cattle, that it is a nice question how tough it will be at the expiration of another week. Doubtless the only use it will then be fit for will be to make pepper pot.

Colonel Lamborn left for Dalton on Monday with his battalion to protect "my triangle" as General Meagher (who has been left in command at Chattanooga) called it. I have not heard yet whether the Patriot accompanied him or not. There were several tribes of somewhat audacious guerrillas hovering around the southern apex of the railroad triangle, which the active imagination of sundry nervous post commanders has induced the General to transform into as many brigades of Wheeler's cavalry. I presume as soon as Colonel Lamborn has proved that "three regiments of Georgia cavalry" are *not* "lying in Broomtown Valley" and that "Horton's rebel brigade" is not "near Spring Place threatening to attack Dalton," he will be allowed to return here to his "moutons," which means fencing. Yours,

W. J. P

NASHVILLE, February 7, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

I have received your favor referring to the offer of Mr. Wright.

Whatever it is intended to be, I must, with many thanks to him for his good opinions and to you for your good offices, decline it.

My reasons for this are even stronger than they were at the close of the Corinth campaign.

It is possible that the war is nearly over. I hope it is. But war is such a delicate and critical affair that even with our present superiority in men, position, and prestige, a slight accident or blunder may set everything back and prolong the contest another year or two.

The loss of my services would have been trivial had I resigned the command of my company in June, 1862; it would be greater now that an experience of nearly three years with much more important commands has been added.

But my chief reason for not leaving the army at this time, is that I cannot leave my Regiment, in consequence of its peculiar history, in the hands of anybody else whatever. I left it once, to my sorrow, and it came near being ruined. The blot its reputation then received has been so thoroughly effaced that I think if General Thomas were asked to-day he would say it is the best regiment of cavalry in his army.

Since I returned from Richmond, I have guarded its honor with constant vigilance. Its time of service is out next September, and I must stay with it to the end. Yours truly,

WM. J. PALMER.

NASHVILLE, February 7, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

I received your brief letter as we were about leaving our camp near Huntsville for a twelve days' scout after guerrillas. The scout terminated on Friday last when we returned to camp with 25 prisoners, including a Captain and two Lieutenants. This is the way we have been carrying out General Thomas' order to rest our horses. Yesterday morning I left Huntsville for this intolerable city in the hopes that I would get to see General Thomas and General Whipple, but the former has not yet arrived and the latter has gone on to Louisville, whither I may also proceed to-morrow.

General Thomas has not much of an army left now. The 23d Army Corps has gone east, A. J. Smith's (16th) Corps by transport to Mobile, and there is nothing left here but the 4th Army Corps, which is at Huntsville, and the cavalry at Eastport. The cavalry will probably soon set out, if it has not already started across the State of Alabama, to take Selma and Montgomery, and destroy the railroad communications of Alabama and Mississippi. Whether we shall accompany the expedition I do not know. Large expeditions of cavalry are very apt to be mismanaged, so that I do not much care to go along with it. I think the pursuit of Hood's army after the Nashville battle might have been

more vigorous. I also think that this expedition should have started immediately after Hood recrossed the Tennessee, for then they could have done all the mischief they wanted to in Alabama, and have gone to Mobile before meeting any efficient resistance. As it is, one or two corps of Hood's army have used these railroads to get rapidly on the road to Augusta, whither they are going to endeavor to impede Sherman.

General Thomas is so well pleased with our pontoon and supply train expedition, and with the manner in which we paid our compliments to Roddy, Russell and Lyon, that he has (I learned to-day) recommended me to the President for a "star." As that was done, however, more than a year ago, by another Major-General, the information has not troubled my equanimity much, and I imagine the result will be about the same as it was then. If Old Abe is waiting for me to send a deputation of politicians to Washington to blow my trumpet he will probably wait for some time.

I have, with much regret, approved Charles Lamborn's resignation. Venus has woven her meshes around him. General Thomas has not approved it yet, but will probably do so. That makes Betts Lieutenant-Colonel, and Wagner Major.

I am anxious to get your long letter. What has become of poor Airey? Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

NASHVILLE, February 12, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

I returned here from Louisville last evening, and found that General Thomas had already arrived from Eastport. This morning I called upon him, when he received me very cordially and enquired pleasantly how "the Fifteenth" was getting along. The old soldier is in full glow of health, and I think is the finest looking, as well as the ranking officer of his army. Headquarters are now fully established at Nashville, and the branch office, which was at Chattanooga during Hood's blockade, has been moved up here. The General told me in the course of the interview that he had recommended me for the position of a Brigadier-General, once immediately after the close of the Atlanta campaign, a second time just before the Nashville battle, and thirdly when he forwarded to the War Department my report of our pursuit into Mississippi, and capture of Hood's pontoon bridge and the train. He then asked if I had any friends in Pennsylvania, who had influence at Washington, who would push the matter? I replied that I had friends of influence, but that I would not call upon them for such a purpose, and that if the authorities would not appoint me on General Thomas' recommendation, they could leave it alone. The General then said that the President had usually made appointments on the recommendation of Department Commanders, but that the trouble was in the confirmation by the Senate, and that some political influence had usually to be exerted to effect this.

He asked me who I knew? I told him Thomas A. Scott, former Asst. Secretary of War. The General said he knew Mr. Scott and that he would telegraph to him at once about the matter. After conversing on some other subjects, I was about rising to go, when he got me to write down for him Colonel Scott's address; I did so and took my leave.

Now my opinion is that when a General like old Thomas, who won himself the first and the last battle fought in the West, and was the chief instrument in winning all the rest—who has never been defeated in any that he has fought, either as commander or subordinate, and who has twice saved the army from destruction when commanded by others—who has just done his country the service of inflicting the most crushing defeat of the war upon an enemy who had assumed the offensive and advanced 300 miles from the point to which he was driven in the summer; who was an experienced soldier when the war began, and who is well known never to say anything but what he means. When this cool, thoughtful, dignified old veteran recommends an officer at three different periods for promotion for gallantry and efficiency, it is rather hard that such a General should be obliged afterwards to telegraph to a citizen of Pennsylvania to aid him in placing the subordinate in the command that he thinks the interest of the service require. Looking at the case purely as an observer, it seems to me that in this particular the Republic needs mending. Don't you think so?

I consider the interest "Old Pap" manifested in me, in volunteering to do this in my behalf, which I wouldn't do for myself, as a compliment worth more than all the stars in the President's firmament. I don't claim to be particularly modest, but there are certain things which I don't think a man ought to beg for—and one of those is military promotion. You know I never would allow that in my men, and if it's a good rule for them, it must be for me. The only thing a soldier has the right to beg for is a chance to distinguish himself in the field.

We shall leave Huntsville in a few days and go back to Wauhatchie to refit. The General is going to give us Spencer carbines, and enough horses to supply those we have lost and that have been broken down in the service. You know "one can't make omelette without breaking eggs" as Monsieur Salignac says every time we have a man killed or wounded.

After we get fitted up, we are to go on a long and important expedition from which it is possible we will never return to Chattanooga. I cannot tell you where it is, because "Old Pap" pledged me to tell no man. He has picked out our Regiment specially to go because he says I can find the roads. He wishes me to command a brigade on the expedition, and hence apparently his haste about the confirmation matter. Please say nothing about the expedition at present. Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

CAMP AT MASTINS, NEAR HUNTSVILLE.
February 27, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

I have received your four favors to the 16th inclusive.

One of the finest specimens of a country gentleman that I have ever met, was a man named Montcastle, in East Tennessee, near Mossy Creek. We camped on his plantation last winter one night, and although he was a rebel, he belonged to the Free-Masonry of Gentlemen, and before I knew it I found myself regretting every bushel of corn that we fed, and sympathizing for every one of his fence rails that we were compelled to burn. We did not inflict much damage, however, but the next day a regiment of cavalry paid him a visit, and because he was a rebel, robbed him of his watch and all his money, despoiled his house and out buildings, and also stole his dishes and bed quilts. I have seldom sympathized so much with any sufferer in this rough business of war, as I have with him. He was obliged to leave his place, and I believe went North to earn a livelihood for his family.

He was a man of fine feelings, had always been generous and kind to his poor neighbors, who were chiefly loyal, and was spoken of by them in the highest terms.

We frequently meet such men in our marches, and always make it a point to leave them as far as possible unmolested, so that they may remain to teach nobility by example to the communities in which they live. There are a few of them in North Alabama, and wherever met, I have found that my Regiment, by a sort of instinct, has respected them, and avoided even those smaller inflictions by which an army makes its presence felt. You may say that this is not war. I reply that within two weeks after Montcastle was despoiled, the regiment that laid its heavy hand upon him, and the division in which it was, were driven back to Sevierville in utter disorder by an inferior force of the enemy's cavalry, while the Fifteenth Pennsylvania was ordered out by General Sturges to hold the important road which their retreat had left open.

We leave Huntsville day after to-morrow for Wauhatchie, where the reinforcement of horses, for which we sent to Louisville, will join us within a few days after our arrival. I wish you could be here to-day to enjoy a taste of summer in February. This valley is more beautiful than the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania, and to-day it is like late May, if not June.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

ATHENS, GA., May 6, 1865.

DEAR FRANK JACKSON,—

I am so exceedingly busy at the moment with a courier party of fifty men starting from here to Dalton, that I have only time to say that I am well and have been so, that I now command Stoneham's Division of nine regiments, and wish Stoneman, or Gillem rather, had left it in better discipline when they retired (my own old brigade behaves finely), that

the rebellion is over, that there will be no fighting in the Trans-Mississippi Department, that I succeeded in throwing my division in front of Jeff Davis, which caused him to disband his four brigades of cavalry escort (except what surrendered), and to take it "a la Scotch Cap," that I am now hunting him at every cross-road, ford, ferry, and bridge, from the Blue Ridge to Milledgeville. Also that if you people at home consent to anything short of immediate and unconditional emancipation, you will never cease to rue it. Pardon everybody but Jeff and remit confiscation of all other than slave property.

Please give the enclosed to Mr. Morton after reading it.

Respectfully yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

HEADQUARTERS OF CAVALRY DIVISION OF EAST TENNESSEE,
ATHENS, GA., May 6, 1865.

MR. SAMUEL C. MORTON,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear Sir,—

I have no right to communicate directly with the President of the United States, being forbidden by the position I hold in the army, but as I have had peculiar and extraordinary opportunities of becoming acquainted with the phases of public sentiment among the most intelligent men in North and South Carolina and Georgia since the surrender of Lee's army, I have a strong desire that President Johnson should become acquainted with one or two points that I shall mention in this letter.

Of course everybody has abandoned the cause, and the most intelligent and influential men everywhere have candidly acknowledged to me that they are entirely in the power of the United States Government, and will have to submit to any terms that may be imposed. Not one of them has the slightest expectation of any continued resistance in the Trans-Mississippi Department—nor do they wish it. I am satisfied from the inquiries made of me by leading men in all the three States named, that a strong united effort will be made throughout the South to influence Northern sentiment to grant the gradual abolition of slavery. This is the utmost they hope for.

Now I hope most sincerely that those who have the settlement of this matter will not be influenced (by any fear of a sullen resistance to the authority of the Government or any desire to pacify the Southern people and make them give a cheerful submission to what is so unpalatable) to yield this point. They should consent to nothing but an immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. I have told these people everywhere that no matter what else is done, this is inevitable; that as they evidently expected universal confiscation, subjugation, and in some cases annihilation, they should deem the other mild terms; that as their labor system has to be reorganized on a compensatory basis, the sooner it is begun the sooner they will have a stable system—

and that they have more to fear from insurrections and disturbances among the negroes if their emancipation is procrastinated, than if it were immediate, especially since the whites have been disarmed and so many of the blacks made soldiers.

Some of their leading people have partially admitted the force of these arguments, but all would, I am convinced, cheerfully submit to these terms if they found that this was the best and the worst, and that no general confiscation would ensue.

If slavery is not immediately got rid of, pacification will be indefinitely delayed, and political parties in the North will before long be based on this issue.

I would be glad to see even the leaders of the rebellion or most of them pardoned, and not a dollar's worth of other than slave property confiscated, in order to gain this point, and it might be done in a way to ensure the influence of these leaders to make the main point (immediate abolition) palatable to the Southern people.

The crime of rebellion is so great that any punishment of those concerned seems trifling and insignificant. And the value of the property that might be confiscated to the United States Government is absurdly small compared to the mere pecuniary advantages it would derive from the increase of taxable property in the South, in a very few years under a free labor system.

But let us have freedom everywhere—the whites of the South expect it, the negroes are longing for it, and civilization and peace demand it.

With kind regards to yourself, I am, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER,
Brev Brig. Genl.
(Commanding Stoneman's Cavalry).

HUNTSVILLE, June 1, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

On returning to Huntsville, after completing our modest circle of 2000 miles, I found, to my great pleasure, your favors of March 9th, 21st, and 25th and May 6th. As I wrote you about two days ago, one of my mails went astray over in that big hollow between Smoky Mountains and the Blue Ridge and I had no doubt but that some of your letters were in it. I sent up to Knoxville to trace that mail up, but my aide, who went for that purpose, returned a few days ago without a clue. So I am forced to forego the pleasure of reading any letter you may have sent to me in April.

In one of your letters you requested that I should let you know where our expedition was going to come out. I never did so, because after the interview I had with General Thomas, in Nashville, and at which he told me we were to go to South Carolina, the plans were all changed. While I knew generally that our amended objects were to cut the railroad

in rear of Lee and Johnston, I knew very little else until we had crossed the Smoky Mountain. Otherwise I should have been pleased to write the one name which would have given you so much satisfaction.

You may be sure, had we actually reached the coast, that nothing would have pleased me better than to have encountered you on the beach in the interesting attitude that you have described, oysters and all. That sight would have atoned for all the fatigue and discomforts of so long a ride.

As I haven't heard from you or from a single soul at home since my return to Huntsville, I suspect that you have all gone off to some delightful watering place. But if you are not thus enjoying yourself better, can't you come out and meet us at Nashville? I shall have my horses there and we could ride out to the Ackland Place, the Harding Park, the Hermitage, Fort Zollicoffer, etc. I know every lane, hill, and meadow around Nashville and would have time to show you everything; and each evening we would balance the account of the day by taking a plunge into the cool waters of the quiet Cumberland. I have always had a desire that you should see something of the country in which we have been campaigning for four years, and which I know better than I do any portion of Pennsylvania. I want to show you before I leave the service the battlefields of Stone River, Tullahoma, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, and also, if possible, Shiloh and Knoxville. I can take you all around without cost, after you once reach Nashville. We shall start from here for Nashville in about a week and shall probably have to remain there about ten days before our papers are completed. Can't you meet me there?

Your reference to Captain ———— (you're an unforgiving fellow) calls up a variety of old associations. I suppose now that the war is over, I may consider that the rope has been removed from my neck. It is true that Lieber says they can't hang a captured soldier for having been a spy on a previous occasion, but I had made up my mind that the Confederacy and old Winder might not have studied "Lieber," and that I would never be captured alive unless wounded. By the way, you will be gratified to learn that the last seen of old General Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, who captured me at Dam No. 4, and was so stupid as not to be able to comprehend the geological enthusiasm which would prompt a young man of my experience to cross the river at that time, was at Appomattox, where one of his officers, Lieut. Col. Lane, son of Jim Lane, whom we captured on the Catawba, told me he had seen him getting away at Appomattox Court House. His horse had thrown him in his anxiety to avoid capture, and not having time to recover a perpendicular position he was still going ahead, horizontally. I have only one wish in regard to the old artillery General—I would like to put him through as rigid a course of cross-questioning as he did my unlucky self in the Valley of Virginia, to see if he could stand it as well. I could then say with content "Go! there is room enough in the world for thee and me." To this day, however, whenever I wish to have a vivid

conception of purgatory I recall how I felt on that September day when General Pendleton, having pretty nearly exhausted himself, turned suddenly and said "Well, you say you were in Williamsport on Monday? (wasn't nearer than Greencastle). Did you see any of our forces there?" "No." "What!" burst in both the old persecutor and the Captain of the battery, "you were in Williamsport on Monday and didn't see any of our forces?" (I did see a very distinct rope suspended from the limb of a very distinct tree just about then, but I soon came to the rapid conclusion that if the announcement of there having been no troops there on that occasion created such a demonstrative expression of surprise, it was barely possible I might be mistaken in regard to the matter. At all events it made very little difference to me, and I was prepared to yield a contested point to avoid dispute. Galileo did the same thing about a much more important matter, and why shouldn't I?)

So I replied that "I saw a great many wagons going through, and a great many stragglers, wagon guards, etc., and that there might have been some regular body of troops, but that I hadn't seen any."

I knew that 1500 Yankee cavalry cutting its way out from Harper's Ferry that morning couldn't pass within five miles of Williamsport or any other place without disturbing the rebel pulse slightly if there had been any rebels there.

"Oh! well go on," said the General. I wonder if I shall ever be forgiven for all the lies I told on that occasion? As the story was tolerably well connected, I hope at least the Recording Angel will set it all down as one lie. It would suit me still better if he would drop a tear and blot it all out.

You say we must go on to Richmond this summer and see Castle Thunder. Nothing would give me greater pleasure. I want to show you where the new floor rises over the board that covers our aperture of expected deliverance. Poor Clark! He could not live to see the country saved for which he worked and fought so bravely. If anyone doubts the existence of unalloyed patriotism, I do not, after knowing Major Clark.

We must get the new jailer to take up that floor in the corner and make us a present of the board that conceals the hole.

We burned down the infamous Salisbury prison as we came along that way. It is only necessary to see one of these prison lots to know that the suffering inflicted has been intentional. Why leave thousands of men without a plank to shelter them from sun or storm, compelling them to burrow in the ground and live like muskrats, when there is a primeval forest adjoining Salisbury, from which a small daily detail of these prisoners could fit up substantial shelter in a week? You can see murder on the face of it.

On this campaign I think I had a strong staff, which is indispensable to the proper management of from 2000 to 3500 cavalry. Remember that my division occupied a length of six miles along a road when in column, and in case of the head of a column striking an enemy, two or three hours must be consumed before the rear could be formed in line.

General Stoneman is in Knoxville. I do not know what they are going to do with the Cavalry Division (10 regiments), of which only one regiment has as yet been ordered to be mustered out. Stoneman is a good commander, and managed the expedition well. He was very kind to me throughout, and usually made a confidant of me, and frequently acted upon my humble suggestions. I am satisfied that his failure last summer in Georgia was due chiefly to the quality and discipline of the troops he had with him. They were laden with plunder and of course did not want to run any risk of losing it by stopping to fight. You will be proud to learn that during our recent campaign in Georgia, the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry captured a train of seven wagons in the forks of the Okonee and Appalachee loaded with $200,000 in gold, 1½ million State money and bonds, 4½ millions Confederate money, besides all the private baggage and official papers of General Beauregard and Pillow, and a large number of trunks filled with plate and valuables of citizens of Macon that had been run off to avoid General Wilson, and that this train was brought by a Sergeant and ten men of the said Fifteenth, a day's march, to me at Athens without a single article being disturbed. There! I am as proud of that as of all the fights the Regiment was ever in. One other thing I feel proud of—I marched my brigade across the State of South Carolina with greater order and discipline and with less straggling and thieving than in moving out of Tennessee. If you doubt it, go down some day among these aristocratic traitors and ask them. (The women can beg harder for safeguards and for the return of horses in the vicinity of Spartanburg, S. C., than anywhere I have ever been.) I do not claim that my mode of warfare is best adapted to South Carolina, but it is the best to ensure efficiency in a fight.

We didn't have the satisfaction of capturing Jeff, but we intercepted and forced the surrender of the four brigades of rebel cavalry that had started to escort him to Texas. General Wilson is very magnanimous about it. He telegraphed last week to one of my captains at Montgomery, Ala., that he owed the capture chiefly to us, that we had driven him into his hands, and that the first and only reliable information he received concerning Davis' position and movements was from us. This is very decent.

In regard to our relations with our "erring Southern Sisters," I have only time to say that I am for mercy. Kindness unlocks every heart. It has even made Abraham Lincoln a favorite with the Southern people. It is a very great loss to them and to the nation that he was killed.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

HEADQUARTERS NEAR NASHVILLE,
June 14, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

General Thomas is to return here and will have command of the most important department of the Union. The General is not much

of a statesman, but he is less apt to commit mistakes than Sherman. He seems to have no ambition except to do his duty. On the whole I think no particular brilliancy is needed in the reorganization of these States, and that there is more danger of overdoing the business of government down here than of anything else.

The letter I sent from Athens, Ga., for Mr. Morton, was of no further importance after the policy of the administration in regard to slavery had been fixed. But I wrote it at a time when I had been cut off for several months from all communication with the North and when I was without any means of judging of the feeling at the North on this subject. Sherman's first agreement with Johnston (a copy of which I received in North Carolina by flag of truce from General J. E. Johnston) led me to believe that the question was going to be staved off, which of course would result in a continuance of slavery. Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

CAMP NEAR NASHVILLE, June 17, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK,—

I have yours of the 9th.

I believe the eventual reputation of every officer and of every regiment will depend on its reputation in the army, and among army officers.

In the glorious old Army of the Cumberland our Regiment is acknowledged as the foremost.

Do you think that history is going to be made up from the ephemeral letters of newspaper correspondents. Not if it will be worth reading.

It is, of course, quite delightful to be puffed up by newspaper men and to be identified along the streets and followed by little boys and curious men. It would be a great deal more delightful, if this sort of reputation were not so devilish uncertain in respect of permanency. Look at McClellan, Fremont, Butler, and all the rest of the glorious army of martyrs.

The correspondents have undoubtedly let us alone. For this they have my sincere thanks, as they would probably have lied outrageously if they had decided to say anything about us. If you had been in my place you would have been as I have been, too proud to cultivate this sort of thing. You would not have known exactly how to go about it, and you would finally have come to the conclusion that as far as reputation was concerned, you would be willing to stand or fall by the official reports of your superior officers, and that as nature happened to make you a gentleman it would be best to hold on to that much anyhow, the rest being, to say the least, uncertain.

Your newspapers came tumbling in upon me to-day all of a heap. I suppose the Nashville postmaster thinks they will be better appreciated if they come by wholesale and therefore retains them until they accumulate sufficiently. To-morrow being Sunday I shall endeavor to make amends for my long ignorance by reading up.

General Thomas returned this evening, and to-morrow I shall

probably see him in regard to my case. To tell the truth, until I see "Old Pap" I do not know whether I want to get out of the service just now or not. Captain Kellogg, his A.D.C., tells me the General wants me badly to stay.

I will remember Field if I strike him. I have applied for a Majority for Captain McAllister, my A.A.A.G., and a Captaincy for Lieutenant Taylor, both commissions to be sent to them to your care direct from the Governor. Please give them to the gentlemen as they pass through Philadelphia.

The Regiment will probably be mustered out next Thursday and start home on Saturday. I wish you could have come out. If I remain in the service you must do so by all means. Yours,

WILLIAM.

MUSTER ROLL

OF THE

Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

FIELD AND STAFF

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Wm. J. Palmer..	Colonel	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Capt. Anderson Troop, Sept. 7, 1862—prisoner from Sept. 18, 1862, to Jan. 15, 1863—Brev. Brig. Gen., confirmed about March 15, 1865—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
William Spencer.	Lt. Colonel	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Anderson Troop, Oct. 3, 1862—resigned, Feb. 6, 1863.
C. B. Lamborn..	.....do.....	June 4, 1861	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Co. A 30th Reg. P. V., Feb. 2, 1863—resigned, Feb. 1, 1865.
Chas. M. Betts...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Capt. Co. F to Maj., May 11, 1864—to Lieut. Col., March 13, 1865—mustered out with Reg. June 21, 1865.
A. G. Rosengarten	Major	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from 1st Serg. Anderson Troop, Nov. 12, 1862—killed at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 29, '62
Frank B. Ward..	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Capt. Co. B, Oct. 10, 1862—died Jan. 4, 1863, of wounds received at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862—buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburg, Pa.
William Wagner..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Capt. Co. B, March 13, 1865—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
A. B. Garner.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Capt. Co. K, March 13, 1865—mustered out with Reg.. June 21, 1865.
J. Blackstone, Jr.	Adjutant	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 10, 1862—resigned Feb. 27, 1863—re-mustered March 1, 1863—promoted to Capt. Co. E, March 14, '63.
William F. Colton	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted Corp., Nov. 1, 1862—to Serg. Maj., March 1, 1863—from Serg. Maj., March 14, 1863—to Capt. Co. A, May 11, 1864.
C. E. Scheide....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Co. L, June 30, 1864—to Capt. Co. K, March 13, 1865.
Josiah C. Reiff...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Co. H, March 13, 1865—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
George S. Fobes.	Q. Master	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private Co. B to Com. Sub., Nov. 7, 1862—to Q. M., March 1, 1863—resigned July 29, 1864.
J. W. Johnston..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Corp. Co. E, Nov. 4, 1864—absent, on detached service, at muster out.
C. S. Hinchman..	Com. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Reg. Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—absent, on detached service, at muster out.
J. W. Alexander.	Surgeon.	Oct. 20, 1862	Mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
G. F Mish.....	As. Surg.	Oct. 4, 1862	Prisoner from Dec. 29, 1862, to Feb., 1863—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
Eli J. Say.....	.....do.....	April 7, 1863	Mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
J. M'Glumphey..	Vet. Surg.	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Co. D, July 22, 1864—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
W Wallace Borst	Serg. Maj.	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg. Co. B, March 15, 1865—commissioned 2d Lieut., Co. M, May 29, 1865, and 1st Lieut. Co. M, May 29, 1865, and 1st Lieut. Co. A, June 21, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
W. H. Wayne, Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg. Co. B, March 14, 1863—died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 12, 1863.
Washington Airey	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Co. C, Nov. 1, 1862—to Capt. Co. L, March 1, 1863.
Edward Sellers...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Corp., 1862—Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—1st Serg., March 1, 1863—Serg. Maj., April 12, 1863—to Capt. Co. H, May 8, 1863.
Samuel Phillips...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg. Co. H, May 8, 1863—to 2d Lieut. Co. G, July 22, 1864.
J. F. Conaway....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg. Co. I, Jan. 21, 1865—to 1st Lieut. Co. B, March 13, 1865.
Wilfred H. Keely	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Com. Serg. to Co. G, July 17, 1863—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
Albert B. Fobes..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private Co. B, Nov. 1, 1862—transferred to Co. A, March 1, 1863.
George S. Clark..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from private Co. L, March 1, 1863—to Capt. Co. E, May 8, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Abner Evans.....	Com. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Com. Serg. Co. M, July 9, 1864—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
W. M. Fields.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Corp. Co. D, March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut. Co. H, May 8, 1863.
Harry Walters....	Com. Serg.	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted Q. M. Serg., March 1, 1863—from Q. M. Serg. Co. B, May 8, 1863—transferred to Co. B, July 16, 1863, as private
Wm. M. Palmer..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—from Com. Serg. Co. L, May 8, 1863—transferred to Co. L, Nov. 14, 1863, as private.
George H. Kline.	Saddler	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted from private Co. I, Feb. 11, 1863—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
William M'Gee...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted from saddler Co. K, March 1, 1863—discharged for promotion, Aug. 15, 1863.
Charles P. Sellers	Hos. St.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private Co. H, Nov. 1, 1862—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
W. G. Stewart....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted from saddler Co. G, Aug. 16, 1863—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
J. L. Anderson...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private Co. I—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 25, 1863.
L. S. Strickler....	Ch. Bugler	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from bugler Co. D, Nov. 1, 1864—mustered out with Reg., June 21, 1865.
Henri Le Caron..	.....do.....	Aug. 1862	Promoted from bugler Co. A, Nov. 1, 1863—to 2d Lieut. 13th Reg. U. S. Colored Troops, Sept. 13, 1864—to 1st Lieut., March 24, 1865—mustered out Jan. 10, 1866.
Wm. M. Murdock	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from bugler, March 1, 1863—transferred to Co. K, Nov. 1, 1863.

COMPANY A.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Norman M. Smith	Captain	Mar. 1, 1863	Discharged, May 8, 1863.
W F. Colton....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Adjt., May 11, 1864—discharged, June 21, 1865.
James H. Lloyd..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred from Co. C, June 21, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Wm. G. McClure.	1st Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Serg. Anderson Troop, March 1, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
Anthony Taylor..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Serg., Oct. 20, 1862—to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—commissioned Capt. Co. G, June 1, 1865—not mustered—discharged, June 21, 1865—medal of honor.
Ebin Allison.....	2d Lieut.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—to 1st Serg., May 8, 1863—to 2d Lieut., May 28, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Charles B. Magee	1st Serg.	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted from Serg., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Joseph S. Wright	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Q. M. Serg., Sept. 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., June 1, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Edmund B. Jones	Q. M. Serg.	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted from private, July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
L. L. Branthoover	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted from private to Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—to Q. M. Serg., June 1, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Samuel V Curtis	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—to Com. Sub., 181st Reg. P. V., Aug. 1, 1863.
Harry H. Peck..	Com. Serg.	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted from private, July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Benj. F Balmer..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 5, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—to Com. Serg., June 1, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865, Prisoner of War.
Jesse Jenkins.....	Sergeant	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
S. Livengood.....	.....do.....	July 18, 1863	Promoted from private, July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
R. M. Hunter....	.....do.....	April 13, 1864	Promoted from private, July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Charles H. Devitt	.....do.....	Feb. 20, 1864	Promoted from private, July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
S. J. Maguire....	.....do.....	May 21, 1864	Promoted from private, July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Harry G. Dennis.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—discharged, June 21, 1865.
William De Bree	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg., May 14, 1863—discharged June 21, 1865.
D. M. Milligan...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 24, 1864—to Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—wounded and captured, April 15, 1865.
Samuel C. Black.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., March 16, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
T. J. Whipkey....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 7, 1864—to Serg., June 1, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Arthur P. Lyon..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., April 4, 1863—to Serg., Jan. 22, 1861—commissioned 2d Lieut., Dec. 28, 1864—not mustered—killed near Warrington, Ala., Jan. 15, 1865, by his prisoner, General Lyon, C. S. A.
Albert B. Fobes..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—discharged on Surgeon's certificate.
J. L. Hammell...	Corporal	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
S. J. Fahnestock.	.....do.....	April 6, 1864	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
A. Hamilton.....	.....do....	Jan. 5, 1864	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Henry Oldfield...	Corporal	Jan. 5, 1864	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
W. H. Tomlinson	.....do.....	May 27, 1864	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
J. C. Maxseimer.	.....do.....	Jan. 28, 1864	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865—veteran.
Josiah Warg.....	.....do.....	Oct. 25, 1862	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
J. B. Mooney....	.....do.....	Mar. 19, 1864	Promoted to Corp., July 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hiram P. Eves...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—discharged, June 21, 1865.
H. D. Overholdt.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 7, 1864—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Andrew J. Megee	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out, June 21, 1865.
Conrad Miller....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—discharged, June 21, 1865.
S. N. Knight....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Jacob A. Swartz..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
James M. Fooster	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Valentine Dick...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Abbot Yarrington	Bugler	April 30, 1863	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Henri LeCaron...	Bugler	Aug. 1862	Promoted to chief bugler, Nov. 6, 1863—discharged, Sept. 12, 1864, to accept promotion.
William Swartz...	Farrier	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
John W. Sausser.	Saddler	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 10, 1863.
Allen, Albert D...	Private	April 13, 1864	Discharged by General Order, June 21, 1865.
Allt, George.....	.....do.....	May 13, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Allen, Joseph.....	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Never reported.
Adams, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Baily, Samuel....	.....do.....	Mar. 18, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Barnes, James....	.....do.....	April 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Barnett, Allen J..	.....do.....	Mar. 31, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Barr, Charles J..	.....do.....	Mar. 10, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Beachell, H. R...	.....do.....	May 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Beall, Wm. L.....	.....do.....	Dec. 14, 1863	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865—veteran, 9 months, Co. F, 137th P. V.
Bishop, John C...	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Brown, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 25, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Burns, Andrew S.	.....do.....	Aug. 15, 1864	Never joined Co.
Brady, William...	.....do.....	May 12, 1864	Never joined Co.
Boyle, Hugh.....	.....do.....	April 5, 1864	Never joined Co.
Burns, Frank.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	From Sept. 20, 1862, absent sick at muster out.
Bardsley, William	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Brough, C. M....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Brough, H. H....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Brooks, H. E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Bratton, W L....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Boggs, John C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Barbour, Peter...	.....do.....	Sept. 27, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Boehmen, J. H...	.....do.....	Sept. 2, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Bradt, Levi C....	.....do.....	Sept. 24, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Beisel, Reuben...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 16, 1863.
Blyler, George W	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Dec. 5, 1863.
Bowles, Flavius J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to hospital steward, U. S. Army, April 2, 1864.
Booz, Thomas S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died of gangrene at Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 13, 1864.
Black, Wm. D...	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Discharged by General Order, June 28, 1865.
Burns, Thomas..	.....do.....	Nov. 12, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Baker, Owen.....	.....do.....	Nov. 17, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Braslan, Henry...	.....do.....	Oct. 14, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Bennett, William.	.....do.....	May 19, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Caldwell, Wm.....	.....do.....	April 11, 1864	Discharged, Aug. 5, to date, July 18, 1865.
Castleman, Lewis	.....do.....	May 11, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Collahan, T. D...	.....do.....	April 18, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Cover, Michael...	.....do....	June 4. 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Graig, Frank.....	Private	Nov. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Crumpton, R. D.	.....do.....	July 11, 1863	Discharged by General Order, June 24, 1865.
Culver, John E...	.....do.....	Mar. 22, 1864	Absent at recruiting rendezvous since enlistment.
Clark, Charles....	.....do.....	May 12, 1864	Never joined Co.—assigned to Co., March 15, 1865.
Chew, Henry.....	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Never joined Co.—assigned to Co., March 15, 1865.
Crouse, Enos.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Crouse, David....	.....do.....	Sept. 20, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Cleaves, John.....	.....do.....	May 29, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Conanton, Thos...	.....do.....	May 20, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Donohoe, John...	.....do.....	Mar. 31, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Donner, Wm.....	.....do.....	July 8, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Duffield, G. E....	.....do.....	Feb. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Durmeyer, Chas..	.....do.....	Mar. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Durst, William J.	.....do.....	May 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Dixson, John.....	.....do.....		Never joined Co.—assigned to Co., March 15, 1865.
Durand, George..	.....do.....	May 13, 1864	Never joined Co.—assigned to Co., March 15, 1865.
Dunn, James L...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Dempsey, James..	.....do.....	Aug. 5, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Dwyer, Thomas...	.....do.....	Sept. 26, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Duffey, John.....	.....do.....	Nov. 10, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Donovan, Owen..	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Fish, Ephraim...	.....do.....	Oct. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Fisher, George...	.....do.....	Apr. 20, 1864	Never joined Co.
Follon, Henry....	.....do.....	Mar. 31, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Fry, Israel.....	.....do.....	April 4, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Farrell, William..	.....do.....	May 12, 1864	Assigned to Co., March 15, 1865. Never joined Co
Fitzwater, Jacob..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Franklin, Geo. P.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Frassoni, Peter...	.....do.....	Sept. 17, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Fricke, George...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 26, 1863.
Farr, George H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 29, 1863.
Farmer, John.....	.....do.....	May 1, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Gadbury, William	.....do.....	Nov. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Gallagher, Alfred.	.....do.....	May 10, 1864	Never joined Co.
Gibson, Levis M.	.....do.....	Feb. 24, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Giffin, Samuel C.	.....do.....	Jan. 27, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Goodenough, D...	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Gray, James.....	.....do.....	Apr. 2, 1865	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Guyer, John F...	.....do.....	May 25, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Griffith, William..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent sick from June 24, 1863. Never joined Co.
Gully, Nadell D..	.....do.....		Never joined Co.
Griffith, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Drowned in Battle Creek, Tenn., March 4, 1865.
Ginn, Thomas....	.....do.....	Nov. 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Grainger, Fred....	.....do.....	Nov. 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Granger, John C.	.....do.....	Aug. 23, 1964	Not on muster-out roll.
Glosser, William.	.....do.....	Sept. 8, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Grosser, Joseph...	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1863	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hall, Robert.....	.....do.....	July 8, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Hall, George.....	.....do.....	Oct. 7. 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Harris, William..	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hasty, Elijah.....	.....do.....	Apr. 11, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hatch, Chas. H...	.....do.....	Jan. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Heck, George.....	.....do.....	Mar. 21, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Heiter, Joseph J..	.....do.....	Jan. 20, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Henderson, Geo..	.....do.....	June 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hopkins, David..	.....do.....	Feb. 25, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, Aug. 14, 1865.
Hommell, Ferd...	.....do.....	Mar. 29, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hughes, Barnett.	.....do.....	June 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hudson, John....	.....do.....	Feb. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Hustan, Robert...	.....do.....	May 12, 1864	Assigned to Co., March 1, 1865. Never joined Co.
Hardy, Thomas...	.....do.....		Never joined Co.
Henry, Walter....	.....do.....	May 4, 1864	Never joined Co.
Hudson, Edward.	.....do.....	Sept. 2, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Halberstadt, S. S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 4, 1863.
Hallowell, W. R..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 6, 1863.
Harkinson, David	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 28, 1863.
Hubbell, Johnston	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died, June 5, 1864—buried in National Cemetery, New Albany, Ind., Section B, grave 681.
Hartman, D. H..	.....do.....	Nov. 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Hock, James.....	.....do.....	Sept. 2, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Hartman, T. T..	.....do.....		

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Jackson, A. W...	Private	Oct. 5, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 17, 1865.
Johnson, W. M...	.....do.....	May 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Johnson, V.....	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Transferred to 69th Reg. P V. July 3, 1865.
Johnston, E. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Jan. 18, 1864.
Kelly, Frank.....	.....do.....	July 11, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Kennedy, W. S...	.....do.....	May 24, 1864	Captured at Lynchburg, Va., April 6, 1865—discharged by General Orders, Aug. 3, 1865.
Kennedy, Daniel.	.....do.....	Oct. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Kinney, George..	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Kidney, George..	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 26, 1865.
King, William....	.....do.....	Mar. 15, 1864	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., March 25, 1864.
Kinsey, Chas. F..	.....do.....	Mar. 18, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Kinsey, E. W.....	.....do.....	Mar. 18, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Kingsley, J. T....	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Kneass, L.....	.....do.....		Never joined Co.
Kear, Richard C..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, Aug. 6, 1864.
Kane, James.....	.....do.....	Nov. 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Keenan, James...	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Lawton, John.....	.....do.....	Feb. 25, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Leadly, John.....	.....do.....	Mar. 21, 1864	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Lofft, Christian L.	.....do.....	Mar. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1864.
Lonabaugh, J. E.	.....do.....	Dec. 12, 1863	Absent on furlough at muster out.
Lynch, William...	.....do.....	Apr. 27, 1864	Never joined Co.
Langin, Thomas..	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Never joined Co.
Lane, Nelson L..	.....do.....	Sept. 25, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Lansing, John....	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Magee, Charles...	.....do.....	Apr. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Mahoney, John...	.....do.....	Apr. 13, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Marcus, William.	.....do.....	Mar. 21, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Maroney, M.....	.....do.....	Mar. 11, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Mayberry, W W.	.....do.....	Feb. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Merin, William...	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Deserted—returned—absent at muster out.
Miller, David M..	.....do.....	Dec. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Milford, Benj. F..	.....do.....	Mar. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
More, Nathan....	....do....	Mar. 23, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 19, 1865.
Moore, Henry....	.....do.....	Mar. 15, 1864	Absent from May 1, 1864—sick at muster out.
Mortimer, Henry.	.....do.....	Apr. 14, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, July 18, 1865.
Mull, August.....	.....do.....	Apr. 6, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Mull, Jefferson O.	.....do.....	Feb. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865—veteran.
Mullen, Edward..	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Mullen, James....	.....do.....	Apr. 29, 1864	Never joined Co.
Muta, Edward....	.....do.....	Feb. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Moore, Thomas..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Murray, James A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Morgan, H. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Morris, Robert C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Captured by enemy near Liberty, Va., April 6, 1865. Paroled—discharged, June 15, to date, May 18, '65
Martin, Oliver....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Marshall, John G.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Captured at Big Lick, Va., April 6, 1865—paroled—discharged, June 21, 1865.
Murrill, James H.	.....do.....	Sept. 7, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Marion, Wm. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 26, 1863.
Mason, Thos. T..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died near Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 26, 1863, of typhoid fever.
Martin, Demaza..	.....do.....	Nov. 12, 1864	Not on muster out roll.
Maitland, Francis	.....do.....	Oct. 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
M'Fall, Nicholas.	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
M'Cann, John....	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Never joined Co.
M'Clelland, J. D.	.....do.....	Dec. 24, 1863	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
M'Gee, Henry....	.....do.....	Mar. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865—veteran.
M'Gibbon, James.	.....do.....	May 27, 1864	Absent at muster out.
M'Intyre, Edward	.....do.....	May 20, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
M'Mahan, S. H..	.....do.....	Apr. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
M'Mullen, Robert	.....do.....	Dec.. 8, 1864	Deserted—returned—mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
M'Manus, Thos..	.....do.....	Sept. 14, 1864	Absent at muster out.
M'Clain, William.	.....do.....		Never joined Co.
M'Iver, James....	.....do.....	Aug. 16, 1864	Absent, without leave, at muster out.
M'Farren, S. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 22, 1863.
M'Cord, James E.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 1, 1865.
M'Fadden, James	.....do. ...	Nov. 14, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
M'Gill, Martin....	Private	Oct. 3, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Nagley, Wilhelm.	.....do.....	May 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Ney, John.....	.....do.....	Oct. 17. 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Noffsinger, F. J..	.....do.....	Oct. 15, 1862	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Null, Joseph K...	.....do.....	Oct. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Nolan, Joseph....	.....do....	May 11, 1864	Assigned to Co., March 15, 1865. Nevevr joined Co.
Null, John M.....	.....do.....	Sept. 24, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Newcomer, C. H.	.....do.....	Sept. 24. 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Orr, Robert L....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 27, 1865.
Piper, Henry A..	.....do.....	May 29, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Painter, William.	.....do.....		Never joined Co.
Painter, John W..	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Painter, Geo. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Patterson, Walter	.....do.....	Nov. 15, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Petersohn, Chas..	.....do.....	Oct. 28, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Quinn, James....	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Raymond, D. L..	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Reiseman, John..	.....do.....	Mar. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Ringwood, Peter.	.....do.....	July 23, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Rudy, David.....	.....do.....	Oct. 21, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Reed, John E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Reed, Howard....	.....do.....	Aug. 31, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Robinson, Wm....	.....do.....	Sept. 2, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Randall, Joseph..	.....do.....	Sept. 27, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Richards, Job W	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Feb. 5, 1864.
Ryan, John T....	.....do.....	Oct. 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Riley, John.....	.....do.....	Apr. 29, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Rice, John.....	.....do.....	Sept. 13, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Sanford, J. W.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Scanlan, P., 1st...	.....do.....	May 31, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Scarborough, W..	.....do.....	Mar. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Scanlan, P., 2d...	.....do.....	May 31, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Sellman, Samuel.	.....do.....	June 10, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Sherwood, Marion	.....do.....	Mar. 31, 1864	Absent, on furlough, at muster out.
Shinn, Benj. F....	.....do.....	April 1, 1864	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps—discharged by General Orders, Aug. 7, 1865.
Smerle, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Smith, John.....	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Smith, William...	.....do.....	June 18, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Smith, Michael...	.....do.....	June 3, 1864	Absent at muster out.
Smith, William C.	.....do.....	Mar. 19. 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Steinmeyer, S. C.	.....do.....	Dec. 21. 1863	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Shannon, John...	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Never joined Co.
Smith, John.....	.....do.....		Deserted—returned—absent at muster out.
Schnatz, Joseph..	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Shuff, Charles W	....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Shaner, Finley M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22. 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 1, 1863, of typhoid fever—buried in National Cemetery, section E, grave 689.
Smith, James.....	.....do...	Dec. 26, 1863	Deserted, Aug. 18, 1864.
Sweeney, John...	.....do.....	Nov. 12, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Smith, George....	.....do.....	Nov. 17, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Shannon, James..	.....do.....	Sept. 20, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Schmidt, Charles.	.....do.....	Sept. 8, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Schulze, Fred.....	.....do.....	Oct. 28, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Townsend, Geo...	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, July 26, 1865.
Travice, William.	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Absent, in arrest, at muster out.
Turner, Samuel...	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Never joined Co.
Thomas, Lafayette	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Vantague, James.	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Vanderwalker, G..	.....do.....	May 13, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Watson, Edwin..	.....do.....	Apr. 1, 1864	Absent, on furlough, at muster out—discharged, July 18, 1865, by order Western Department, Dec. 21, 1896.
Weaver, John.....	.....do.....	Jan. 26, 1864	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Wendler, Bernard	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 26, 1865.
Westlake, John S.	.....do.....	June 24, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Wile, John H.....	.....do.....	Dec. 26, 1863	Discharged by General Orders, Aug. 8, 1865.
Williams, A.....	.....do.....	June 20, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
White, R. G.....	.....do...	Feb. 3, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 23, 1865.
Wise, Alfred.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged, June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Wagner, Alfred..	Private	Sept. 24, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Wodkins, Geo. W	.....do.....	Oct. 14, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Yournson, Wm...	.....do.....	Feb. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Co., July 18, 1865.
Yeo, Reuben.....	.....do.....		Never joined Co.
Youst, John L....	.....do.....	Dec. 26, 1863	Captured by enemy and escaped, April 7, 1865—discharged by General Orders, June 15, 1865, to date, May 23, 1865.
Young, Wm. S...	.....do.. ..	Aug. 22, 1864	Discharged, June 21, 1865.
Zuecher, Leopold	.....do.....	Oct. 28, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.

COMPANY B.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Frank B. Ward...	Captain	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from 1st Serg. Anderson Troop, Sept. 24, 1862—to Maj., Oct. 10, 1862.
James A. Lashell.	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Serg. Anderson Troop, Oct. 30, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863—re-commissioned Capt. Co. M, March 1, 1863.
William Wagner.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—captured at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862—to Capt., March 1, 1863—to Maj., March 13, 1865.
G. W. Hildebrand	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to 1st Serg., March 15, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—to Capt., March 13, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Adam Kramer....	1st Lieut.	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Co. I, March 1, 1863—to Capt. Co. M, May 8, 1863.
John F. Conway..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Maj., March 13, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Allison M'Dowell	2d Lieut.	Nov. 31, 1861	Promoted from Corp., Anderson Troop, Oct. 3, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
Henry H. Vance.	1st Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 14, 1863—to Com. Serg., June 4, 1863—to Q. M. Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—to 1st Serg., March 16, 1865—commissioned 2d Lieut., May 29, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Comley J. Mather	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—to 1st Serg., Nov. 1, 1862—to 1st Lieut. Co. F, March 1, 1863—discharged, Feb. 28, 1863, to accept appointment.
W. Wallace Borst	.....do....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted from private to Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—to Q. M. Serg., June 4, 1863—to 1st Serg., Nov. 11, 1864—to Serg. Maj., March 15, 1865.
W. H. Wayne, Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to Serg. Maj., March 15, 1863.
S. F. Hamilton..	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Serg., March 1, 1863—to Com. Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—to Q. M. Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
C. H. Bradford...	Com. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 10, 1864, to Com. Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. A. Laughridge.	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., May 12, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alfred W. Hood.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 16, 1864—to Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—discharged by General Orders, June 24, 1865.
David Barnhart..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Sergeant, March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. P. Fullerton...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 4, 1863—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John W Echman	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 16, 1864—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Harry C. Blake...	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 2, 1863.
Ed. Thocmorton.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 27, 1863.
I. H. Stratton....	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 16, 1863.
Thos. A. Jones...	Corporal	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wm. A. Hartley..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
S. R. Fairchilds..	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
William J. Currin	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—wounded near London, Va., April 8, 1865—discharged, July 31, 1865.
Samuel A. Abbey	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
James Swisher....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
David Clark.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—prisoner from April 14 to 30, 1865—discharged, June 15, to date, May 18, 1865.
G. H. Hanson....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Harry C. Fry....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, May 6, 1864.
Eli Hewett.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—transferred to Signal Corps, March 19, 1864.
Henry Helling....	Bugler	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Byron O. Camp..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Lieut. 15th Reg. U. S. Colored Troops, Nov. 27, 1863—mustered out as Capt., April 7, 1866.
John H. Quinn..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Oct. 27, 1862.
James Caldwell..	Farrier	Seot. 29, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lewis S. Myers..	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Allison, John M.	Private	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ayers, George....	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ashmead, I., Jr...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Dec. 6, 1862.
Allen, George Q..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Baldwin, W H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bowers, Henry C.	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Brown, J. M.....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Burkey, Fder'k J.	.....do.....	Aug. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Burkhart, J. G...	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bacon, Amos W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 11, 1863.
Barringer, J. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 22, 1863.
Bell, Joseph.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 10, 1863.
Buzby, Robert E	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 2, 1863.
Babb, Thomas C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 2, 1863.
Baylis, John, Jr...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 16, 1863.
Butcher, H. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 25, 1863.
Barr, Charles A..	.....do.....	Mar. 10, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Boyle, Hugh.....	.....do.....	Apr. 3, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Benner, Baltzer S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 27, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Bontemps, Joseph	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Birnbaun, R. J...	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Burns, Frank.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Bowyer, Chas. P.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Not on muster-out roll—captured Sept. 27, 1863.
Briggs, Nath'l B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Burton, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Booz, Thomas S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Boutcher, G.M.D.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Burns, Thomas...	.....do.....	Nov. 12, 1864	Not on the muster-out roll.
Brown, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 25, 1864	Transferred to Co. D.
Cook, Abraham..	.....do.....	Aug. 29, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Cox, Roland.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Oct. 9, 1863.
Cress, Henry.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Cress, Charles....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Clark, Adrian S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Creth, John E....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Craig, Arthur H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Cooper, John S...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Cooney, Terrence	.....do.....	Oct. 20, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Davis, Edward...	Private	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Des Granges, C. C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent, on detached service, at muster out.
Dager, Robert E.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 21, 1863.
Daly, Stephen....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 10, 1863.
DeWard, Charles.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Dec. 23, 1862.
Davis, John M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 22, 1863.
Davis, Isaac C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Donnelly, Peter J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Diller, Wm. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Earnest, Geo. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 1st Lieut. 13th Reg. U. S. Colored Troops, Aug. 17, 1863—discharged, Dec. 10, 1864.
Eckert, Geo. W..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 14, 1863.
Earp, Charles G..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Dec. 5, 1862.
Edge, Robert.....	.....do.....		Killed at Stone River Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862.
Evans, Horace....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Ellis, Wm. P.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Fry, Geo. W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fobes, Geo. S....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Com. Sub., Oct. 1, 1862.
Fobes, Albert B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Reg. Q. M. Serg., Nov. 1, 1862.
French, George J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Farr, Edw. H....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Fleming, John C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Fricke, George...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Geddes, Robert C.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Gray, Ezekiel....	.....do.....	Aug. 11, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 24, 1865.
Green, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 15, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geary, Harry M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 17, 1865.
Galloney, Chas. A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 26, 1863.
Gilmour, John M.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Garrett, Robert M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Hall, John W....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hanna, James R.	.....do.....	Aug. 12, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hannaum, R.E., Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hawk, Wm. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Herbert, Bowman	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Herriott, Jos. P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hursh, Jos. M....	.....do...	Aug. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Harlan, John M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 12, 1863.
Headley, W. H. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 9, 1863.
Henry, Aubry....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 5, 1863.
Hildeburn, Sam'l.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, Dec. 23, 1862, to accept commission.
Hinchman, C. S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Reg. Com. Serg., Nov. 1, 1862.
Huey, John A....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 22, 1864.
Hasty, Elijah.....	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hunter, R. M.....	.....do.....	Apr. 13, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Horn, Abraham..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Captured, Dec. 31, 1862, at Stone River—paroled prisoner—absent at muster out—never reported for duty.
Hayden, Chas. L.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Hallowell, W. R..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Hammill, Jas. L..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Hall, Lorenzo....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Hirst, Henry D..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Headley, Geo. E..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Johnson, Wm. H.	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 11, 1863.
Johnson, Harry C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Kellar, David....	.....do.....	Aug. 12, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 24, 1865.
Kelly, Lewis.....	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kimber, Caleb B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out, June 15, 1865.
Keyser, Benj. F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 1st Lieut. 6th Reg. U. S. Colored Troops, Dec. 22, 1864—mustered out, Feb. 28, 1866.
Kennedy, Daniel.	.....do.....	Oct. 4, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Kneass, L.....	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Keyser, Chas. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Kneass, Samuel...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Larson, Jacob M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lefler, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lusk, John B....	.....do.....	Aug. 15, 1864	Never joined Co.
Little, Joseph D.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Lecorn, Henri....	.....do.....	Aug. 3, 1862	Transferred to 15th U. S. Colored Infantry.
Lane, Jackson J..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Lennig, Nicholas.	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Logan, Stuart....	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Mackey, Scott....	.....do.....	Aug. 15, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Messenger, James	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Meyers, T. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Musgrove, W. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May, 1865.
Metzgar, L. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 22, 1863.
Maiers, Thos. H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Metzgar, D. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Mortimer, Henry.	.....do.....	Apr. 14, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Mehl, Edwin M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Moore, Thomas C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Masan, Thos. T..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Murray, Jas.....	.....do.....	Oct. 20, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
M'Clure, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent, on furlough, at muster out.
M'Mannis, Henry	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Williams, Rich.	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pettygrew, L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pierie, Chas.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Paul, Mickle C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 22, 1863.
Peck, Harry H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Patterson, T.B.,Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Pharo, Horatio W	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Palmer, Wm. M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Richie, Clement..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 2, 1863.
Rinehart, Bennett	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Aug. 19, 1863.
Reed, John E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Ramsey, Theo. F.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Reiff, Josiah C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Rule, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Roberts, H. E....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Rothermel, J. A..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Rile, Wm. K.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Serrill, Thomas...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stauffer, Theo. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Steward, Thos. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 12, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stokes, J. O.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Spang, Edwin H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 30, 1863.
Sprout, T. R.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 17, 1863
Stewart, J. Harry	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 24, 1863.
Smith, Wm. J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 23, 1863.
Smith, John.....	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Scheerer, Paul A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 25, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Sinclair, John C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Stewart, Chas. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Selgrade, Lewis..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Staker, Wm. F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Shalcrosse, I. E..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Tantlinger, H. A.	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Thorne, Harry....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 24, 1865.
Thompson, Wm..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Taylor, Chas. E..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Tack, Francis....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Tweedale, John...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Upham, W. A....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Wassell, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Weaver, John R..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Watkins, Benj....	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1863	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Walters, Harry...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb., 1865.
Wattson, E. F., Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Dec. 15, 1862.
Williams, H. C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 15, 1863.
Warren, Thos. C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Walsh, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Wildes, John E...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.

COMPANY C.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Alfred Vezin.....	Captain	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Serg. Anderson Troop, Oct. 10, 1862—discharged, Feb. 27, 1863—re-commissioned Capt. Co. H, March 1, 1863.
J. C. Bradford....	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, March 1, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
W. P. Rockhill, Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Co. L, May 8, 1863—resigned, July 29, 1864.
Jas. H Lloyd.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1862—to Capt., Nov. 5, 1864—transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
J. W Jackson....	1st Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 18, 1862—resigned Feb. 27, 1863.
J. W. Wainwright	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Serg. Anderson Troop, March 1, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
Chas. E. Beck...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., April 20, 1863—to 1st Serg., April 29, 1864—to 1st Lieut., Nov. 5, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65.
Geo. M. Petty....	1st Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 13, 1863—to Com. Serg., June 5, 1863—to 1st Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—commissioned, 2d Lieut., May 29, 1865—not mustered—absent, on furlough, at muster out.
James F. Bois....	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 23, 1864—prisoner from April 4 to 30, 1865—discharged by General Orders, June 8th, to date May 18, 1865.
John B. Wright..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 15, 1863.
J. W. Wireman...	Com. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Serg., April 20, 1863—to Com. Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—prisoner from April 4 to 30, 1865—discharged, June 8th, to date May 18, 1865.
E. W. Wood.....	Sergeant	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., Aug. 7, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
H. W Esbenshade	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 13, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wm. C. Loan....	.....do.....	Sept. 12, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 6, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John J. Job.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 7, 1864—to Serg., March 11, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wm. Long.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—to Serg., March 11, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
F. P. Drinker....	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 17, 1863.
F E. Remont....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 1st Lieut. Co. K, May 17, 1863.
A. H. Mershon...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—discharged, on Surgeon's certificate. Feb. 9, 1863.
Washington Airey	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 31, 1862—to Serg. Maj., Nov. 1, 1862.
W H. Kimber...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Killed, Dec. 31, 1862—buried in National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn.
Geo. H. Lawton.	Corporal	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 6, 1863—discharged by General Orders, May 29, 1865.
Jas. S. Welty....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
I. B. Jones.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. C. M'Donald..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
W E. Reppert...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
O. T. M'Connell.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 11, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
D. H. Tawny.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 11, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. B. Garber, Jr...	.....do.....	Oct. 12, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 11, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
W. R. Diller.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. Co. H 180th Reg. P. V., Oct. 31, 1863.
Wm. F. Colton..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg. Maj., March 1, 1863.
J. W. Phillips....	Bugler	Oct. 2, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
John Rex.....	Bugler	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Adair, James M.	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Anderson, Ewd...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 30, 1863.
Alexander, E. P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 30, 1863.
Allen, Albert D..	.....do.....	Apr. 13, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Arnold, H. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Barnitz, Wm. W	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bubb, Wm. H...	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bigler, D. E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 22, '64.
Barnes, Jas.....	.....do.....	Apr. 29, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Boon, Daniel.....	.....do.....	Aug. 12, 1864	Deserted, Aug. 19, 1864.
Blake, Henry C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Bowles, F. J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Bacon, Amos W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Babbitt, Wm. F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Benner, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Bowen, John W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Badder, Jacob S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Bauer, Geo.....	.....do.....	May 3, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Campbell, G. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Crawford, F. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Lieut. 101st Reg. U. S. C. T., Nov. 4, 1864—mustered out as Capt., Jan. 21, 1866.
Caldwell, Wm.....	.....do.....	Apr. 11, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Culver, Jno. E....	.....do.....	Mar. 22, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Carpenter, W. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 7, 1863.
Cutler, Alex. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 18, 1863.
Chase, Wm. B....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Captured—died at Andersonville, Ga., March 21, 1864—grave 97.
Camp, Byron O..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Caldwell, Jas. W	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Colton, Matthias.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Cummings, H. M.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Cummings, A. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Cummings, W. A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Crawford, W B...	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Carlow, Isaac B..	.....do.....	Oct. 7, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Clark, Henry.....	.....do.....	June 3, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Cole, Ira.....	.....do.....	May 28, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Cunningham, Jas.	.....do.....	June 8, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Devlin, Geo. P....	.....do.....	Oct. 19, 1862	Absent, sick, at muster out.
DeGrant, Henry.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 9, 1865.
Duncan, Wesley..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 12, 1863.
Donahue, Martin.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 12, 1863.
Davis, E. R. R...	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. 9th Reg. U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery, Sept. 28, 1864—discharged, Aug. 2, 1864.
Dennig, Frank H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 31, 1863.
Durst, Wm. J....	.....do.....	May 9, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Dager, N. F.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Desilver, Harry..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Diehl, Henry.....	.....do.....	June 8, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Eberly, Daniel W.	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Esbenshade, J. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Eley, Solomon....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 9, 1863.
Edwards, Wm. T.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 15, 1863.
Evans, Edw. F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died on or about Feb. 18, 1863, of wounds received at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862.
Eckert, Geo. W...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Engle, Edw. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Edwards, Geo. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Ferry, Edw. Z....	.....do.....	Oct. 29, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fisher, Geo.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fisher, Harry C..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 5, 1863.
Fulton, Lewis B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 31, 1863.
Franklin, T. F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Medical Cadet U. S. A., June 17, '64.
Fahnestock, S. J.	....do.....	Apr. 6, 1864	Transferred to Co. A., June 21, 1865.
Fitzwater, Jacob..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Fritz, Chas. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Faucett, John F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Gelwicks, J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 29, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Granger, Arthur..	.....do.....	Oct. 2, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Gilmore, V. C....	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 19, 1865.
Gitt, Thos. W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 5, 1865.
Gray, Jas.....	.....do.....	Apr. 12, 1865	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Griffith, Wm.....	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Geary, Harry M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Graver, Chas A..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Graff, Wm. H....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Guldin, John A...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Henry, Samuel R.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Commissioned 2d Lieut., March 1, 1863—not mustered—discharged by General Orders, May 19, 1865.
Hunt, Elwood H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Henderson, Geo..	.....do.....	Jan. 20, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hopkins, David..	.....do.....	June 8, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hudson, Edw.....	.....do.....	May 4, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hannum, R. E....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Harkinson, David	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Harbert, Howard.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Haines, Alvin....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Haines, Jos. G....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Hagery, Daniel..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Holmes, David...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Huey, John A....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Hamilton, Thos...	.....do.....	Apr. 23, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Hinsinburgh, W..	.....do.....	June 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Henderson, Geo..	.....do.....	Mar. 30, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Joy, David J. H..	.....do.....	Sept. 10. 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Joy, John H.....	.....do.....	Sept. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jones, E. B.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Johnson, Wm. M.	.....do.....	May 9, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Johnson, H. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died on or about Feb. 1, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.—buried in National Cemetery.
Jacoby, Philip S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Johnson, Wm. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Jamison, S. R....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Kelly, R. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Commissioned 2d Lieut. Co. D, March 1, 1863—not mustered—discharged by General Orders, May 19, 1865.
Kelly, Frank.....	.....do.....	July 11, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Kenney, Jas. A...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. K, June 21, 1865.
Keely, Wilfred H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G, June 21, 1865.
King, Nathan....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F, June 21, 1865.
Laws, Geo. C.....	.....do.....	Oct. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lovett, Benj. F...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1864	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Lush, Wm. H....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 30, '64.
Leadley, John....	.....do.....	Mar. 21, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Lawton, John.....	.....do.....	Feb. 26, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Lonabaugh, J. R.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Lukens, Geo. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Lynch, Daniel....	.....do.....	Apr. 27, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Maxwell, Wm....	.....do.....	Aug. 15, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Mears, Jos. B.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 20, '63.
Mayberry, W. W	.....do.....	Feb. 3, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Maguire, S. J.....	.....do.....	May 21, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Mooney, Jas. B..	.....do.....	Mar. 19, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Milford, Benj.....	.....do.....	Mar. 30, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Moore, Nathan...	.....do.....	Mar. 23, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Morton, A. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Miller, Christ, Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Morris, Oscar B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Mears, Harry.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Mears, Ed. B., Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Murray, Jas.....	.....do.....	June 3, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Murray, John.....	.....do.....	Mar. 26, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
M'Corkle, Alex...	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Cauley, Jas....	.....do.....	Aug. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Fall, Nicholas.	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
M'Main, Wm. B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 7, 1863.
M'Ginley, Chas...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
M'Kee, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Negus, Jas. E....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Oskins, Zachariah	Private	Aug. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Paton, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 31, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pricey, Wm.....	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Potts, Clement D.	.....do.....	Apr. 12, 1864	Promoted to 2d Lieut. 101st Reg. U. S. C. T., Feb. 1, 1865—mustered out as 1st Lieut., June 21, 1866.
Paul, Mickle C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Pierce, Chas.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Pierce, Jos. K....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Reihle, Henry B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 10, 1863.
Reiseman, John..	.....do.....	Mar. 30, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Robinson, Samuel	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Jeffersonville, Ind., March 13, 1865.
Rice, David S...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Reeder, W. DeH.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Saibel, Augustus.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Smith, Isaac C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Sloan, Wm. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 10, 1863.
Stewart, Edw. S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 1, 1863.
Schrack, Fred C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Hospital Steward U. S. A., March 16, 1864.
Smith, Wm. C....	.....do.....	Mar. 19, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Shomacker, H. C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 29, 1863.
Sands, Howard...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., July 11, 1863.
Spang, Edwin H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Stokes, J. O.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Spang, Othniel S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Spang, Frederick.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Spang, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Snyder, E. A.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, Dec. 7, 1862.
Steinmetz, J. R...	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Stine, Chas. A....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Smith, Edw. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Spidle, A. G.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Sellers, A. B....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Topham, S. R....	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 31, 1863—discharged by General Orders, June 26, '65.
Townsend, J. C...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Deserted, Jan. 1, 1863.
Thorne, Joshua...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M, March 1, 1863.
Thomas, A. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Thomas, Jos. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Wheat, Edward..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Willard, John M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 18, 1863.
Wallace, Wm. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 11, 1865.
Weikle, Orlando.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Killed at Stone River, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1863—on roll.
Wallace, Wm. D.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 21, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Stone River—grave 492.
Weaver, Jonas R.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Wright, Jos. S...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Withington, R., Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Wilson, Walter G.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Willis, T. G.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Wallace, W H. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Wallace, John C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Yeager, Wm. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Young, Geo.....	.....do.....	Mar. 26, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Zoll, J. M., Jr...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.

COMPANY D.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Norman M. Smith	Captain	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Private Anderson Troop, Oct. 10, 1862—resigned, Feb. 28, 1863—re-commissioned Capt. Co. A, March 1, 1863.
M. L. DeCoursey	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop to 1st Lieut., March 1, 1863—to Capt., March 13, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Wm. Thompson..	Captain		Promoted from 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., March 13, 1863—to Capt., May 8, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Chas. F. Blight..	1st Lieut.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65.
Wm. F. Pattison.	2d Lieut.	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 22, 1863—to 1st Serg., May 22, 1863—to 2d Lieut., May 28, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Josiah P. Turner.	1st Serg.	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted from private to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Henry D. Hirst..	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lewis Selgrade...	Com. Serg	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, Jan. 1, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
D. E. Miller.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 3, 1862—to Com. Serg., Nov. 23, 1862—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 29, 1863.
Samuel Kelsey...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 12, 1863.
Francis M'Carty..	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geo. W. Spencer.	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 22, 1863—to Serg., May 13, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bernard Hough..	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 1, 1863—to Serg., Aug. 16, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
A. S. R. Overholt	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 4, 1863—to Serg., March 13, 1865—discharged by General Orders, July 6, 1865.
John M. Golmour	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 16, 1864—to Serg., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Theo. F. Beck...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 18, 1865.
J. B. M'Glumphey	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 22, 1863—to Serg., Jan. 17, 1864—to Veterinary Surgeon, July 22, 1864.
S. G. Burroughs..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 29, 1863.
Smith Newcomer.	Corporal	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Henry Cress.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M. L. Niswonger	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
D. S. Fulkreth...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
James Collins.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Charles H. Cress.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Nicholas Messer..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. S. R. Overholt.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—discharged by General Orders, July 6, 1865.
John V Horn....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 23, '63.
Wm. M. Field....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct., 1862—to Reg. Com. Serg., March 1, 1863.
L. S. Strickler....	Bugler	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to chief bugler, Nov. 1, 1864.
F. J. Koesterer..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 20, 1863.
John H. Border..	Farrier	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to farrier, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ayres, John.....	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ayres, Samuel ..	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Anspach, F., Jr...	.....do. ...	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 11, 1863.
Anderson, E. W..	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Adams, Frank T.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Boutcher, G. M.D.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bourke, John G...	.....do.....	Oct. 13, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, July 5, 1865.
Brown, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 2, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Belder, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 2, 1863.
Baugh, Geo. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 11, '63.
Brown, Wm.....	.....do.. ..	Oct. 25, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Bittle, Wm. H...	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 4, 1863.
Bowman, S. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 6, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Barringer, Jacob.	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Balmer, Benj.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Bechtelle, C. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Buttorf, Geo. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Baker, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 29, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Cross, Louis B...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Coogle, David C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Clark, Chas.....	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. C 46th Reg. P. V.—date unknown.
Corbine, Jas. W...	.....do.....		Transferred to 46th Reg. P. V.—date unknown.
Carr, Geo. H.....	.....do.....	Apr. 5, 1864	Deserted, April 15, 1864.
Callahn, John C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Connard, D. R....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Combs, Robert D.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Dager, Robt. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 21, 1863.
Donohue, M. L...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 12, 1863.
Davis, Albert G...	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 3, 1865.
DeHaven, Rhodes	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 14, 1863.
Donner, Wm.....	.....do.....	July 8, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Davis, Harry H...	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 6, 1863.
Davis, E. R. R....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Davis, Wm. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Dennis, Henry G.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Devlin, Geo. P...	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Dunlap, Wm. A..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Dunn, Jas. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Ennis, Samuel L.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Evans, Horace....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Adjt. 199th Reg. P. V., Dec. 21, 1864.
Eberly, Daniel W	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Evans, Abner....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Fackney, Wm. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fodell, John C...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Foster, Frederick	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 14, 1864.
Fry, Israel.....	.....do.....	Apr. 4, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Fisher, Geo.....	.....do.....	Apr. 26, 1862	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Fullerton, E. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 25, 1863.
Frits, Henry B...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashvile, Tenn., July 2, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section C, grave 306.
Foster, Jas. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Fenimore, Jas. S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Foster, Henry K.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Grim, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geiger, John.....	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Guldin, John A...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 4, 1863.
Gyger, Samuel...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 27, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Stone River.
Gaffey, Wesley S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 28, 1862.
Hartley, John M.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Houston, Jas. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Henry, Thos. M..	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hemp, John.....	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Haymaker, Geo...	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hutchinson, T. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hayden, W H...	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Holtzworth, Jas..	.....do	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hall, Geo.....	.....do.....	July 8, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Halberstadt, A. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 11, 1863.
Hough, E. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 30, 1863.
Hough, Oliver....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 16, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section C, grave 236.
Helling, Henry...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Hennis, Jacob G.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Johnson, D. C....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Johnson, Joshua..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Johnson, Harrison	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 16, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section B, row 25, grave 23.
Johnston, J. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Johnston, W. S...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Keefer, Wm.....	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kough, Jos. M....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 21, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
King, Wm.....	Private	Mar. 15, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
King, Jacob.....	.....do.....		Accidentally killed near Lynchburg, Va., April 8, 1865.
Knight, S. N.....	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Lennig, Nicholas	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Louder, Geo. B...	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lundy, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lester, Morton...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Never joined Co.
Lee, Joseph.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 19, 1863.
Langen, Thos.....	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Lynch, Wm.....	.....do.....	Apr. 27, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Lambert, W. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out Nov. 24, 1862, to receive promotion as First Lieut. and Adjt. 27th New Jersey.
Long, Hiram H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 11, 1863.
Leedom, Isaac....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Lewis, John D...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Lewis, Samuel A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Link, F. J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Locke, Jesse B...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Meanor, M. R....	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Maurice, W. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 18, 1863.
Murphy, F. W....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 5, 1864.
Mull, August.....	.....do.....	April 6, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Masson, Edw. H.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Deserted, May 27, 1863.
Morris, Amos....	.....do.....	May 4, 1864	Deserted, Aug. 19, 1864.
Miller, Conrad....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Murray, Jas A....	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Metzler, John H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Myers, Henry H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
M'Coy, Lewis....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Cormick, H. C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 1, 1865—discharged by General Orders, July 3, 1865.
M'Mullen, Robert	.....do.....	Dec. 8, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
M'Manus, Thos...	.....do.....	Sept. 14, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Neil, Geo.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Nudd, Chas. B....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 24, 1863.
Overholt, John...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 1, 1863.
Overholt, H. D...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Oliver, D. W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Parker, John F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Patterson, T. B. Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Paxson, Jas G....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pharo, H. W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Peterson, Jos.....	.....do.....	Sept. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Peck, Henry H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Pugh, Chas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Pugh, John R....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Ramaly, Geo. R..	.....do.....	Sept. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Requa, Jas. E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Rihl, Albert M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Rogers, Wm. C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Squires, Jos. C....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Prisoner from Sept. 20, 1863, to March 22, 1864—discharged by General Orders, June 21, 1865.
Seaton, Amos....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Seaton, Louis.....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Seeton, Herman..	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Swartzbager, C....	.....do.....	Sept. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Sounders, John...	.....do.....	Aug. 15, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stallman, L. A...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 18, 1863.
Staker, Wm. F....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 1, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Stone River—grave 236.
Steel, Fred. A. T.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1864—buried in National Cemetery, grave 459.
Sausser, John W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Swartz, Jacob A..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Shelmire, John J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Simons, Wm. F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Snyder, H. D.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Southard, S. S....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Strebig, John P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Supplee, Hender.	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Toot, Wm. H.....	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Tyndale, John....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 4, 1863.
Thompson, Wm..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 8, 1862.
Taylor, Robt. R..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Captured at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 30, 1862—dropped from the rolls, June 30, 1864.
Tompkins, F. S...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Tucker, Thos. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Tyson, Samuel T.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Van Dyke, H. S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 14, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Warren, Thos. C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Williams, J. M...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Absent, on detached service, at muster out.
Williams, W. H..	.....do.....	Sept. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wilson, Geo. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Williams, Adolph.	.....do.....	June 20, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Westlake, John S.	.....do.....	June 24, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Wiestling, S. C..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 2, 1863.
Wilson, John J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Wauhatchie, Tenn., Dec. 7, 1864—buried in National Cemetery, Chattanooga—grave 135.
Wayne, Wm. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Wills, Andrew....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Weand, Harry K..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Wheat, Edward..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Whipkey, T. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Wills, Wm., Jr....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Worrell, Isaac, J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Wright, Julian P	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Yute, Jacob.....	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Yeo, Reuben.....	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Young, Wm. S....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.

COMPANY E.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
J. Blackstone, Jr.	Captain	Mar. 15, 1863	Promoted from Adjt., March 14, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
Geo. S. Clark....	.....do....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Reg. Q. M. Serg., May 8, 1863—wounded in action, Dec. 13, 1863—discharged, July 18th, to date June 21, 1865.
Edward Marshall.	1st Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Serg. Anderson Troops, March 1, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
Chas. H. Kirk....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1863—to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., March 15, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65.
John Burton.....	2d Lieut.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., May 8, 1863—to 2d Lieut., May 28, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jos. T. Sullivan..	1st Serg.	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg., April 18, 1863—to 1st Serg., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Chas. M. Betts...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—to 1st Serg., Nov. 1, 1862—to Capt. Co. F, March 1, 1863.
Geo. F Headley.	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 5, 1863—to Q. M. Serg., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65.
Wm. P. Ellis.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Q. M. Serg., March 1, 1863—discharged by General Orders, May 29, 1865—order dated, May 17, 1865.
Isaac Bartram....	Com. Serg.	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Levi Sheffler.....	Sergeant	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
H. W. Becker....	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., May 15, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Robt. E. Sloan...	.....do.....	Aug. 25, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alex. B. M'Nair..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 15, 1863—to Serg., July 22, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacob Kitzmiller..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 6, 1864—to Serg., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John S. Bower...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp. Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg., Nov. 1, 1862—discharged for promotion, Feb. 1, 1863.
Wm. Conard.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 27, 1863.
Josiah C. Reiff...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—to Reg. Com. Serg., Nov. 14, 1863.
Wm. Spang.....	Corporal	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John S. Cooper..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wm. M. Johnson	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
E. L. Hiltner....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John E. Benner..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Chas. A. Graver..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
P. S. Jacoby.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 15, 1863—discharged by General Orders, May 3, 1865.
John W. Johnston	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 8, 1864—to Q. M., Nov. 4, 1864.
Wm. Walsh.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—transferred to 2d Battalion Delaware Cavalry, Jan. 27, 1864.
Henry Chalmers..	Saddler	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Cumpston, John..	Teamster	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alexander, C. H.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Armstrong, Wm..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Anderson, Ed.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Barr, Samuel.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Buzby, Howard..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bowers, Wm. F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 4, 1863.
Beachell, H. R...	.....do.....	May 23, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Burke, Patrick...	.....do.....	May 21, 1864	Deserted, June 16, 1864.
Burns, Wm.....	.....do.....	May 3, 1864	Deserted, May 19, 1864.
Brough, C. M....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Barnitz, Wm. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Black, S. C.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Benner, B. S.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Bleyler, Geo. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Bourke, J. G.....	.....do.....	Oct. 13, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Brough, H. H....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Bishop, Geo. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Brown, John E...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Burke, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Buchanan, And. J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Burns, Wm.....	.....do.....	May 3, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Cassady, Nicholas	.....do.....	Sept. 12, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Cornes, Edw.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 20, 1863.
Cummings, W. A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Dec. 22, 1864.
Chase, R. W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Killed at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862—buried in National Cemetery, Nashville—sec. C, grave 235.
Conners, John....	.....do.....	May 25, 1864	Deserted, June 16, 1864.
Conaway, John F.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Chase, Wm. B....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Conaway, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Clark, Daniel A...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Coleman, A. B...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Cornwell, J. H....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Crossin, James...	.....do.....	Sept. 27, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Dager, N. F.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Donnelly, P. J....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 17, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Dunseath, D., Jr.	Private	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Delaney, Edw.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Devine, S. G.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged, Nov. 27, 1862, to receive promotion.
Drinkhouse, A. T.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Eves, Hiram P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Foresman, Jas. A.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Franklin, T. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Fullerton, E. M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Gohan, Jacob.....	.....do.....		Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Glendenning, W. S.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps,—date unknown.
Gitt, Thos. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Guyer, John F....	.....do.....	May 25, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Granger, Arthur..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Hart, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hall, Lorenzo....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Harrison, J. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Howell, Jacob....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Howell, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hagey, Daniel K.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, April 15, 1863.
Heberton, H. D..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, July 11, 1863.
Howe, David F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, March 14, 1864.
Hincle, Chas. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Dec. 13, 1862.
Henry, Walter..	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hildebrand, G. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Hough, E. W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Hartley, Wm. A..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Hough, Oliver....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Hough, Benj.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Hersh, Paul.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Hirst, John C....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Hergesheimer, W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Irwin, Wm. E....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 16, 1864.
Johnson, Wm.....	.....do.....	Sept. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Johnson, Wm. S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Hospital Steward U. S. A., Feb. 16, 1864.
Johnston, John...	.....do.....	May 27, 1864	Deserted, June 16, 1864.
Jackson, Jos. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Kent, Jas.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kuhn, Wm.....	.....do.....	Sept. 21, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kennedy, W S...	.....do.....	May 24, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Kinter, Geo. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
King, David C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Lewis, Samuel A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. 1st Battalion Nebraska Cavalry, June 16, 1864—resigned, June 28, 1865.
Lancaster, Eben..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Aug. 24, 1863—died at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1863.
Lee, Jos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Lowe, Andrew E.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Lord, S., Jr.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Lancaster, Thos..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Marple, E. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Miller, S. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Marcus, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Mahoney, John...	.....do.....	Apr. 13, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Morton, L. A.....	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Mullen, Edw.....	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Mullen, Wm. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Meals, Jos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Marshall, John K.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Moore, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Martin, John A...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Murphy, F. W...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Mulholland, D. B.	.....do.....	June 3, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
McGlaughlin, J...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Cann, Gabriel..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Kee, John.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Wounded near Lynchburg, Va., April 6, 1865—discharged by General Orders, Aug. 9, 1865.
M'Ivers, John....	.....do.....	Aug. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Gibbon, Jas....	.....do.....	May 27, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
M'Laughlin, Thos.	.....do.....	Apr. 20, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Noel, Samuel.....	Private		Reported for duty, Nov. 7, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Naggle, Geo. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Orr, Jas. P.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Oliver, Horatio N.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
O'Brien, Francis.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Piper, Henry A...	.....do.....	May 20, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Painter, Wm.....	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Parker, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 24, 1862.
Pontius, Henry P.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 8, 1862.
Pattison, Wm. F.	.....do...	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Paxson, Jas. G....	.....do	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Pierce, Wm. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Paschall, Harry..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Pancoast, Richard	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Pontius, Jos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Rile, Wm. K.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Rahan, Oscar....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate—date unknown.
Rothermel, Jas. A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut., Co. L, 180th Reg. P. V., Oct. 13, 1863.
Ryan, Milton.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps—date unknown.
Ringwood, Peter.	.....do.....	July 23, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Reeseman, D.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Rue, Joseph.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Spang, O. S.....	.....do ...	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Sellers, A. B.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Southard, S. S....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Showers, Samuel.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Schaffer, D. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Shivers, Edw.....	.....do.....	Sept. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stickney, A. M...	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, Aug. 23, 1865.
Salterfield, H.....	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21. 1865.
Smith, Jas.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Never joined Co.
Shallcross, I. E...	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate May 26, 1864.
Stewart, Chas. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1863	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 20, 1864.
Seymour, Samuel.	.....do.....	May 9, 1864	Transferred to 46th Reg. P. V., July 9, 1864.
Shinn, Benj. F...	.....do.....	Apr. 1, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Scanlan, Patrick..	.....do.....	May 31, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Shannon, John...	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Smith, Michael...	.....do.....	Jan. 3, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Swisher, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Spencer, Geo. W.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Small, Wm. H....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Sellers, Edw.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Shields, Geo. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Snyder, Beniah C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Shaffer, Wm. G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Supplee, Warren.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Scheerer, Paul A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Spiller, Geo. B...	.....do.....	May 30, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Smith, Walter....	.....do.....	Mar. 28, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Taylor, Chas. E...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Turbett, Henry B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 13, 1865.
Taylor, Augustus.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 7, 1863.
Tomlinson, Wm..	.....do.....	May 27, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Turner, David....	.....do.....	Aug. 31, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Tawney, David...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Thorne, Harry....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Tarr, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Thompson, Geo...	.....do.....	Mar. 28, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Vansant, Wm. S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Winter, E. C.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Whitehead, Peter.	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wilkeson, Wm...	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Discharged by Special Order, Jan. 10, 1865.
Williamson, M. H.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 6, 1863.
Wildes, John E..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 4, 1863.
Wright, Ellwood..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Deserted, Jan. 15, 1863.
Willard, John M.	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Wireman, J. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Welty, Jas.....	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Weir, Jas. A.....	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
White, Isaac.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Weaver, Chas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Wampler, Samuel	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Wilson, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.

COMPANY F

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Chas. M. Betts...	Captain	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg., Co. E, March 1, 1863—Maj., May 11, 1864.
C. J. Mather.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg. Co. B, March 1, 1863—to Capt., May 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
H. O. Tintsman..	1st Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Corp. Anderson Troop, Oct. 13, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
David C. White..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg., Aug. 15, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
C. S. Derland....	2d Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 18, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
J. K. Marshall....	1st Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., May 12, 1863—to 1st Serg., Aug. 16, 1864—commissioned 2d Lieut., May 29, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Paul Hersh.....	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Q. M. Serg., March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wm. P. Smith....	Com. Serg.	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Simeon Lord, Jr..	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., May 12, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Harry Paschall...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., Aug. 7, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
David Reesman...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 12, 1863—to Serg., Aug. 16, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geo. W Kinter..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 14, 1863—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
D. A. Hunter....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 4, 1863—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jos. H. Seal.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 6, 1863.
Edw. C. Smith...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg. Co. I, May 1, 1863.
R. Worthington..	Corporal	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 5, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Isaac C. Davis..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 16, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. B. Johnston...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 25, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John Ketchem....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 25, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Benj. B. Evans...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Robt. M. Garrett.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Moses Wentz.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wm. Anderson...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacob Hewitt.....	Bugler	Aug. 30 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
David S. Rice....	Farrier	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
H. Newingham...	Saddler	Sept. 15, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Armstrong, Wm..	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Aiken, Perlee J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 23, 1863.
Andrews, Wm....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Stevenson, Ala., Aug. 24, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Baker, Geo.....	Private	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bishop, Geo. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Burke, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Brown, Geo. E...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bugher, S. D.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Baker, J. S. P....	.....do.....	Aug. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bell, Wm. S.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Boice, E. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1864.
Buchanan, A. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted—date unknown.
Butcher, David F.	.....do.....	Apr. 27, 1864	Discharged by Special Order, May 2, 1865.
Brooks, Harvey..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Boies, Jas. F....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Brownlee, R. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Brownlee, M. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Boggs, Samuel R.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Corson, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Coombs, Robt. D.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Captured—date unknown—discharged by General Orders, July 5, 1865.
Cole, Luther B...	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1861	Transferred to Co. D 80th Reg. P V., April 26, '64.
Cornwell, Jas. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K 21st Reg. Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 15, 1864—discharged by General Orders, Aug. 31, 1865.
Cross, Louis B...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Chalmers, Henry.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Cornes. Edw.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Clark, David.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Collins, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Coogle, David....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Crum, J. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Deeter, Elias.....	.....do.....		Discharged by General Orders, July 23, 1865.
Davidson, Geo. N.	....do.....		Transferred to 80th Reg. P. V., April 26, 1864.
Davis, John M....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Dennig, Frank H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Euwer, Sayers B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Elliott, John M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Foster, Henry K.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fry, Harry C.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Fulton, Louis B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Fairchilds, S. R..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Frits, Henry B...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Fulkerth, D. B...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Fisher, Daniel....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Farrer, John G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Gaff, Wm. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Grimm, L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Capt. 101st Reg. U. S. C. Troops, Aug. 2, 1864—mustered out, Jan. 21, 1866.
Griffith, Ezra E..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 31, 1865.
Gass, Samuel W.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 13, 1863.
Griffith, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Gilmore, Vance C	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Griffey, Wesley S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Hilty, Jos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Herman, John C.	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hitchens, A. G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Horner, John D..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Harvey, J. W.....	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hull, John D.....	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 23, 1863.
Hammell, R. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 1, 1863.
Hill, Martin L....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Killed near Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 25, 1862.
Huntley, W. E...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 22, 1862.
Hatch, Chas. H...	.....do.....	Apr. 11, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hughes, Barnett.	.....do...	Mar. 29, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hommell, Ferd...	.....do.....	Feb. 25, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Heffley, Wm. H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 11, 1863.
Hood, Alfred W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Herbert, Bowman	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Howard, Adol. P.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Hathaway, T. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Harrington, Geo..	.....do.....	Nov. 22, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Jackson, John W	.....do.....	Sept. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jamison, John A.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Johnston, Walter	Private	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to 1st Lieut. Co. G 184th Reg. P. V., April 29, 1864—discharged, March 19, 1864, to accept commission.
Johnson, Harrison	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Kline, Paul H....	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kline, Geo. W....	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kneass, Samuel..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kelly, Anthony...	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Keefer, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Krouse, J. L. H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 30, 1863.
King, Nathan....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 13, 1863.
Kough, Jos. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Kerr, Jerome.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Krepps, Adam....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Locke, Jesse R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lusk, John D.....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lowe, A. E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lane, Jackson J..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 4, 1864.
Lescure, Edw. J..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 27, 1863.
Lee, Jos. G.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 6, 1863.
Lewis, John D....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Lawton, Geo. H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Long, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Logan, Hugh.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Logan, Wm. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Lewis, Jas. A.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Lewis, John N....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Mullen, Wm. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Marsh, John M..	.....do.....	Aug. 25, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Moore, Wm. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on writ of habeas corpus, Nov. 14, '62.
Marion, Wm. Jr.,	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Metzger, Daniel..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Metzger, L. R....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Messer, Nicholas.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Martin, Jas. R....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Milligan, D. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Miller, Phillip P.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
M'Gee, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Cormick, Jas...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Kenney, Wm..	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Vay, Warren...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 8, 1863—burial record, Feb. 23, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
M'Gee, Henry....	.....do.....	Mar. 26, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865—veteran.
M'Cormick, H. C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
M'Carty, Francis	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
M'Donald, J. C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
M'Cord, Jas. E...	.....do	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
M'Vey, L. D.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Neely, Jas. M.....	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Noble, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Nagle, Geo. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, July 15, 1865.
Newton, Chas. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 21, 1863.
Niswonger, M. L.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Overholt, J. S....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Overholt, J. S. R.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Overholt, A. S. R.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Orr, Robt. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Orr, Jas. P.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Over, Jas. N.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Platt, Herbert H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Piper, Samuel....	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pendleton, Palmer	.....do.....		Deserted, Aug. 3, 1864.
Phelps, D. E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Pinney, N. J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Ross, David D....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Rue, Jos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Prisoner from Dec. 24, 1863, to Feb. 18, 1865—discharged by General Orders, June 19, 1865.
Robinson, Samucl	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Reppert, Wm. E.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Stevenson, Alfred	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Snyder, B. C.....	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 11, 1863.
Sellers, Francis B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 24, 1863.
Sharp, John A....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, Dec. 21, 1862.
Snowden, J. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Nov. 11, 1862.
Sellman, Samuel..	.....do.....	June 10, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Shaner, F. M.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Skillen, Samuel..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Shaw, Milton E..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Tarr, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Torbert, John....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged for promotion, April 5, 1863.
Tintsman, J. O...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 31, 1862.
Tucker, Thos. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged, Sept. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Taylor, Robt. R..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Varic, Jacob S....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 24, 1863.
Vance, Harry M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Waychoff, J. D...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Woodwell, Jas. S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Worrell, Isaac I..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Willis, Thos. D..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wagner, F. M....	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Watson, Robt. J..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Nov. 11, 1862.
Wallace, Wm. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Wassell, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Wallace, Peter G.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Wilson, Selden L.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Wightman, H. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Weller, Chas. F	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Watt, Geo. D.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Weir, Samuel....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Yocum, Geo. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Yeager, Wm. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.

COMPANY G.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Jas. Quinn.....	Captain	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Serg. Anderson Cavalry, March 1, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
H. M'Allister, Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg. Co. L to 1st Lieut., March 1, 1863—to Capt., May 8, 1863—commissioned Maj., June 1, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
H. S. Lingle.....	1st Lieut.	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from private to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Samuel Phillips..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Maj., July 22, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
E. Middleton, Jr.	1st Serg.	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from private to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., May 8, 1863—commissioned 2d Lieut., May 29, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M. L. Jones.....	Q. M. Serg.	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 14, 1863—to Q. M. Serg., June 5, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65.
Richard Pancoast	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, May 11, 1863.
John W Bowen..	Com. Sr...	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 14, 1863—to Com. Serg., May 1, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65.
Wilfred H. Keely	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—to Reg. Q. M. Serg., July 17, 1863.
J. R. Lonabaugh.	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
R. W. Brownlee..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., March 28, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Samuel C. Stout..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
John Pinkerton..	Sergeant	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 19, 1863—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
K. P. Dennis.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Feb. 18, 1864.
Albert T. Clark..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, Oct. 30, 1862—discharged, on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 14, 1863.
Chas. B. Magee..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 5, 1863—to Serg., March 16, 1865—transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Geo. W S. Allen	....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from private, May 15, 1863—died in Delaware County, Pa., Aug. 20, 1863.
D. E. Phelps.....	Corporal	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 8, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
E. W. Dysart.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alfred Woodward	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jas. W. Over.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Chas. Pugh.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
W. Hergesheimer	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Albert Foulkes...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. F. Macfarland.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John M. Elliott...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, June 27, '64.
Robt. B. Kerr....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 26, 1863.
Bates D. Spencer	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Wilkins' crossroads, Tenn., Jan. 29, 1863.
J. L. B. Sherrick	Bugler	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Cary M. Keys....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacob Boward....	Farrier		Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geo. H. Kline....	Saddler	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Reg. Saddler, Aug. 16, 1863.
Arvecost, Jos.....	Private	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alt, Geo.....	.....do.....	May 13, 1863	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Alexander, E. P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Alexander, C. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Anderson, Wm...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Anderson, J. P....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Arnold, Robt. P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Antes, F. T.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Boggs, S. R.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Beck, Wm. D.....	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Brower, Rush.....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Barnett, Allen J..	.....do.....	Mar. 31, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Benson, Isaac S..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 7, 1862.
Brownlee, M. P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22. 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 16, 1863.
Beck, Chas. E....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Beck, Theo. F....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Bigler, E. D.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Biggert, Henry...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Bratton, Geo. W.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Crum, John H....	.....do.....	Aug. 22. 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Cox, Abraham....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Callahan, John C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 17, '63.
Clark, Chas. S....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 10, '63.
Carrier, Arthur J.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, Aug. 16, 1864.
Cottrell, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 30, 1864—discharged, by General Orders, July 3, 1865.
Cochran, Jas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Nov. 7, 1862.
Crawford, F. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Campbell, W. P..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Duff, Thos. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 30, 1863.
Donohoe, John...	.....do.....	Mar. 31, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Detra, John P....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted—date unknown.
Des Granges, C. C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Dunseath, D., Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Dunlap, D. H.....	...do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Denning, Wm. J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Dyott, Thos. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Forsythe, C. E....	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 23, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Fenimore, Jas. S.	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 6, 1863.
Fox, Jos.....	.....do.....	Dec. 31, 1863	Deserted, April 27, 1864.
Forseman, J. H...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Farne, Edw.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Franklin, Geo. P	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Griffiths, H. G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate—date unknown.
Gordon, Robt.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 1, 1863.
Cemmill, John P.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Godshall, A. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Gay, John W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Gable, Wm.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Gow, Alex. O.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Harper, Wm. H..	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hammell, Jos. L.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Houlsworth, Jas..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 18, 1863.
Hammell, R. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Horner, John D..	... do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Hitchens, A. G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Hartranft, Abra'm	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Hunt, E. H.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Heberton, H. D.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Hagey, A. O.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Johnson, H. C....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 18, 1863.
Johnson, Jafus....	.....do.....	Sept. 7, 1864	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 12, 1865.
Jones, I. B.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Johnston, John B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Johnston, E. W..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Jones, Thos. A...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Jenkins, C. R.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Jones, Hugh R...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Kreps, Wm. A...	.....do.....	Sept. 14, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kreider, John B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22. 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Krouse, John L..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Kear, Richard C..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Luster, Chas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1964	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lang, Geo. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 7, 1863.
Lingle, L. G.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate—date unknown.
Lonabaugh, J. E.	.....do.....	Dec. 12, 1863	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Lewis, Josiah....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., August 23, 1863—burial recorded July 27, 1863—buried in National Cemetery—section D, grave 416.
Lescure, Edw. J..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Laughridge, J. A.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Lloyd, Jas. H....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Moore, Wm. S...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Magonegal, M. E.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Milligan, Samuel.	.....do.....	Oct. 3. 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Milligan, J. H....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Moredock, John..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Prisoner from Dec. 24, 1863, to April 21, 1865—discharged, June 2d, to date May 18, 1865.
Mann, Chas.....	.....do.....	Sept. 25, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Momeyer, J. G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Miller, E. S.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 18, 1863.
Morris, Oscar B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22. 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Aug. 6, 1863.
Meals, Jos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22. 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 14, 1863.
Morton, N. A.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 25, 1863.
Mullen, Jas.....	.....do.....	Apr. 30. 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Miller, D. M.....	.....do.....	Dec. 6, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Mooredock, W. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., March 31, 1865.
Milligan, J. B....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Died at Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 12, 1865.
Moore, A. L.....	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864—buried in National Cemetery—grave 127.
Marnard, C. H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Deserted, Nov. 7, 1862.
Morgan, H. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Morris, A. C.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Murphy, Jas. F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Markley, Aug.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Mason, H. F.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Mecke, Geo. K...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Moore, H. A.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
M'Cutcheon, A. C.	.....do.....	Sept. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
M'Carty, Boyd J..	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 8, 1863.
M'Kinney, David.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 13, 1863.
M'Cann, John....	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
M'Kimens, H.....	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Died at Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 10, 1864—buried in Marietta and Atlanta National Cemetery, Marietta, Ga.—section A, grave 317.
Newbecker, P. J..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Norman, Sol. H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
O'Neil, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Absent, on detached service, at muster out.
Over, David A...	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, May 2, 1864.
Owens, Jas. T....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Oliver, Jas. M....	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Pugh, John R....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Painter, Ezekiel..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Painter, Jas. K...	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pile, Robt.....	.....do.....	Aug. 24, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Palmer, Edw. L...	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pinney, N. J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, Feb. 9, 1865.
Platt, H. H.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Petty, Geo. M....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Paterson, E., Jr...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Quinn, Michael...	.....do.....	Aug. 24, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Roberts, Henry E.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent, on detached service, at muster out.
Reid, John J.....	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ramsden, E. M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 23, 1863.
Reed, Lewis G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Feb. 5, 1863.
Ramage, John H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Riehle, Henry B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Ryan, Milton.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Ramsey Alex., Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Shope, Milton S..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Sagers, Harry C..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Shoop, David C..	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Speer, Johnston..	.....do.....	Aug. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Shortlidge, E. G..	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, July 7, 1865.
Stough, Jos. S...	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stevens, Adie A..	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Swope, Wm. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to U. S. A., Oct. 1, 1862.
Stinemeyer, S. C.	.....do.....	Dec. 16, 1863	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Sherwood, M.....	.....do.....	Mar. 31 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Steffey, D. R.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 7, 1862.
Sherk, Michael...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Deserted, June 24, 1864.
Smith, Michael...	.....do.....	June 3, 1864	Deserted, June 18, 1864.
Smith, Isaac C...	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Stratton, Isaiah..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Showers, S. H....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Scull, Daniel.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Sale, Thos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Smith, T. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Turner, Hugh O.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Trimble, Samuel.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Thompson, J. A..	.....do.....	Sept. 25, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Taylor, Anthony..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Turner, John F...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Vandling, E. L...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Wilson, Walter G.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Weller, Chas. F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Weir, Samuel....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Warner, Chas. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Dec. 31, 1862.
Williams, J. H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate—date unknown.
Wile, John H.....	.....do.....	Dec. 26, 1863	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Warg, Josiah.....	.....do.....	Oct. 25, 1862	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Watt, Geo. D.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Captured at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863—died at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 1, 1864.
Woodwell, J. S...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Wright, John B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Wilson, Hampton	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Wallace, W. D....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Yerkes, Geo. S...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.

COMPANY H.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Alfred Vezin.....	Captain	Mar. 1, 1863	Discharged, May 8, 1863.
Edw. Sellers.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Maj., May 8, 1863—resigned, March 6, 1865.
Alex. M. Parker..	1st Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 10, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
Caleb M. Keppart	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, March 1, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
Wm. M. Field...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Reg. Com. Serg., May 8, 1863—resigned, Dec. 1, 1864.
Josiah C. Reiff...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Maj., Jan. 20, 1865—to Adjt., March 13, 1865.
Theo. F. Ramsey.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Q. M. Serg. Co. M, March 13, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geo. S. Yerkes...	1st Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., April 11, 1863—to 1st Serg., Aug. 25, 1863—commissioned 2d Lieut., May 29, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Oscar W. Vezin..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg. Oct. 30, 1862—to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—discharged for promotion, March 6, 1863.
Jos. R. Thomas..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., March 8, 1863—to 2d Lieut. Co. A, 180th Reg. P. V., Sept. 10, 1863.
Samuel Phillips	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to Serg. Maj., May 8, 1863.
J. W Caldwell...	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geo. W Lukens..	Com. Sr.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Robt. Sowersby..	Sergeant	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., April 11, 1863—to Serg., Aug. 25, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Angelo Wiser....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 4, 1863—to Serg., May 4, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fred. T. Antes..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 1, 1864—to Serg., Nov. 29, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Thos. J. M'Call..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 29, 1864—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacob G. Henvis.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp. and to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Edw. C. Parry....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 14, 1863—to Serg., June 1, 1863—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Nov. 27, 1863.
Chas. A. Laws....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—deserted, Dec. 14, 1862.
Abel Turner.....	Corporal	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 29, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Samuel Hewitt...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Francis J. Quinn.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wm. T. Nieman..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jas. H. Castle....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
W. F. Jamison...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jos. L. Seymour.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Howard Harbert.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 11, 1863.
S. A. Watson....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 4, 1863—transferred to Co. I 11th Reg. V. R. C.—date unknown—discharged by General Orders, July 7, 1865.
W W Crumpton.	.....do.....		Promoted to Corp., May 14, 1863—died at Allegheny City, Pa., Dec. 27, 1863.
R. H. Jordan.....	Bugler	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Robert, Kincaid..	Farrier	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Adair, Jas. M.....	Private	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Andrews, M., Jr..	Private	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Anderson, M.....	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Beachley, Samuel.	.....do.....	Sept. 7, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bond, Edw.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Brown, J. E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Buchite, John A.	.....do.....	Sept. 7, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Baker, Henry....	....do.....	Aug. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Baker, M. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Bannan, John N..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 14, 1863.
Bailey, Samuel...	.....do.....	Mar. 18, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Beall, Wm. L.....	.....do.....	Feb. 13, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865—veteran.
Bader, Chas.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Deserted, May 1, 1863.
Barnes, John.....	.....do....	Apr. 2, 1864	Never joined Co.
Barnes, W. H....	.....do.....	Apr. 2, 1864	Never joined Co.
Boice, E. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Branthover, L. L.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Brannan, J. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 14, 1863.
Bratton, Wm. L..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Brown, Wm. J....	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Cummings, Al. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Colton, M. B.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Cochenour, Wm..	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Clapp, T. E.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 11, 1863.
Cummings, H. M.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 2, 1864.
Chadwick, S. F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 11, 1864.
Chritzman, G. A..	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 24, 1863.
Crump, Albert H.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Dec. 26, 1862.
Crawford, W. H..	.....do.....	Oct. 15, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Jan. 16, 1863.
Crumpton, R. D..	.....do.....	July 16, 1863	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Chambers, W H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 28, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Stone River, grave 94.
Currin, W J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Cunningham, T...	.....do.....	Apr. 2, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Duncan, J. H.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Denning, Wm. J.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 18, 1865.
Dunlap, David H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 23, 1863.
Davidson, W. W	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 22, 1863.
Deemer, A. P.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 16, 1863.
De Bree, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Edwards, Oliver..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fox, John W.....	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fisher, Wm.....	.....do.....	Apr. 16, 1863	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fox, Chas. H.....	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 29, 1863—died March 1, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn.
Fish, Ephraim...	.....do.....	Oct. 4, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865.
Fisher, Geo.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—June 21, 1865.
French, J. V.....	.....do.....	Oct. 20, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—June 21, 1865.
Flood, Theo.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Greenawalt, S. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Gummey, W T...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 31, 1863.
Goodenough, D...	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865.
Gulley, N. D.....	.....do....		Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865.
Glendenning, W..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Griffith, E. E.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Hartman, Samuel.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Haney, John.....	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Houston, Jos.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Houston, Samuel	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 19, 1865.
Houston, John...	.....do.....	Aug. 25, 1864	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Humphrey, Thos.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hill, Geo. H.....	.....do...	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hagey, A. O.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 24 1863.
Henderson, D. W	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 24, 1863.
Huston, Robt....	.....do.....	Feb. 23, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21 1865.
Harley, J. M.....	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Deserted—date unknown.
Henry, A. S.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Deserted, May 1, 1863.
Hastings, John...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Oct. 12, 1862.
Hurst, Jas. P.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Charge of desertion removed, and absent without proper authority from Feb. 15, 1863 to Sept. 11,

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Horn, John.....	Private	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Hilty, Jos.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Hartman, D. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Hunter, David A.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Henry, Samuel R.	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Harrison, J. H...	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Hiltner, E. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Jones, Geo. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut 100th Reg. U. S. C. T., Dec. 8, 1863—to 1st Lieut. 100th Reg. U. S. C. T., July 9, 1863—to Capt., Oct. 21, 1865—mustered out Dec. 26, 1865.
Job, John J.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Johnson, D. C....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Jones, E. B.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Krapps, Adam T.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 1st Lieut. 67th Reg. U. S. C. T., Feb. 24, 1864—mustered out with 92d Reg. U. S. C. T., Dec. 31, 1865.
Kinsey, C. F.....	.....do.....	Mar. 18, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Kinsey, E. W....	.....do.....	Mar. 18, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Kingsley, Jos. T..	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Kidney, Geo.....	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Kintigh, A. R....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Killed at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862—buried in National Cemetery, Nashville.
Kelly, R. L.....	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Kline, Geo. H....	.... do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Leedom, Isaac...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 27, 1865.
Leasure, W. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 2, 1863.
Logan, H. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 22, 1864—discharged by General Orders, June 30, 1865.
Latcham, Geo. K.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Oct. 12, 1862.
Lancaster, Eben..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Laws, Geo. C.....	.....do.....	Oct. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Minor, Andrew J.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Miller, Wm. J....	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Meaner, Elias D.	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Murphey, Jas. F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Marker, Aug. W.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 17, 1863.
Martin, Jas. R....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, July 5, 1864.
Mason, Henry T	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 28, 1863.
Mears, E. B. Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 21, 1863.
Mewherter, B. F	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died, Feb. 22, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., section B, grave 169.
Megee, Andrew J.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Moore, W. S.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Magee, Chas. B..	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Magee, Edward...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Moyer, Chas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Martin, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
M'Nay, N. B.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Nov. 13, 1863.
M'Clelland, J. D.	.....do.....	Dec. 23, 1863	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
M'Farrell, Henry	.....do.....		Died at Jeffersonville, Ind., Feb. 27, 1865—buried in National Cemetery, New Albany, section B, grave 473.
M'Connell, O. T..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
M'Carter, C. T...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Noffsinger, Alex..	.....do.....	Aug. 16, 1864	Substitute—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Nonnes, Jas. C...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 7, 1863.
Noffsinger, F J..	.....do.....	Oct. 15, 1862	Deserted, Jan. 1, 1863—returned May 4, 1864—transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Newman, W H..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Owens, Jas. T....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, June 15, 1865.
Oliver, Daniel W	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, May 7, 1864.
Oliver, Jas. M....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Drowned in Tennessee River, at Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 22, 1863.
Over, David A...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Price, Jos. D.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Patterson, E. Jr..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pyle, Jas. M.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Paulding, M. J...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Dec. 20, 1862.
Pinkerton, John.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Ramsey, Alex., Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, Aug. 8, 1865.
Rockey, Benj. B..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Absent, sick, at muster out.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Rudolph, David..	Private	Sept. 7, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ramage, John H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 9, 1863.
Reeder, W DeH.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Hospital Steward, U. S. A., Aug. 23, 1864.
Raymond, D. L..	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Rosenberg, John.	.....do.....	May 17, 1864	Deserted—date unknown.
Rickey, Jas. L....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864—burial record, Dec. 16, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section D, grave 351.
Rhodes, C. A.....	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 26, 1862.
Roberts, Samuel.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Nov. 1, 1862.
Rahn, Oscar.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Reynolds, J. B...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Schieule, J. G.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Snowden, J. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 9, 1863.
Sinclair, John C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, Sept. 7, 1864.
Stewart, W, H. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 9, 1863.
Simpson, Jos. W	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 12, '63.
Stockton, T. H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
Sherrick, J. L. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Sheffler, Levi.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Sloan, W C.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Sloan, Robt. E...	.....do.....	Aug. 25, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Swartz, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Sanford, Jas. W..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Stout, Samuel C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Sellers, Chas. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Hospital Steward, Nov. 1, 1862.
Streuble, Lott J..	.....do.....	Aug. 30. 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Taylor, Wm. S...	....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Tompkins. F S..	....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, March 19, 1864.
Trimble, Samuel.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Vantague, Jas.....	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Wiley, Jas. H....	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Walter, Labanna.	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Wise, Alfred.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Woodward, Alfred	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Williams, J. A. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Young, Jacob P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.

COMPANY I.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Braden Hurst....	Captain	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 10, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
Joseph Anderson.	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from Serg. Anderson Troop, March 1, 1863—discharged, May 8, 1863.
W. W DeWitt...	.....do.....	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop to 1st Lieut., March 1, 1863, to Capt., May 8, 1863—resigned, July 17, 1864.
Frank E. Remont	.....do	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Co. K, Aug. 15, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Roland Seeger...	1st Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 30, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
Stuart Logan.....	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Promoted to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., April 12, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—discharged, June 6, 1864.
Edward C. Smith.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Co. F to 1st Serg., May 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., July 22, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Selden L. Wilson	1st Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., July 21, 1864—to 1st Serg., Jan. 21, 1865—commissioned 2d Lieut., May 29, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John F. Conaway	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., July 23, 1864—to Serg. Maj., Jan. 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
A. G. Spidle.....	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Q. M. Serg., Nov. 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Frederick Spang.	Com. Sr.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Com. Serg., July 21, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65.
Samuel Skillen...	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
David C. King...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., April 1, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co. June 21, 1865.
Milton E. Shaw..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., July 23, 1864—to Serg., Jan. 21, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
James Conaway...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 17, 1864—to Serg., Jan. 21, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
George E. Stone.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Adam Kramer....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted from private, Oct. 30, 1862—to 1st Lieut. Co. B, March 1, 1863.
John M. Sease...	Corporal	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Charles H. Fritz..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Jan. 21, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Demus L. McVay	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Jan. 21, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
W. B. Crawford..	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
S. B. Euwer.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Clark Denney....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
A. LeRoy Hawkins	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 12, 1863—to Lieut. 101st Reg. U. S. C. T.—to Capt., Sept. 5, 1865—mustered out Jan. 21, 1866
S. Murphy, Jr....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 1, 1862—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 25, 1863.
G. J. French.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—killed at Lincolnton, N. C., April 18, 1865.
A. C. Miller.....	Bugler	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to bugler, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Edward Milligan.	Farrier	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to farrier, March 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Daniel L. Estle..	.....do...	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to farrier, July 1, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
T. M. Hathaway..	Saddler	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to saddler, July 1, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alexander, G.....	Private	Sept. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Armor, R. R.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate, March 7, 1863.
Adamson, John..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 22, 1863.
Abbey, S. A.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Allison, Eben....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Anderson, J. L...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Hospital Steward—date unknown.
Bennett, J. A....	.....do.....	Sept. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Brown, Rudolph..	.....do.....	Sept. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Babbitt, W. T...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 20, 1865.
Bover, J. R.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged—date unknown.
Burr, William C.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 24, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Bishop, J. C.....	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Bell, John H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 22, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Buttorf, John W	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 23, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Barr, Samuel.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Baldwin, W. H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Borst, W W.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Boggs, John C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Barnhart, David..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Bradford, C. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Buzby, H. A.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Burke, J. R.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Cole, Thomas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Craig, Arthur H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Chilton, H. J.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. Co. K 152d Reg. P V., April 14, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Creth, John E...	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, Oct. 26th, to date Aug. 17, 1864.
Carr, Charles.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Aug. 6, 1863.
Clarke, E. B.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 3, 1863.
Craig, Frank.....	.....do.....	Nov. 3, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Castleman, Lewis	.....do.....	May 11, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Carlton, Charles..	.....do.....	Dec. 3, 1863	Died at Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 15, 1865.
Cozens, Smith D.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Copeland, Joseph.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Davis, W H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co. June 21, 1865.
Dougherty, Ed. J.	.....do.....	Sept. 2, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Duer, Jacob M...	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Dunlap, W. A....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Wounded in action, March 18, 1865—absent, in hospital, at muster out.
Dilks, Thomas S.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Deserted, Feb. 9, 1863.
Drinker, F. P....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
DeGrant, H. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Daly, Stephen A.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Dick, Valentine..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Denis, G. P.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Euler, G. W.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted—date unknown.
Eckman, John W	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Fisher, Daniel....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fry, William.....	.....do.....	Sept. 2, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Farne, Edward...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 10, '64.
Folion, Henry....	.....do.....	Mar. 31, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Foddell, John C..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Franklin, G. P....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Glunt, Obadiah...	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Glunt, John.....	.....do.....	Sept. 2, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, May 14, 1865.
Gable, William...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. 101st Reg. U. S. C. T., Oct. 24, 1864—to 1st Lieut., Sept. 18, 1865—mustered out Jan. 21, 1866.
Gant, Robert F...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 18, 1863.
Gadbury, William	.....do.....	Nov. 1, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Geddes, Robert C.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Gyger, Samuel S.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Ginn, Thomas....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Garbor, J. B., Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Haines, J. G.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Howard, A. P....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, April 6, 1864.
Hayden, C. L.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate, April 27, 1863.
Hammill, J. L....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, March 29, 1864.
Hudson, John....	.....do.....	June 3, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865.
Harris, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 7, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865.
Hartzell, Edwin..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 17, 1863—burial record, April 11, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section E, grave 659.
Hamilton, S. F...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Hall, John W...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Hanson, G. H....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Horn, Abraham..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Houstin, J. H....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Howard, G. W....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Hopkins, A. M...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Isett, Jacob H....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Jackson, J. R.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co. June 21, 1865.
Johnson, W F...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Jones, George W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Kerr, Jerome M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kuhn, Ballou.....	.....do.....	Sept. 24, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ketler, Charles C.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. Co. D 181st Reg. P. V., March 29, 1864.
Karcher, H. W. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 20, 1863.
Kinney, James...	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865
Kenney, James...	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864—buried in National Cemetery, grave 282.
Kelsey, S. A.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Kemmel, Jacob...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Lynch, E. E.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, March 2, 1863.
Lewis, J. K.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 30, 1863.
Lewis, John N...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Sept. 5, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Logan, W. R.....	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 31, 1863—discharged by General Orders, July 10, '65.
Larzelere, W. H..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 9, 1863.
Levering, Abram.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 18, 1863.
Lamborne, E.....	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1862	Dropped from the rolls as deserter, Nov. 1, 1863.
Lyon, Arthur P..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Lush, William H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Martin, John A..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Milligan, Jonas..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Musselman, Jacob	.....do.....	Sept. 24, 1864	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Moore, C. R., Jr.	.....do....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 26, '63.
Michael, John....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, June 12, 1863.
Moats, Josiah....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 7, 1868—buried in National Cemetery, section B, row 17, grave 5.
Martin, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Dropped from the rolls as deserter, Nov. 1, 1863.
Magonegal, Mich.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Marple, E. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Miller, J. W.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Mifnnc, Alex.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
M'Carter, C. T...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 20, 1863—burial record, Nov. 12, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
M'Cane, Hugh...	.....do.....	Dec. 1, 1862	Dropped from the rolls as deserter, Nov. 1, 1863.
M'Cann, Gahriel..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
M'Donald, W. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Ney, John.....	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865.
Null, J. K.....	.....do.....	Oct. 4, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—June 21, 1865.
Nones, James C.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Parke, Daniel....	.....do.....	Apr. 7, 1864	Mustered out with Co. June 21, 1865.
Pierce, W. H. H.	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Potter, George D.	.....do.....	Sept. 25, 1864	Mustered out with Co. June 21, 1865.
Phelan, J. T.....	.....do.....	Oct. 15, 1862	Dropped from the rolls as deserter, Nov. 1, 1863.
Pohl, Edward J..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Price, Albert M...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Roberts, Richard.	.....do.....	Oct. 15, 1862	Mustered out with Co. June 21, 1865.
Rogers, W. C.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Rudy, David.....	.....do.....	Oct. 21, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Richards, John...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Wounded and captured at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 30, 1862—died at Annapolis, Md., Feb. 11, 1863.
Rushton, W. L...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Robertson, John.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Shapley, Joseph..	.....do.....	Sept. 21, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21. 1865—commissioned 2d Lieut. 25th Reg. U. S. C. T., Aug. 30, 1865—mustered out, Dec. 6, 1865.
Somers, Henry...	.....do.....	Sept. 27, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stahl, Edward H.	.....do.....	Sept. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stamates, Jacob..	.....do.....	Sept. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stout, David.....	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stewart, C. H....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 9, 1863.
Setzler, W. K....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 24, 1863.
Schaneld, John...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 20, 1863.
Smerle, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Squires, J. C.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Serill, Thomas....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Sands, H. M.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Sowerby, Robert.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Sunday, John....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Stees, Thomas W.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Sands, Lawrence.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Super, Albert....	.....do....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Stewart, W G....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to hospital steward, Feb. 11, 1863.
Tallant, David...	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Tweedale, John...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, Feb. 28, 1865.
Taylor, T. B.....	.....do.....	Nov. 20, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 17, 1863.
Townsend, Geo...	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Travice, William.	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Topham, S. A....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Thorne, Harry....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Wampler, S. E...	.... do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Weiler, Alfred....	.....do....	Sept. 25, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wrightman, H. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Wounded in action, Oct. 7, 1864—absent, in hospital, at muster out.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Winter, W. H....	Private	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 12, 186
Weigand, A. E...	.....do.....	Sept. 5, 1862	Discharged for promotion, July 15, 1863.
Wendler, Bernard	.....do.....	May 14, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Walters, Harry...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Winter, Emmor C	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Williams, H. Clay	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Weathery, J. C...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Wentzler, Jacob..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Walter, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Wright, G. W....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Wilkes, James....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Not accounted for.
White, J. G.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. L—date unknown.
Woolston. A D...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Wilt, James A....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Young, Jacob P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Yocum, G. P.....	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Captured at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 30, 1862-discharged by Special Order, June 29, 1864.

COMPANY K.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Jacob R. Hewitt..	Captain	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 1 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
A. B. Garner.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from 1st Serg., May 8, 1863—to Maj March 13, 1865.
Chas. E. Scheide	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Adjt., March 13, 1865—mustere out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Frank E. Remont	1st Lieut.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Serg, Co. C, May 8, 1863—to Cap Co. I, Aug. 15, 1864.
N. M. Sample....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from private to Q. M Serg., March 1863—to 1st Serg., March 16, 1864—to 1st Lieut Nov. 8, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, '6
M. M. Musser....	1st Serg.	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., May 1 1863—to 1st Serg., Jan. 1, 1865—commissioned 2 Lieut., May 29, 1865—not mustered—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
W. W Blackmar.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted from Corp. to Serg., March 1, 1863-to 1st Serg., May 5, 1863—to Lieut. 1st Re W Va. Cav., March 15, 1864—discharged a Capt., July 8, 1865.
T. H. Smith.....	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 4, 1863—to Q. M. Serg March 16, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 2. 1865.
J. Lingerfield.....	Com. Sr.	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—mustere out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John C. Wilson..	Sergeant	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg., Marc 1, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
James Agnew....	.....do.....	Oct 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., Ma 15, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacob H. Isett...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg., Feb. 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
James H. Sherts.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 15, 1863—to Serg., Feb. 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacob Wentzler...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 29, 1864—to Serg., Marc 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Henry C. Potts...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted from Corp., Co. L, March 1, 1863-discharged March 16, 1863.
Sealy S. Byard...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted from Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—discharged o Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 27, 1863.
W. H. Small.....	Corporal	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., April 1, 1864—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
James A. Kenney	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Feb. 5, 1865—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
A. H. Robinson..	Corporal	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Feb. 5, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Benj. Bartram..	.....do....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Feb. 5, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Joseph Copeland	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacob W Miller..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
N. B. Briggs.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 15, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John P Gemmill	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., May 15, 1863—died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
W. M. Mordock..	Bugler	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
G. W Wright....	.....do...	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
J. K. Parshall....	Blacksm'h	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 15, 1863.
William M'Gee...	Saddler	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to reg. saddler, March 1, 1863.
Askwith, J. D....	Private	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Adamson, John..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Arvecost, Joseph.	.....do.....	Oct. 3. 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Burke, Joseph R	.....do....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Beck, Henry L...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to U. S. A., Oct. 30, 1862.
Burson, David...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 23, 1863.
Burchnell, W K.	.....do....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 27, 1863.
Burns, Andrew S.	.....do.....	Aug. 18, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Barnett, J. P.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Died at Carlisle, Pa., Nov. 18, 1862.
Brooks, William..	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Lavergne, Tenn., Jan. 5, 1863, of wounds received in action.
Bell, Joseph.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Bell, John H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Brown, Geo. E...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown
Bond, Edward....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Beitz, A. O.....	.....do....	Aug. 6, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Campbell, W P..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Cleverstone, D...	.....do.....	Sept. 24, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Clark, Adrian S.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Carr, Charles.....	.....do....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Aug. 6, 1863.
Clark, Edward B.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 3, 1863.
Cholette, C. M...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to U. S. A., Aug. 30, 1862.
Cover, Michael...	.....do.....	June 4, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Crawford, E. E...	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 12, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Conner, W. B....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 3, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section B, grave 1177.
Cottrel, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Cumpston, John..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Chambers, W. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Cottrel, Jonas....	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Duer, Florence...	.....do....	Sept. 23, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 24, 1865.
Dye, William L..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 12, 1865.
Denney, Clark....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Drake, Alex. S...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Killed at Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862—buried in National Cemetery, section B, grave 88.
Evans, Benj. B...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Estle, Daniel L...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Farrer, John G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Faas, John.....	.... do.....	Sept. 10, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fisher, David....	.....do.....	Sept. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Fullerton, Bryam	.....do.....	Aug. 20. 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Frankenberry, A..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 27, 1863.
Filbey, Barton E.	.....do....	Oct. 3, 1862	Deserted, Dec. 8, 1862.
Gosline, Nelson..	Wagoner	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Gibbons, A. J....	Private	Sept. 25, 1864	Prisoner from April 12 to 30, 1865—discharged June 20th, to date May 18, 1865.
Grim, David.....	... .do.....	Sept. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Griffin, Samuel...	.....do.....	Jan. 27, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Gwyam, Jesse F..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	
Gass, Samuel W	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Grim, William...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Grim, Lycurgus..	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Houshalter, P....	.....do.....	Sept. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Himes, John.....	.....do.....	Oct. 31, 1863	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Howard, George..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut 4th Reg. U. S. C. A., April 5, 1865—mustered out. Feb. 25, 1866.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Heiter, Joseph J..	Private	Mar. 21, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hoke, George N.	....do....	Sept. 6, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 2, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Stone River.
Hawkins, A. LeR.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Hewitt, Jacob....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Hewitt, Eli.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Hewitt, Samuel..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Houlsworth, J....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Houston, Samuel	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Houston, Joseph.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Hartzell, Edwin..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Hartley, John M.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Hughes, James...	.....do.....	Oct. 27, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Johns, Albert M.	....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 12, 1863.
Johnston, Valen..	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Jamison, W. F...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Jameson, John A.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Jordan, Robert H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Kimmel, Jacob...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kinney, Eaton....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 23, 1863.
Ketcham, John...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Keys, Cary M....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Kincaid, Robert..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Kent, James.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Krouse, Enos....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Lamoreux, E. B.	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Leas, William H.	.....do.....	Sept. 22, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, June 9, 1865.
Lippincott, W. H.	.....do.....	Sept. 27, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Lundy, William..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Lewis, Josiah....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Mehl, Edwin M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Metzler, John H..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Miller, C., Jr....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Mills, Edward L.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Moyer, James W.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Morrow, Wm. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 28, 1863.
Myers, Alpheus..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 25, 1863.
Moore, Jacob B..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 27, 1863.
Marcus, William.	.....do.....	Mar. 21, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Moroney, Math..	.....do.....	Mar. 11, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Minor, Andrew J.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Murdock, W. B..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Milligan, Samuel.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Milliken, Jas. H..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Milligan, Jonas...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Milligan, Edward	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Messenger, Jas...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co B—date unknown.
Moredock, John..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
M'Nay, Jasper...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Clain, William	.....do.....		Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
M'Govern, Thos..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 22, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section E, grave 2089.
M'Nay, N. B.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
M'Cormick, Jas...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
M'Carty, Boyd Y.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
M'Glumphey, J. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Newman, W H...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Prisoner from May 2 to 10, 1865—discharged, June 16th, to date May 21, 1865.
Norman, S. H...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. Co. B 184th Reg. P. V., April 29, 1864.
Nichols, Thos. M.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 8, 1863.
Newbaker, P. C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 1, 1863—discharged by General Orders, July 5, 1865.
Nichols, Erasmus	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Deserted Dec. 8, 1862.
Pierce, Joseph K.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 20, 1865.
Pratt, Ingram....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section B, grave 1104.
Pyles, James M..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Philips, John W..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Robertson, John..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Rull, William....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ross, Jacob.....	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 4, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Reynolds, Jacob..	Private	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged, March 10, 1863.
Ransom, George..	.....do.....	Aug. 8, 1864	Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 25, 1865—buried in National Cemetery section I, grave 1126.
Riggle, Amos....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Deserted, Feb. 10, 1863.
Reynolds, John B.	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Deserted, March 1, 1863.
Ross, David D...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Rickey, James L.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Rox, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Reinhart, Bennett	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Ritchie, Clement.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Sawyers, John W	.....do.....	Sept. 15, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Schrader, A.....	.....do.....	Sept. 12, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Shoaf, Daniel....	.....do.....	Aug. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Sullivan, William	.....do.....	Aug. 21, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Sunday, John.....	.....do....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Struble, Lot J...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Sharps, Charles T.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 29, 1863.
Steel, William....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to U. S. A., Oct. 30, 1862.
Shaffer, Wm. G...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 30, '63.
Supplee, H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 30, 1864.
Smith, John.....	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Smith, William...	.....do.....	June 18, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Stees, Thos. W...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 2, 1863.
Stevenson, Alfred	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Stone, George E.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Sproat, T. R.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Smith, W. P.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Sayers, Harry C..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Shirk, Michael M.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Strosnider, W. A.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Shape, Milton S..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Thorniee, Jas. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22. 1862	Deserted, March 1, 1863.
Thomas, Joshua..	.....do.....	Aug 30, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 4, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section E, grave 816.
Turner, Abel.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Turner, Josiah....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Thomas, F. M....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Walter, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, July 5, 1865.
Matts, Wilbur....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Weatherby, J.C., Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wagner, Aug. D.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Oct. 31, 1863.
Wilson, Chas. T..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, July 20, 1863.
Wilson, Wm.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Feb. 28, 1865.
Williams, E. P...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 31, 1865.
Wood, E. W.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Waychuff, J. D....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
White, David C...	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Wiser, Angelo....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Worthington, R	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Wiley, James M..	.....do....	Nov. 30, 1861	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Zoll, John M. Jr.	.... do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

COMPANY L.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Washington Airey	Captain	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from Serg. Maj., March 1, 1863—captured at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863—discharged May 18, 1865.
James B. Curtin.	1st Lieut.	Nov. 27, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, Oct. 10, 1862—resigned, Feb. 27, 1863.
W. P. Rockhill..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg., Jan. 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., Co. C, March 1, 1863—to Capt. Co. C, May 8, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
A. N. Morton....	1st Lieut.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
A. B. Coleman...	1st Serg.	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 20, 1863—to Serg., Nov 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., Sept. 14, 1864—commissioned 2d Lieut., March 15, 1865—not mustered—discharged by General Orders, June 20, 1865.
H. M'Allister, Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to 1st Serg., Nov. 24, 1862—to 1st Lieut Co. G, March 1, 1863.
C. P. Bowyer.....	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Q. M. Serg., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ellis L. Vandling	Com. Sr.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 5, 1863—to Com. Serg. July 8, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, '65
John P. Strebig..	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 23, 1864—to Serg., July 15, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John B. Kreider..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 23, 1864—to Serg., Sept 14, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
S. R. Jamison...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., July 8, 1864—to Serg., Nov. 1 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
C. P. Bechtel.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, Nov. 10, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John W. Gay.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—to Serg., Jun 1, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
David Holmes....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Capt. 44th Reg. U. S. C. T., May 2 1864—mustered out, April 30, 1866.
C. E. Scheide....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Prisoner from Dec. 29, 1862, to Nov., 1863—promoted to Corp Oct., 1862—to Q. M. Serg., Ma 1, 1864—to Adjt., June 30, 1864.
A. T. Drinkhouse	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, April 6, 1865.
C. F. Clark, Jr...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—discharged o Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 7, 1863.
Silas F. Herring..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Serg., Oct. 30, 1862—killed at Stor River, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862—buried in Nation Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn.
Smith D. Cozens.	Corporal	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—discharged b General Orders, July 5, 1865.
Chas. R. Jenkins.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
G. J. Shields.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 10, 1864—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
John P Anderson	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hampton Wilson	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
Joseph Bontemps.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 1, 1865—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
Thomas W. Dyott	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 1, 1865—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jos. S. Overholt..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., June 1, 1865—mustered ou with Co., June 21, 1865.
Charles M'Ginley.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Q. M. 32d Reg. U. S. C. T., March 10, 1864—mustered out, Aug. 22, 1865.
James A. Weir...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Orders, May 17, 1865.
J. H. Haddock..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Adjt. 89 Reg. P. V., Dec. 29, 1862.
Russell A. Olin..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 24, 1862—discharged o Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 9, 1863.
Henry C. Potts...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg. Co. I March 1, 1863.
N. F. Weigle.....	Bugler	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jesse F. Gwynn..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, October 22, 1863.
Abram Hartranft.	Farrier	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
George Ulrich....	Saddler	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Allen, George Q..	Private	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Albright, Cyrus J.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 3, 1863.
Agnew, James...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Allen, George W.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Birnbaun, R. J...	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Burroway, M. J..	.....do.....	Sept. 14, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Biggert, Henry...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 15, 186
Berkstresser, J.B.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 13, 186
Bunting, Joseph..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 9, 186

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Brown, James H.	Private	Aug. 19, 1864	Never joined Co.
Burke, Henry....	.....do.....	July 21, 1864	Never joined Co.
Butler, James....	.....do.....	July 30, 1864	Never joined Co.
Bartram, Isaac...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Bartram, Benj....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Burchinell, W. K.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Beisel, Reuben...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Cottrel, Jonas....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Muster out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Crooks, James W.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1864	Muster out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Crooks, Allen J...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865—died, June 30, 1865—buried in National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn.
Coder, George P.	.....do.....	Sept. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., Aug. 21, 1865.
Clements, David.	....do.....	Aug. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., Aug. 21, 1865.
Collahan, John C.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. 100th Reg. U. S. C. T., June 16, 1864—to 1st Lieut., Oct. 21, 1865—mustered out, Dec. 26, 1865.
Carlisle, Wm. R..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Dec. 24, 1863.
Collahan, T. B...	.....do.....	Apr. 12, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Collins, Charles..	.....do.....	Apr. 29, 1864	Never joined Co.
Craven, John.....	.....do.....	May 11, 1864	Never joined Co.
Clapp, Theop.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Cox, Roland.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. B—date unknown.
Chilton, Harris J.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. I—date unknown.
Curtis, Samuel Y.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Clark, George S..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Reg. Q. M. Serg., March 1, 1863.
Campbell, W P..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Castle, James H..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Camp, Hezekiah..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died, April 5, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Stone River, Tenn.
Creger, Calvin W	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Derkin, Thomas..	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Diehl, Lewis C., Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 25, 1863.
Duffield, G. E....	.....do.....	Feb. 24, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Devitt, Charles H.	.....do.....	Feb. 20, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Dysart, Edmund.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Duncan, John H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Dunham, J. H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Engle, Edward H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ehrhart, D. C....	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Discharged, Aug. 8th, to date, June 21, 1865.
Eaton, Frank S...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 3, 1863, of wounds received at Stone River, Dec. 29, 1862—buried in National Cemetery, grave 110.
Ennis, William...	.....do.....	Apr. 13, 1864	Never joined Co.
Esbenshade, J. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Edwards, Oliver..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Esbenshade, D. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Eckey, Harry B..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Fisher, Harry C..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Foulkes, Albert..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Gibson, Lewis M.	.....do.....	Feb. 24, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Gallagher, Alfred.	.....do.....	May 10, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Godshall, Abra'm	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 29, 1863.
Guy, William....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1864	Never joined Co.
Gordon, William.	.....do.....	July 25, 1864	Never joined Co.
	.....do.....	Aug. 18, 1864	Never joined Co.
Garner, Abra'm..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Gordon, Robert..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Graham, Thos. J.	.....do.....	Jan. 20, 1864	Not on muster-out roll.
Hopkins, A. M...	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Discharged by General Order, June 7, 1865.
Hall, Thomas....	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Transferred to 181st Reg. P. V —date unknown.
Hall, Robert.....	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Hamilton, Adolph	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Holt, Samuel B..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 12, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Hamilton, T. G...	.....do.....	Sept. 12, 1864	Never joined Co.
Howe, James.....	.....do.....	Aug. 18, 1864	Never joined Co.
Hanly, Peter.....	.....do.....	Mar. 8, 1864	Never joined Co.
Harrigan, Math..	.....do.....	Mar. 8, 1864	Never joined Co.
Humphrey, Thos.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Hubbell, Johnston	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Hart, William....	Private	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—date unknown.
Hamilton, Mont..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Not on muster-out roll.
Irvin, Thomas...	.....do.....	Mar. 8, 1864	Never joined Co.
Irwin, William E.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. E—discharged, Sept. 16, 1864.
Jones, Hugh R...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jacobs, Henry H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by Special Order, April 15, 1863.
Jackson, A. W...	.....do.....	Oct. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Jones, M. L.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Kneas, Franklin..	.....do.....	Sept. 28, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Kimball, G. P....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Dec. 9, 1862.
Krantz, John.....	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Died at Philadelphia, Pa.—date unknown.
Longshore, C. L.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March 20, '63.
Long, William H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 26, 1863.
Lofft, Christian L.	.....do.....	Mar. 4, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Lingle, H. S.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Lingerfield, J. Jr.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Lingel, Lycurgus	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Longmire, J. W..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Loan, William....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Lawrence, Thos...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Markey, Aug.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Myers, Henry H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Monaghan, Peter.	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Mears, Harry.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to hospital steward U. S. A., June 6, '63
Moyer, Charles...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted to Adjt. 73d Reg. P. V., Jan. 8, 1864.
Montgomery, C. P.	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Transferred to 181st Reg. P. V.—date unknown.
Muta, Edward....	.....do.....	Feb. 22, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Mearin, William.	.....do.....	Oct. 12, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Magee, Charles...	.....do.....	Apr. 30, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Middleton, E. Jr..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Moyer, James W	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Miller, Emanuel..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Moore, Jacob R..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Marker, A. W....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Martin, Oliver...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Morrow, Wm. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Musser, Michael.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Mills, Edward L.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Marshall, John G.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Morris, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Morris, Josiah W.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Mills, Thomas H.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
M'Donald, W. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged by General Order, July 1, 1865.
M'Conaghy, John	.....do.....	Sept. 29, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
M'Kinney, David	.....do.....	Oct. 3. 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Nieman, Wm. T.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Oliver, H. N.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15 1865.
Oldfield, Henry...	.....do.....	Jan. 5, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
O'Neil, William..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. G—date unknown.
Pohl, Edward J..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Price, Albert M..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Palmer, Wm. M.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Wounded and captured at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863—paroled—absent at muster out.
Pfander, John....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 4, 1863.
Powell, Wm. H...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received at Stone River, Dec. 29, 1862—Died, Jan. 31, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Phillips, Samuel..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Parry, Edward C.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Quinn, Frank J...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Rihl, Albert M...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Order, May 31, 1865.
Rushton, Wm. L.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15, 1864.
Requa, James E..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Killed in action, Aug. 1, 1863.
Robinson, Alex...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Richards, Job W	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Steinmetz, J. R...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Steel, Samuel.....	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Supplee, Warren.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by General Order, June 9, 1865.
Scull, Daniel.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Shelmire, John J.	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Schauers, West...	.....do.....	Aug. 16, 1864	Absent, wounded at muster out.
Schreves, Geo. H.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Feb. 20, 1863.
Stevens, Edwin T.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 25, 1863—burial record, Feb. 23, 1863—buried in National Cemetery.
Smith, Corvin F..	.... do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	
Sherts, James H..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Sample, N. W....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Sharps, C. H....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Steinberger, Chas.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. M—date unknown.
Saibel, Augustus.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. C—date unknown.
Tack, Francis....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Taggart, John Q.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Deserted, Feb. 1, 1863.
Torbert, John....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. F—date unknown.
Ulrich, Terrill....	.....do.....	Sept. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Upham, W A....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, June 27, 1863.
Withington, R.,Jr.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
White, Isaac.....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Absent, sick, at muster out.
Wallace, Peter G.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
White, Joseph G..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Williams, J. A. B.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to 1st Lieut. 101st Reg. U. S. C. T., April 18, 1864—to Capt. 40th Reg. U. S. C. T., July 17, 1865—discharged, Jan. 25, 1866.
Wills, Andrew....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 13, 1864.
Wills, William,...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 26, 1864.
Wagner, W. B....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 24, '63.
White, Richard G.	.....do.....	Feb. 3, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Weiler, Isadore..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 5, 1863, of wounds received at Stone River, Dec. 29, 1862.
Wilson, John.....	.....do.....	Mar. 8, 1864	Never joined Co.
Wilson, Chas. T..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Williams, J. M...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. D—date unknown.
Wagner, Aug. D.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Watts, Wilbur...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Williams, Edw. P.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Watson, Samuel..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. H—date unknown.
Wilson, John C...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Transferred to Co. K—date unknown.
Yournson, Wm...	.....do.....	Feb. 22, 1864	Transferred to Co. A—date unknown.
Zeibel, Aug.....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	

COMPANY M.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
James A. Lashell	Captain	Mar. 1, 1863	Discharged, May 8, 1863.
Adam Kramer....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Co. B, May 8, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
James M. Rea....	1st Lieut.	Nov. 30, 1861	Promoted from private Anderson Troop, March 1, 1863—discharged May 8, 1863.
Henry K. Weand	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Oct. 30, 1862—to Serg., Nov. 1, 1862—to 1st Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Lieut., May 8, 1863—commissioned Capt. Co. H, Feb. 20, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
David R. Conard	1st Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Serg., March 1, 1863—to 1st Serg., May 8, 1863—commissioned 2d Lieut., Feb. 20, 1865—not mustered—mustered out with Co. June 21, 1865.
Josiah W Morris	Q. M. Serg.	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Feb. 7, 1865—to Q. M. Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John C. Fleming.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 27, 1863.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
T. F. Ramsey....	Q. M. Serg.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private to Com. Serg., March 1, 1863—to Q. M., June 4, 1863—to 1st Lieut. Co. H, March 12, 1865.
G. K. Mecke.....	Com. Sr.	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private., July 9, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Abner Evans.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, June 4, 1863—to Reg. Com. Serg., July 9, 1864.
Samuel T. Tyson.	Sergeant	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted from private, March 1, 1863—discharged by General Orders, June 19, 1865.
E. W. Anderson..	.....do.....	Oct. 9, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., June 9, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John D. Lewis...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alexander Milne.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—to Serg., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jesse Jenkins.....	.....do.....	Nov. 20, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 1, 1863—to Serg., Nov. 11, 1864—transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
J. H. Dunham....	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Aug. 13, 1863—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
William Benner..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Alvin Haines.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
D. B. Esbenshade	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Corp., Nov. 11, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
John F Turner..	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Albert Super.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Chas. H. Weaver	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Geo. W. Edwards	.....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Corp., March 16, 1865—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Jos. M. Longmire	Bugler	Oct. 10, 1862	Promoted to Capt. 17th Reg. U .S. C. T., Feb. 5, 1864—discharged, Sept. 5, 1864.
Ferd. J. Link....	.....do...	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Huntsville, Ala, Feb. 1, 1865—buried in National Cemetery, Chattanooga, Tenn., section H, grave 88.
Jesse Asper.....	Farrier	Sept. 12. 1864	Promoted to Farrier, Nov. 9, 1864—mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Adair, James C...	Private	Sept. 8, 1864	Discharged by General Orders, July 5, 1865.
Arnold, Robert P	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Adams, Frank T.	....do....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, July 7, 1863.
Arnold, H. W....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, March, 1863.
Anspach, F. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Dropped from the rolls, Feb. 21, 1863.
Arnold. R. P.....	.....do.....		Discharged by Special Order, Feb. 7, 1865.
Bonga, August...	.....do.....	Aug. 12, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Brown, George...	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Baker, Henry.....	Cook	May 30, 1863	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Badder, Jacob S.	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 13, 1863.
Brown, W. J.....	.....do.....	Oct. 18, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 23, 1863.
Benners, S. C....	....do.....	Feb. 20, 1864	Deserted, Feb., 1865.
Buttorf, Geo. W.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Deserted, Feb., 1864.
Bowers, George...	.....do.....		Dishonorably discharged—date unknown.
Clark, Noah G...	.....do.....	Sept. 21, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Claproth, Christ..	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Creager, C. W...	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Clark, Daniel A..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 14, 1863.
Calolay, Peter....	.....do.....	Apr. 4, 1864	Deserted, Feb., 1865.
Desilver, Harry..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Eves, William....	.....do.....	Oct. 17, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Eckey, Harry B.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, Nov. 25, 1863.
Faucett, John F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Order, June 7, 1865.
French, John V..	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Gellespi, Andrew.	.....do.....	Aug. 16, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Gaw, Alex. O.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion as 2d Lieut. 61st P V I., Nov. 15, 1863.
Haslett, James B.	.....do.....	Aug. 15, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Hirst, John C....	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Discharged by General Order, May 18, 1865.
Heck, George....	.....do.....	Jan. 28, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Keyser, Chas. M..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to Capt. 15th Reg. U. S. C. T., Dec. 22, 1863—mustered out, April 7, 1866.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	REMARKS.
Lawrence, Thos..	Private	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Little, Jos. D.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 8, 1863.
Miller, Jesse.....	Teamster	Sept. 9, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Moore, John.....	Private	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Moore, Horace A.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 21, 1863.
Morris, Wm. H...	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged by General Order, May 20, 1865.
Maxseimer, J. C..	.....do.....	Jan. 28, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Miller, Phillip P..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Killed in action, Jan., 1865.
Mills, Thomas H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 23, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, Stone River.
Murphy, Patrick.	.....do.....	Apr. 13, 1864	Deserted, Feb., 1865.
M'Mahan, S. H...	.....do.....	Apr. 8, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Negus, James E..	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Negley, Wilhelm.	.....do.....	May, 9, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
O'Brien, Francis.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 23, 1863.
Pickman, Henry.	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Peckman, William	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pope, John.....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Pontius, Joseph..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ransig, Charles..	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Ransig, Frederick	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Relingshafer, Geo.	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Robinson, T. C...	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Roberts, John....	.....do.....	Apr. 13, 1864	Deserted, Feb., 1865.
Simons, Wm. F..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Shaw, John.....	.... do....	Aug. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Shaw, William A.	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Snyder, H. D.....	.....do.....	Sept. 6, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Stine, Charles A..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged by General Order, June 3, 1865.
Smith, Corrin F.	.....do....	Oct. 10, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Sept. 13, 1863.
Stazell, Albert....	.....do.....	May 30, 1863	Discharged, March 27, 1865, for wounds, with loss of arm received in action.
Sands, Lawrence.	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 10, 1864.
Sanford, J. W....	.....do.....	Oct. 10, 1862	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Scarborough, Wm.	.....do.....	Mar. 23, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Sale, Thomas.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Captured at Dandridge, East Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863—died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 5, 1864—grave 4566.
Spencer, John....	.....do.....		Never joined Co.
Sternberger, Chas.	.....do.....	Oct. 3, 1862	Deserted, Feb., 1864.
Thomas, A. W...	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Prisoner from May 10, 1863, to April 21, 1865—discharged May 31st, to date, May 18, 1865.
Thorne, Joshua..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, May 9, 1863.
Thomas, F. M....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 24, 1863—buried in National Cemetery, section E, grave 142.
Thomas, Lan.....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged for promotion, Oct. 26, 1864.
Wallace, W. H. H.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Watson, David...	.....do....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Weigle, Louis....	.....do.....	Aug. 26, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Weigle, William..	.....do.....	Aug. 23, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865
Walker, James K.	.....do.....	Sept. 3, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865
Wiley, James M..	.....do.....	Aug. 30, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Woolston, A. D..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.
Wallace, John C..	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, April 15, 1864.
Wright, Julian P.	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Promoted to 2d Lieut. 34th Reg. N. J. V., Oct. 1, 1863.
Wilt, James A....	.....do.....	Aug. 22, 1862	Transferred to Signal Corps, Oct. 22, 1863.
Watson, E. D.....	.....do.....	April 1, 1864	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Weaver, John.....	.....do.....	Jan. 24, 1863	Transferred to Co. A, June 21, 1865.
Walker, W. A....	.....do.....	Sept. 24, 1864	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., May, 1865—buried in National Cemetery, grave 172.
Young, M. H.....	.....do.....	Aug. 1, 1864	Mustered out with Co., June 21, 1865.

CAN YOU FORGET IT?

TAPS.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! No more shall high ambition beckon.
Its dreams, its wealth, its power for thee have passed away.
Sleep sweetly, long and well. These playthings of life's hour
Are buried with thy loves of yesterday.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! What to thee are time or changes?
In thy dreamless sleep, how canst thou know or care?
Sleep sweetly on till God's reveille bids thee waken
And join the gathering hosts of earth and air.